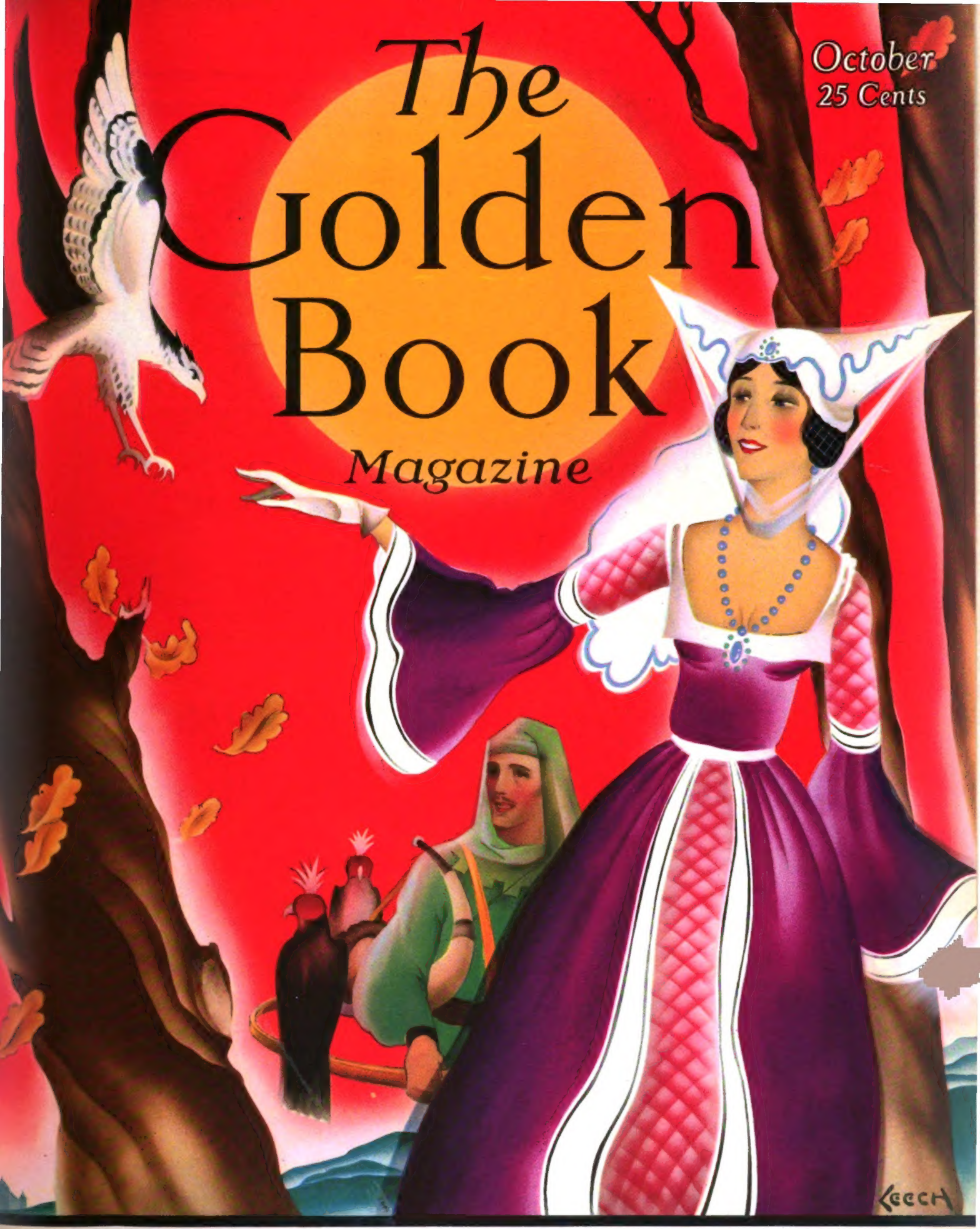

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Short Stories ~ Biography ~ Adventure ~ Brief Sayings

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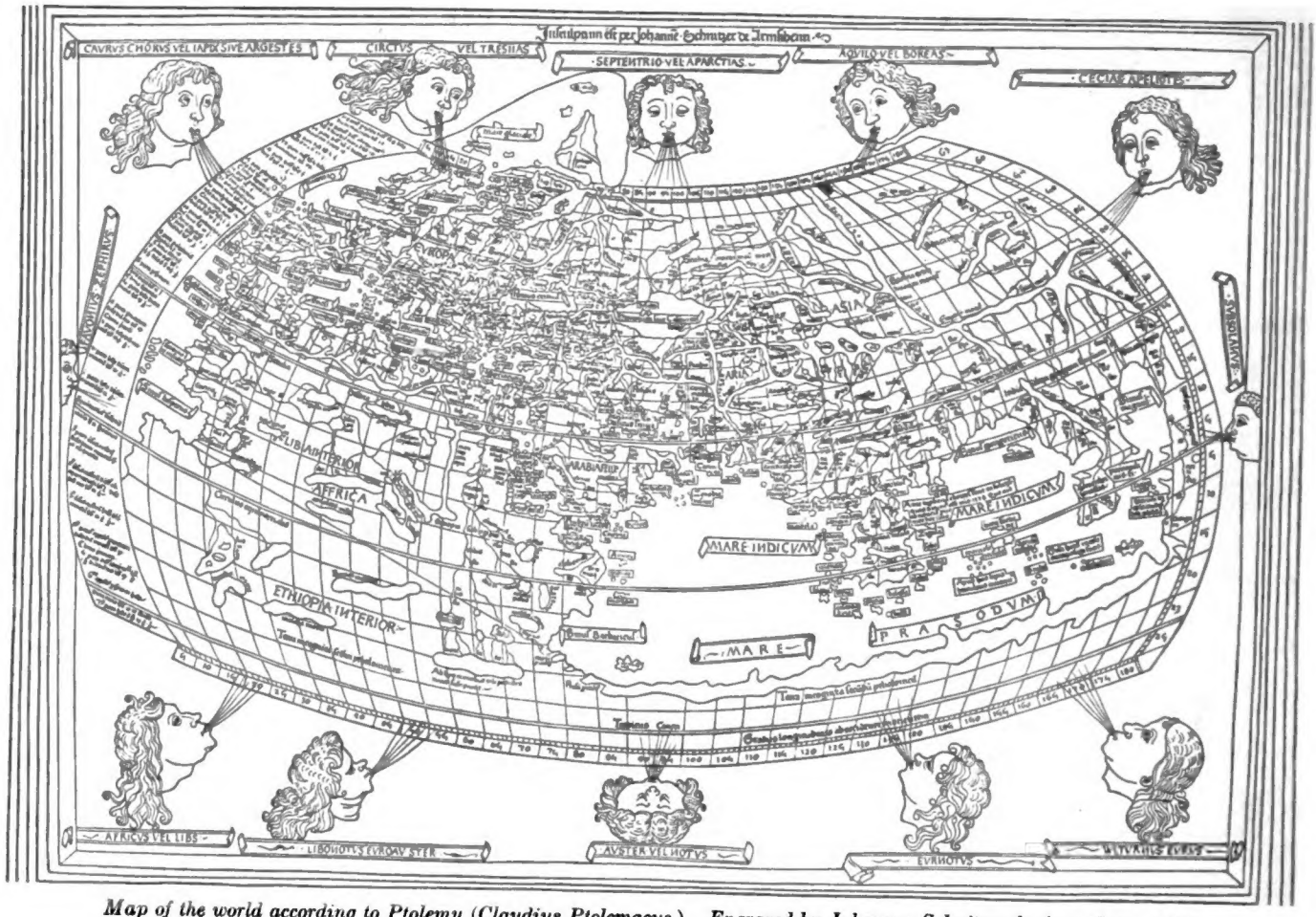

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"...TWO YEARS *out there*...*yet you are BETTER posted on* NEW BOOKS *than I.*"

RUTH JORDAN hesitated a moment. Her face took on a serious, quizzical expression that somehow made her more charming than ever. Then she blurted out: "You two men puzzle me!"

"I'd say that was a compliment," observed Douglas Adams evenly.

Ruth turned to him. "You say you have been out on a ranch in Wyoming—miles from even a grocery store—applying business principles to ranch management?"

"Aren't my descriptions of ranch life convincing?"

"They are far too graphic to be fiction. And so are the incidents Mr. Turner has been telling me. I can just see the big dam he helped build—stretching across that valley in Arizona—holding back billions of gallons of water."

"What is there about us you don't understand?" queried Turner.

"Well, this—both of you have been away, completely out of things, two years out there—yet you are better posted on the new books than I am. You have read just the books I've been promising myself to read."

"Likely it's because we had more time," suggested Adams.

"But how," persisted Ruth, "did you learn *which* were *the* books to read. I looked over dozens of reviews and talked to lots of people before I knew I ought to get the books that you discuss so intelligently."

"You spend so much time finding out which books to get that you have very little left for enjoying them," bantered Turner.

"I'm afraid that is partly true," admitted Ruth. "But I never even get around to buy many of the books I have decided to get."

Adams addressed Turner: "I think we ought to tender Miss Jordon an invitation to become a fellow member."

"So do I," agreed Turner. "She probably wouldn't object to saving money on—"

"You bet I wouldn't" cut in Ruth. "It's no longer smart to be extravagant. What do you mean 'a fellow member'?"

"Of the Literary Guild, of course," answered Adams.

"So that's your secret," laughed Ruth. "Well, I'm going to accept your invitation."

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for October, 1930

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Vol. XII *Publisher's Announcement* No. 70

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

In spite of a few names with the grandeur and glamor of time upon them, this October number is overwhelmingly modern. Ring Lardner, Zona Gale, Mrs. Austin and Walter de la Mare are all determiners of English literature 1930. And O. Henry, Bliss Carman, Max Beerbohm, though they took pen in hand a generation ago, are still familiar contemporaries. Yet these relatively new stories and poems, and the magic prose of Mr. de la Mare belong as much in the Golden Book, you will agree when you have read them, as if they had been tempered by any amount of time.

Bliss Carman, for example, has a touch of greatness, and so is exempt from time. Not often, but once or twice he has caught universal emotion into poetry so simple and honest, with such vital rhythm, that it has sung itself into our memories. The "Song of a Vagabond," which we print on our monthly page, though hackneyed for each one of us by a hundred recitations, is always new and moving. Bliss Carman, "six feet three in his heelless, square-toed shoes," is one of the few names in the frivolous wastes of American poetry between 1890 and 1910. He was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, where his royalist forefathers had emigrated from Connecticut at the time of the Revolutionary War. The Canadian woods, and later New England, gave him material for his simple lyrics and homely philosophizings. With his first volume of verse, *Low Tides on Grand Pré* (1893), he established a wide fame, which he strengthened by *Songs from Vagabondia* (written with Richard Hovey in 1894), and subsequent volumes. Hovey, William Vaughan Moody, Edwin Markham and Bliss Carman are the few vigorous names in this period of American poetry. Mr. Carman died on June 8, 1929.

Ring Lardner says that he has known how it felt to be hungry, but he always went right over to a restaurant. He hates to write, and is a sad-faced, quiet man, deep-eyed, with astonishing eyebrows that soar to a point. He believes that Katherine Mansfield is the best short-story writer there is, and other favorite writers are Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Franklin P. Adams, and Joseph Conrad.

It has been a pleasant task each month to read the essays on "My Favorite Story and Why" submitted to our contest—and an abominably hard job to choose the winner. But most important is the feeling of intimacy with the tastes of our readers that this contest has given us. We are more than ever confident that the Golden Book is filling a true want. And so many of these essays support our own past choices for the Golden Book, and confirm or help us to future ones.

"The Most Dangerous Game" has been the favorite of several persons for several different months. Miss Kendall, author of her prize-winning essay on page 40, most adequately explains why. A second writer, who received honorable mention, Mr. Robert Dimond of St. John's, Michigan, says of it: "A story written around the strangest of all unique plots, in a manner which forces the reader to hang on to every word, and ended in the orthodox O. Henry manner, 'The Most Dangerous Game' is of the best."

It is refreshing to find as able a modern writer as Mr. Connell turning to the manufacture, so frequently neglected by modern artists, of swift-paced action and plot.

Once in a while a new book appears that arouses in one the certainty that here is lasting beauty. Mr. de la Mare's *Desert Islands* is just to be published, but the opening essay which we print here bears unmistakably the stamp of high distinction which marks Mr. de la Mare as one of the true poets and original personalities of our day. In recognition of this rare quality, Mr. de la Mare receives a pension from the British Government which allows him to devote himself to literature—this, as the result of a volume of verse, one novel, and odd prose written while he was clerk in an oil company. Which brings us, with no very good connection, to Daniel Defoe who stalks in and out of Mr. de la Mare's pages on the mystery and wonder of adventure and adventure stories because he was the author of Robinson Crusoe, greatest of all adventure stories. Defoe, we remember, who lived in the days when modern journalism was first coming into being, pulled many a stunt of which a modern tabloid would have been proud. For example, when Jack Sheppard, the most notorious highwayman of the opening 18th Century, was finally arrested and condemned, Defoe visited him at Newgate prison, wrote his life, and then persuaded Sheppard, standing under the gallows, to call for a copy and deliver it as his "Last Speech and Full Confession."

The Editors.

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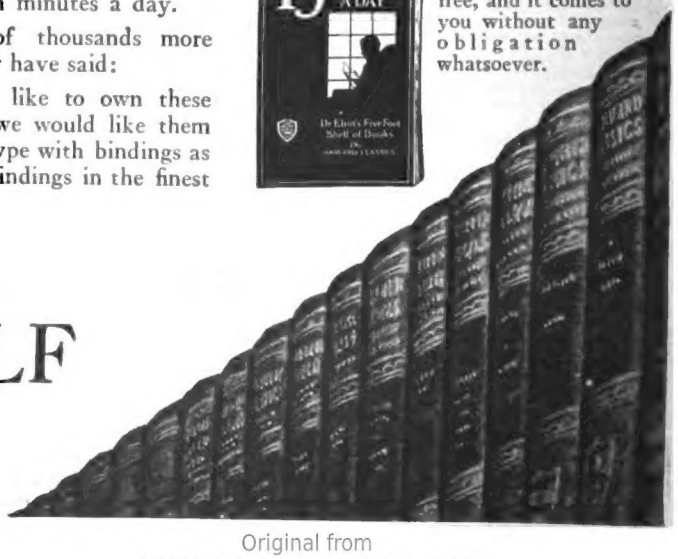

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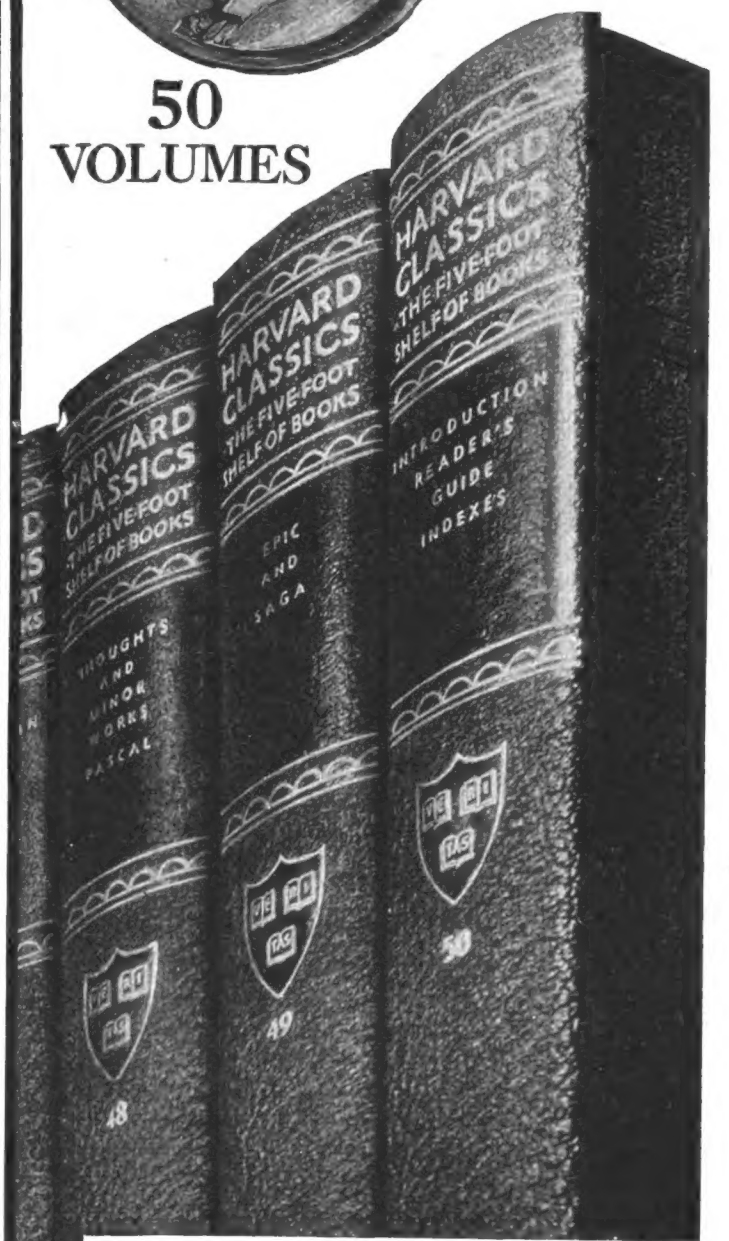

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LETTERS

Dear Editor:

As I wrote to complain of the change in size of the GOLDEN BOOK, I have long felt I should write to admit my mistake. Regardless of size the GOLDEN BOOK is itself, unique, irresistible, a never-failing source of delight and education to me. I could never select my favorite book for there are many equally beloved. But the selection of my favorite magazine is simplicity itself. I would give up every other rather than the GOLDEN BOOK. The change in size has not affected the contents in the least; on the contrary, the magazine improves constantly, if that be possible. It is hard for me to note improvement in the GOLDEN BOOK for I have always thought it nearly perfect. However, in addition to the stories and articles, I especially enjoy "Authors and Books," and Hugh Walpole's "Notes from a Northern Cottage." Mr. Walpole's notes in the August number gave me quite a thrill as they revealed the fact that he, too, loves and reads the Waverley Novels as constantly as I do, and that he has not forgotten the thrills of F. Marion Crawford, which are among my most vivid recollections. (Pardon me for using "thrill" twice in one sentence—unlike Rear-Admiral Byrd, it is a word I do use!)

Thank you for your patient and courteous reply of more than a year ago to my complaints. Please consider all criticisms withdrawn and accept my thanks, too, for the pleasure the GOLDEN BOOK brings me. May it rival the "Brook" and go on forever! With very best wishes, I am, Sincerely yours,

Spring Hill, Tenn. Mrs. G. O.

Dear Editor:

If magazines are like individuals, they like to be praised, so I want to tell the GOLDEN BOOK that its new department "Art in Everyday Living," is delightful as well as most instructive. For the first time I am reading about art without going to sleep—and am even asking for more. Sincerely yours,

Mrs. H. J.

Dear Editor:

I have been a reader of the GOLDEN BOOK since its first appearance, and I want to compliment you on the steady improvement it has shown. The single marring feature of the GOLDEN BOOK as it is today is the miserable cover. As I look back over my file of back numbers, which is complete to Vol. I, No. 1, there is a marked decline in the quality of the cover, and that of the September issue is the low ebb thus far. Is it not possible to make the outward appearance of the magazine consistent with the dignity of the material it contains?

Very truly yours,

St. Paul, Minn. T. D. R.

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Authors and Books

We especially recommend

Fiction

DOCTOR SEROCOLD, by Helen Ashton. Doubleday-Doran.
*THE EDWARDIANS, by V. Sackville-West. Doubleday-Doran.
*ANGEL PAVEMENT, by J. B. Priestley. Harper.

Non-fiction

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE, by Axel Munthe. Dutton.
*ROOSEVELT: THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP, by Owen Wister. Macmillan.
*LONE COWBOY, by Will James. Scribner.
*JOSEPH FOUCHÉ: PORTRAIT OF A POLITICIAN, by Stefan Zweig. Viking.
MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE, by John Langdon-Davies. Harper.
*MORGAN THE MAGNIFICENT, by John K. Winkler, Vanguard.

*Reviewed in this issue.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN reads only seven books a year, so R. L. Duffus discovers in *Books: their place in a democracy*. And seven books are plenty we suppose, if you pick the right seven. . . . We doubt if there are any books this month at all which a few months from now will still seem to deserve a place on this Big Seven, but here are a couple of candidates, at least. . . .

Lone Cowboy comes nearest, we should say, still filled as we are with the freshness and energy of this amazing autobiography. . . . This is Will James' own story, told and illustrated with drawings by himself, and published by Scribner. . . . Will James' sketches of cowboys and horses, although he has never had a drawing lesson, have put him in the class with Frederic Remington as an interpreter of the west. . . . And he writes equally well, in lazily smooth, ungrammatical cowboy vernacular ("I was doing a heap of zigzagging around but what struck me queer is that I had natural-like worked back towards my home country without me figuring or deciding on it.") Once you get used to it (for you know that by this time Mr. James could write correct English if he wanted to) it catches you up so that you hear him talking it instead of writing. . . . Will James was born in a covered wagon on the prairies forty years ago. At three he was an orphan, in the rough and kindly care of the French-Canadian trapper Bopy. While still a child he was taught to ride and to wrangle horses by having a quirt brought down on his hands when they reached for the saddle-horn, by being jeered at when he fell off, and tenderly cared for when he was hurt. . . . This account of his early years is the best part of the book. It is simply told, with no effort after our emotions, but it has immense pathos and romance; the lonely little boy is very real. . . . Then come years of roaming from outfit to outfit, drinking, singing, breaking bronks, stealing cattle (as did all cowboys worth their salt), fleeing from sheriffs; being hot, hungry, cold, uproariously happy, lonely with the cowboy's quiet remoteness. . . . And all the time Will was determined to become an artist—drawing on every flat surface he could find. . . . Finally the chance came, and modestly he tells of his magazine work and his books, *Sand, Smoky, Cow Country, The Drifting Cowboy*. He first arrested attention because of his extraordinarily alive drawings; then by the rare something in his text which is its strength here—his ability to conjure up the cowboy's West in the cowboy's own tongue, to recount and becomingly embroider his adventures as a cowboy should, to let his own pleasant personality creep into every line he writes. . . .

AND THEN, if you have a fondness for the English novel or for Sheila Kaye-Smith you won't be able to forego *Shepherds in Sackcloth* (Harper), Miss Kaye-Smith's new story of her Sussex folk. . . . Miss Kaye-Smith has a sturdy, enduring quality about her work, like well-cut old tweeds, and this story of a country clergyman is told with her usual quiet competence and beauty. . . . Except where it is shot with the brilliant zigzag of young Theresa, with her gypsy beauty and passions and her tragic end, it is unexciting, homey, even a little dull—but pleasantly so. Mr. Bennett, the clergyman, is thoroughly lovable, thoroughly exasperating, and a character has to be very real in order to be exasperating. . . . He bungles his precious relations with Theresa through the smallness of his experience; he offends the Bishop, first because he rises above this smallness, and again by his ridiculous dogmatism; he redeems his self-faith at last by helping George, the other "Shepherd" of the book, the solemn young Methodist revivalist who had loved Theresa, but rejected her because they had sinned together. . . . Life dwindles in the latter half of the book, after Theresa's death in child-birth, but it is a book worth keeping always for at least two scenes: George and Theresa on the hillside, and Theresa's illness and death at the rectory.

STANDING SECRETLY behind nearly every great figure of the French Revolution was the pale form of Joseph Fouché, the perfect traitor. . . . Each leader he betrayed to the next at the most auspicious moment, and always, in case the shift of Power should not come, he had it carefully arranged that it should appear that only he had saved the day against an unknown traitor. . . . This "eternal deceiver" has at last been made the subject of a popular and fascinating biography. . . . Stefan Zweig's *Joseph Fouché: The Portrait of a Politician* (Viking) is one of the most brilliant additions to modern

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biography. . . . Here, from the meager records (for Fouché left few fingerprints for history to study, covering his own trail almost disastrously well) Herr Zweig has reconstructed a portrait of an incredible but living man—the ex-priest who ordered executions by the hundred of men and women tied in a solid pack and shot from a cannon; the communist who later became Duke of Otranto and a multimillionaire; Napoleon's Minister of Police who betrays him neatly to Louis XVIII. when it seems discreet to do so. . . . Zweig shows us a man avid of power, which alone "can fire this cold spirit." . . . A man always dreaded of both parties, wooed by both, able at any moment to turn the scales, and withholding his hand in order to look on "with tingling and lustful curiosity." . . . As usual, Herr Zweig paints carefully. His most careless page is a series of brilliant little pictures, sharp, beautifully phrased. . . . He turns to generalization only to cover the rare gaps his searching of records and psychological embodying cannot fill in. . . . Since this book first appeared in Germany a year ago it has been translated into fourteen languages. . . .

WHAT OCCUPIED the leisure of England's leisure class at the furbelowed beginning of this century is the theme of V. Sackville-West's *The Edwardians* (Doubleday). . . . The story centers around the handsome young Duke Sebastian—all that an Edwardian mother's heart could wish—but it is much more a picture of the court circle in that day far more gracious, prettier, and sillier than our own. . . . It demonstrates the elaborate code which allowed almost any indiscretions to the well-connected, as long as appearances were scrupulously maintained. . . . Against the beautiful background of Chevron castle, with its seven acres of roof and its five hundred years of traditions (the actual home of the author's family) the guests at the castle lead their somewhat dull existences. . . . This is the Literary Guild book for September, a best-seller in England, and a choice of the English book club. . . . It is quietly brilliant, and the picture it leaves is cameo-clear. . . .

SADLY WE say it, for we are a devotee of Mr. Bromfield's, *Twenty-Four Hours* (Stokes) is nowhere the performance of *Early Autumn, A Good Woman,* or of the stories in *Awake and Rehearse.* . . . It is an absorbing story, packed with drama, too highly flavored. . . . Given a sufficient number of beautiful women, rich, ruthless men, intrigues, lusts, murdered night club singers, and it is not hard to see how anyone with the narrative powers of Mr.

Drawing by Will James for his *Lone Cowboy.*

Bromfield could make a dramatic, probably a best-selling, novel. It is harder to see why he did it. . . . For his old perspective he has substituted a preachment, and without complete success: his old vitality has become a little hard and hectic; from being detached, tolerantly ironical, he has become a trifle jaded; at times he screams a little. . . . For he has chosen to show up the New York "high society" scene. His novel opens with Hector Champion's dinner party, at which are gathered the principal persons of the story. In each of their highly complicated and far from pretty lives the crisis has arrived, and these crises all explode with tremendous force before the novel ends, the next afternoon. . . . Savina, at least, is in the old Bromfield manner, but most of his characters are not so very different from the types chosen by a hundred less able writers, nor does his moral differ.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN, art-collector, off-key singer of hymns and drinking songs, family man and philanderer, church pillar and "focal point of the greatest movement of massed capital since the world began" makes fascinating material for John K. Winkler in *Morgan the Magnificent* (Vanguard). . . . If you have any liking at all for the recent type of best-seller biography, you'll like this one extraordinarily. Mr. Winkler leaps lightly along, landing only on the high spots, and filling in the way with a large and very fine collection of Morgan anecdotes. . . . Here is Morgan the disembodied force, sought after by kings and emperors, feared and slavishly followed by Wall Street. . . . Here is the person inspiring real tenderness in fastidiously selected beauties; aristocratic and rollicking; deeply religious; a lover of all things beautiful; hating well; gesturing magnificently; indifferent to public appraisal, but guarding his private life with a protective screen of silence. . . . Senior's grandfather and father had been wealthy before him, and "Senior" started off in New York just before the Civil War, well equipped for his first deal—selling carbines to the United States Government. . . . From there he went to syndicate security marketing, railroad reorganizing, and finally his pride and joy—U. S. Steel. . . . The Morgan art collection was started with the first profits from the deal in carbines; it grew until, according to Mr. Winkler, when late in life he moved the treasures from his London house to New York, the art center of the world shifted from Europe to America. . . .

THE $7500 prize for a first novel in the Longmans, Green contest goes to a young university professor named Irving Fineman, for his novel *This Pure Young Man,* to be published soon. . . . It is described as "A study of the conflict of sensitive youth with the modern world" and Lewis Mumford, Julia Peterkin and Ernest Boyd liked it best of 1000 manuscripts submitted. . . . Mr. Fineman seemed pleased by the award and sailed for Europe on a junket. . . .

NOT IMPORTANT, but marvelous if you like this sort of book, is Lewis Palen's *Water and Gold* (Dutton), the best travel adventure story of the month. . . . It is

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the life story of Charles G. Hedlund, now conservative citizen in a New Jersey community. . . . You get for your money a Stockholm orphanage, and the flue-to-flue life of a chimney sweep; years at sea with all sorts of mutinies, shanghais and shipwrecks, and then the best part: Africa and the quest for gold, diamond-field policing, native revolutions, lion-hunting, railroading, the Boer War, prison ship, and a thrilling escape. . . . Mr. Palen has attempted Will James' trick of telling the

One of the new jacket designs that the Everyman Library has adopted.

story in his hero's unpolished conversational style, and probably mistakenly; for Mr. Hedlund talks with no particular gleam of personality or humor; it is the action that carries the interest—and there is plenty of action. . . .

FOR THE FIRST TIME in twenty years Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of *The Little French Girl, The Old Countess, Dark Hester,* and other excellent novels, is coming to America. She is due to arrive at any moment. Although she is an American by birth, Miss Sedgwick has made her home in England and France since before the War. . . . Her new novel, *Philippa,* is scheduled by Houghton Mifflin for October. . . .

SINCLAIR LEWIS is a little like his own Babbitt, according to Paul Morand, who writes the introduction to the French edition of *Babbitt,* at present the sensation of the Paris literary season. . . . "Sinclair Lewis, like Babbitt," writes M. Morand, "sees the horror of the Middle West but he cannot escape from it. He can live neither with nor without it. To all the European palazzi and chateaux, he prefers a little bungalow in Zenith or Floral Heights where never a flower grows." . . . Lewis, with the possible exception of Upton Sinclair, is the most widely read American author in Europe today. . . .

THEN THE month has produced three entirely unique mystery stories. . . . One of them is a straight philosophical novel with a mystery plot; the next is a courtroom novel, beginning instead of ending with the trial of the accused; the third is humorous. . . .

I am Jonathan Scrivener, first of the three, is one of the Simon and Schuster new Inner Sanctum books selling for a dollar. . . . It has a green cover (cardboard) which we find, by consulting a convenient key, means that it is a mystery or detective story. (More or less serious books have blue covers; lighter

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Shall you consult?

Many people who have trouble with their eyes trot off to the jeweler, who is also an optometrist, and have a pair of glasses fitted. They never dream that the trouble with their eyes might arise from complications in other parts of the body, or that the eye, itself, might require medical attention. *Optician, Optometrist, Oculist, Ophthalmologist,* or *Ophthalmic Physician,* which one is the man you need? You know that each one has something to do with the treatment of the eyes, but—Dr. McCoy defines these titles for you in the October HYGEIA, helping to direct you to the right person for your eye troubles.

Other Health Topics
of vital interest to you

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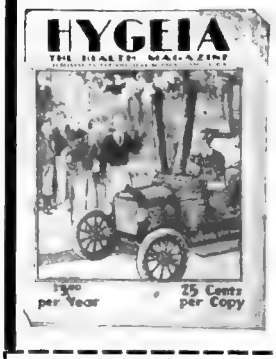

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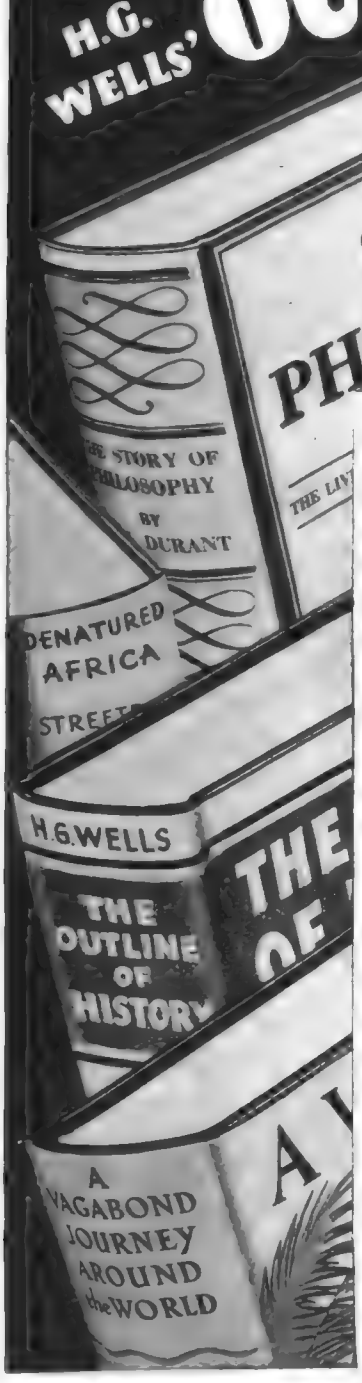

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ity late in life, and never enjoyed his crime. . . . These men had no great schemes; they robbed and murdered in haphazard fashion. Not so Murrel. Like our own Alphonse Capone, he had his organized fixers, strong-arm men, high-priced lawyers, a fine house and a fair show of respectability. He was finally exposed by a remarkable young sleuth (a grocer's clerk by trade) who laid bare his plans for a gigantic *coup d'état* which was to result in a Pirate Empire under Murrel I. . . .

A BOOK which will surely be one of the seven read by at least a million persons in 1930 is Harold Bell Wright's *Exit* (Appleton). . . . For twenty-five years the Rev. Harold Bell Wright has been solemnly, sincerely turning out novels that have suited more of the American people than any other five novelists together. . . . Zane Grey fades into modest success beside him; 100 volumes in the Everyman Library have not sold as well as his two, *The Shepherd of the Hills* and *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. . . . We fear that *Exit* may prove a disappointment to his readers however. . . . In the first place, it is about stage-folk, although morally uplifted ones; in the second, on page 215, Mr. Wright's hero exclaims (to as black a-dyed villain as ever you saw) "God damn his soul!" and in the third and most important place, it is not as crammed with movie-thriller action as Mr. Wright's novels usually are. . . . Possibly Mr. Wright is getting a little sophisticated; anyway, he relegates his melodrama to a play within the book, which is written by the faithful old friend of the hero's dead mother to show the hero what disasters will befall him if he invests his money in the gold-mine recommended by the villain. The title, the theme, and the mood of the book are summed up in dying Harriet's speech to her son: "What we call death is only the exit of the actor from the stage. They will not ring my curtain down when I speak my exit line. If you steal a glance off stage now and then you will see me in the wings watching you." . . .

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The Lord Reveals Himself to Noah. Drawing by Robert Edmond Jones for the illustrated edition of Marc Connelly's *Green Pastures* (Farrar & Rinehart).

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a new book, read an old one." . . . At least, Dutton's proudly tells us that more than a million copies of Everyman Library books are sold annually, although 99 per cent. of reviews, publicity, and advertising go to new books. . . . We are probably throwing the proportion off badly this minute by rambling on like this about the old-timers, but we have one more statistic: Shakespeare's *Plays*, *David Copperfield*, *Don Quixote*, Dostoievsky's *Idiot*, and *Plato's Republic* are now the best-sellers in the classic world.

URSULA PARROTT, author of *Ex-Wife*, writes so much better than what she writes about that we wish someone would laugh her out of taking her gallant-at-all-costs sophisticates so importantly, and start her off with some real characters. The paper-doll heroine of *Strangers May Kiss* (Cape and Smith) is so charming. . . . Her conversations, and letters and social encounters, her bedroom scenes so neatly done. . . . But when she tries to put her paper-doll through soul-agonies or child-birth or philosophy about life, it is not very successful. . . . This is the story of Lisbeth's efforts to make the one man whom she loves want her permanently, and it has its moments, as we have said, far better than it deserves. . . .

CERTAINLY WE PREFER Ursula Parrott, or better, Dorothy Parker, to Carl Van Vechten as interpreter of the speakeasy generation in New York. . . . *Parties* (Knopf) is a lurid effort, all about David and Rilda, a modern married couple who meet only at parties, and never when they are sober, and are driven nearly insane because they can't help being faithful to one another. . . . There are a succession of barroom and bedroom scenes photographic in their maudlin conversation and emotion, slightly mad, slightly entertaining, and continually falling to pieces as any sort of a coherent story or credible characterization. . . . Glitteringly, winningly written it is certainly: the author of *Peter Whiffle* and *The Blind Bow-boy* could not do otherwise . . . but those were books significant in their day. . . . *The Tattooed Countess* was even memorably good. . . . This is sad, after those.

"THE GUNS boomed again. The Tsar, his wife, and family boarded the *Victoria and Albert*. Everybody kissed everybody else. The Emperor was gay and at his ease. Even the Empress, a shy and sulky woman, inclined to unbend. She walked across the carpeted deck with the stooping movement adopted by affectionate women who are much taller than their husbands; the whites of her eyes were yellow with prolonged dyspepsia; she pointed at things with a lace sun-shade. The band played national anthems." . . . This is the way Harold Nicolson's *Portrait of a Diplomatist* goes (Houghton Mifflin) . . . a book which we would have found hard but for the skilful writ-

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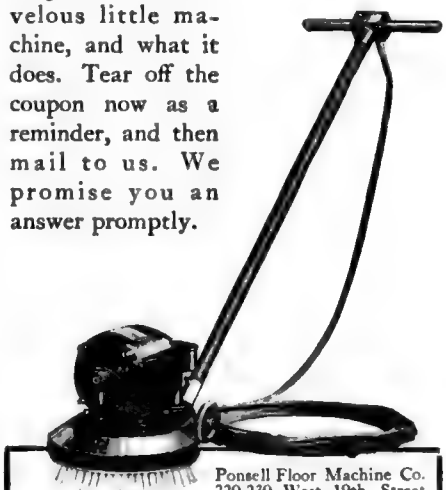

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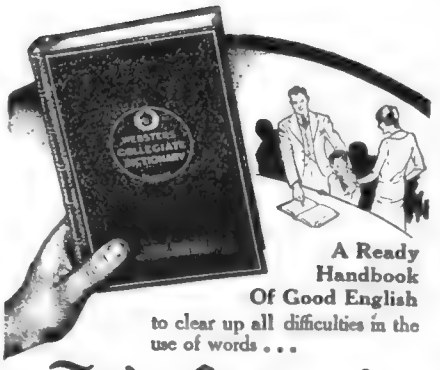

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ing. . . . It is a life of Sir Arthur Nicolson and also a study of the origins of the World War. . . . It is also a picture of Edward the VIIth and his court that rivals the one that his wife has just finished, in *The Edwardians*. . . . For Mrs. Harold Nicolson is also Victoria Sackville-West.

IT HAS BEEN a little like Christmas lately. . . . Dozens of the new Boni fifty-cent books in their bright paper covers and shiny transparent wrappers, neat pocket size, have been showering upon our desk. . . . Here are *The History of Mr. Polly*, our favorite book by H. G. Wells, and one of the most delightful books in the world anyway, in nice type and compact form. . . . Sherwood Anderson's *Tar*. . . . Romain Rolland's *Michelangelo*. . . . Frances Newman's *Hard-Boiled Virgin*. . . . Henri Fabre's *This Earth of Ours*. . . . Bertrand Russell's *Our Changing Morality*. . . . Stuart Chase's *Prosperity, Fact or Myth*, and twenty other classic and semi-classic titles. . . . They don't seem quite like books to our old-fashioned taste, but whatever they are, they are an uncommon fine idea. . . .

F. F.

Recommended Books

Fiction

SHEPHERDS IN SACKCLOTH, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harper. $2.50. Miss Kaye-Smith's latest novel is about Sussex, of course; the story of a kindly country parson and his trial by the passion of the two young people, Theresa and George.

THE EDWARDIANS, by V. Sackville-West. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. A brilliant novel of society in the hour-glass era of woman's figure, against the beautiful background of one of the great country manors of England.

24 HOURS, by Louis Bromfield. Stokes. $2.50. Supermelodrama of the evils of New York society handled with Bromfield's sure power.

ANGEL PAVEMENT, by J. B. Priestley. Harper. $3. A leisurely, amusing novel, with a Dickensian flavor, set in the musty London offices of Messrs. Twigg and Dersingham.

CONFESSIONS OF ZENO, by Italo Svevo. Knopf. $3. The ridiculous, half-mad, wholly lovable Zeno is the Don Quixote of psychoanalysis. Striking satire and living characterization. Reviewed next month.

I AM JONATHAN SCRIVENER, by Claude Houghton. Simon and Schuster. $1. A mystery story which attempts, and successfully, to be far more than that. Here is gentle philosophic discussion mixed with your murder, without detracting from the interest.

A NOTE IN MUSIC, by Rosamond Lehmann. Henry Holt. $2.50. The author of *Dusty Answer* seizes a second of time in the present of each of six persons, and focuses in it the beauty, tragedy and futility of their pasts and futures.

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED, by Leonard Merrick. Dutton. $2.50. The first collection of short stories by Mr. Merrick in far too long a time to suit us.

MAURICE GUEST, by Henry Handel Richardson. Norton. $2.50. The first novel by the author of *Ultima Thule*, now reissued. The original appearance of this story of a groping young musician created no stir, although the book has since established itself as a minor classic.

JENNY HEYSTEN'S CAREER, by Jo Van Ammers-Küller. Dutton. $2.50. Story of a flower-like little Dutch actress who confused her rôle with her real life and imperilled both.

PARTIES, by Carl Van Vechten. Knopf. $2.50. A super-smart, not to say silly, record of life in our best speakeasies.

STRANGERS MAY KISS, by Ursula Parrott.

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RIDE THE NIGHTMARE, by Ward Greene. Cape & Smith. $2. Powerful and vigorous portrait of a newspaper rounder and Greenwich Village poseur during the first 30 years of this century.

EXIT, by Harold Bell Wright. Appleton. $2. The love stories of two generations laid in a small town of the Middle West.

GREEN ISLE, by Alice Duer Miller. Dodd, Mead. $2. Depicts the gradual surrender of an attractive society woman to a dominant man.

TALES FROM THE ARGENTINE, edited, with an introduction by Waldo Frank. Farrar & Rinehart. $3.50. Includes ribald love stories, quaint pictures of Buenos Aires, gauchos, wild fighting in the hills, tigers and serpents in the jungle.

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DID SHE FALL? by Thorne Smith. Cosmopolitan. $1.50. A collection of ridiculous amateurs fall in and out of the pitfalls in that rare thing a humorous mystery story.

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LONE COWBOY, by Will James. Scribner's. $2.75. The life story of the famous cowboy artist, told by himself with great charm, and packed with the adventure and color of the western cattle country. A Book-of-the-Month.

JOSEPH FOUCHE: PORTRAIT OF A POLITICIAN, by Stefan Zweig. Viking. $3.50. A brilliant biography of the arch villain of the French Revolution, Napoleon's superspy and betrayer, whom Napoleon called "the one perfect traitor."

THREE TITANS, by Emil Ludwig. Putnam. $3.50. Alive, compact studies of Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and Beethoven, in whose magnificent greatness Mr. Ludwig sees a strange kinship.

ROOSEVELT: THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP, 1880-1919, by Owen Wister. Macmillan. $4. The human document of the relationship of a charming personality not only with Roosevelt but with all the interesting figures of his day.

MORGAN THE MAGNIFICENT, by John K. Winkler. Vanguard. $3.50. The rise of the House of Morgan, and a full-length portrait of the elder J. P., mysterious dictator of finance.

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PORTRAIT OF A DIPLOMATIST, by Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin. $5. Excellently written biography of Sir Arthur Nicolson, and a study of the origins of the War.

THE LIFE OF MADAME ROLAND, by Madeleine Clemenceau-Jacquemaire. Longmans, Green. $4. The dramatic and spectacular life of the outstanding woman of the French Revolution written by the daughter of the great Tiger.

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EDISON AS I KNOW HIM, by Henry Ford. Cosmopolitan. $1.50. A personal appreciation of one of the world's most extraordinary geniuses by one who founded his own successful career upon Edison's principles.

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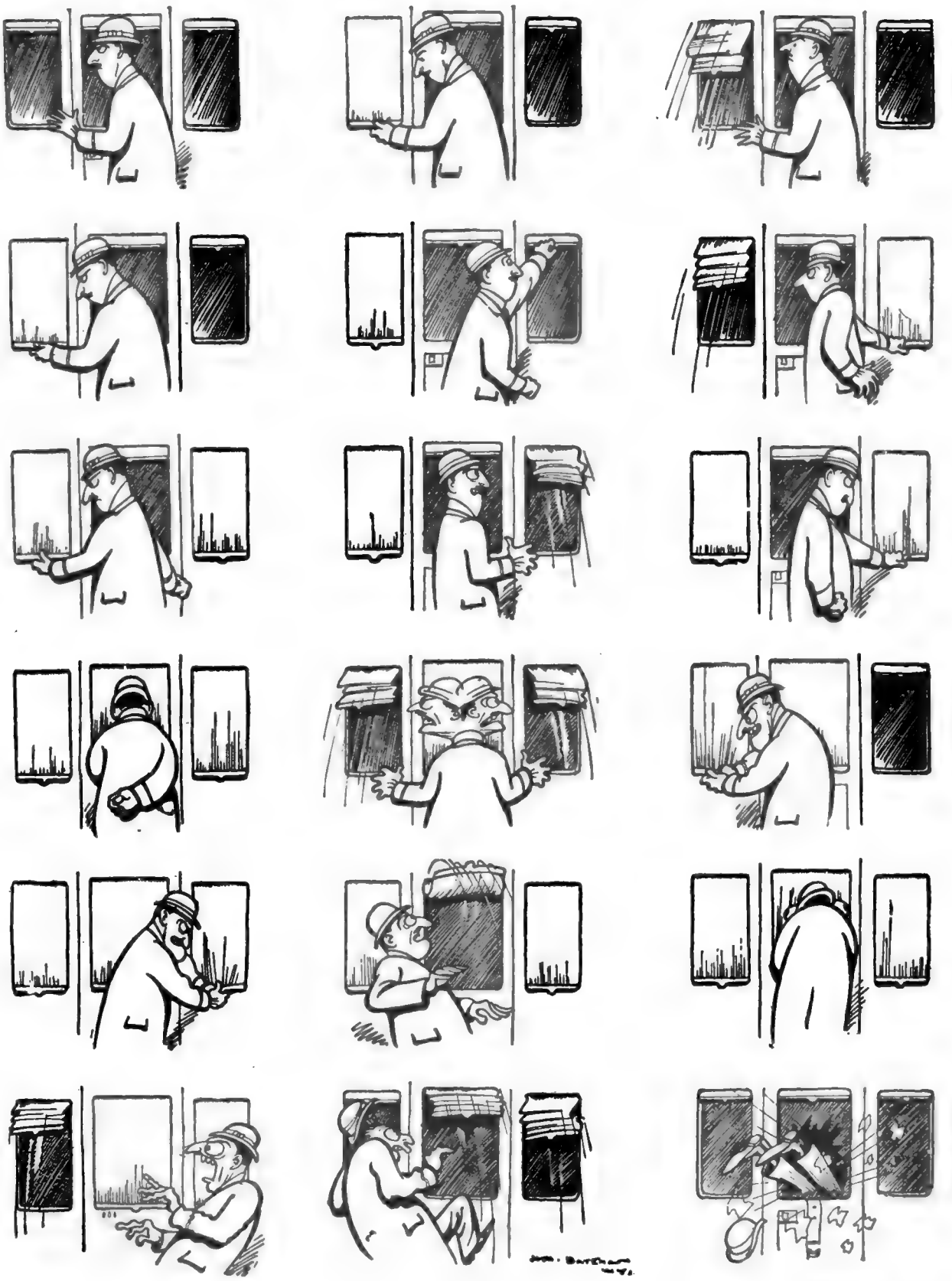
By H. M. BATEMAN

An English Railway Carriage



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From an etching by Warren Davis, courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.

A Vagabond Song

By BLISS CARMAN

THERE is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme;
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.
The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.
There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

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VOLUME XII
NUMBER 70

The Golden Book Magazine

OCTOBER
1930

Only aristocrats signed their names in the original Libro d'Oro of Venice from which the Golden Book Magazine takes its name. The world's aristocrats of letters—of all ages, from the oldest to the most modern—appear in these pages.

There Are Smiles

By RING W. LARDNER

AT THE BUSY CORNER of Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street there was, last summer, a traffic policeman who made you feel that he didn't have such a terrible job after all. Lots of traffic policemen seem to enjoy abusing you, sadistic complex induced by exposure to bad weather and worse drivers, and, possibly, brutal wives. But Ben Collins just naturally appeared to be having a good time whether he was scolding you or not; his large freckled face fairly beamed with joviality and refused to cloud up even under the most trying conditions.

It heartened you to look at him. It amused you to hear him talk. If what he said wasn't always so bright, the way he said it was.

Ben was around thirty years old. He was six feet four inches tall and weighed two hundred and eighteen pounds. This describes about eighty per cent of all the traffic officers between Thirty-second Street and the Park. But Ben was distinguished by his good humor—and—well, I guess you'd have to call it his subtlety.

For example, where Noonan or Wurtz or Carmody was content with the stock "Hey! Get over where you belong!" or "Where the hell do you think you're going?" Ben was wont to finesse.

"How are you, Barney?" he would say to a victim halted at the curb.

"My name isn't Barney."

"I beg your pardon. The way you was stepping along, I figured you must be Barney Oldfield."

Or, "I suppose you didn't see that red light?"

"No."

"Well, what did you think the other cars was stopped for? Did you think they'd all ran out of gas at once?"

Or, "What business are you in?"

"I'm a contractor."

"Well, that's a good, honorable business and, if I was you, I wouldn't be ashamed of it. I'd quit trying to make people believe I was in the fire department."

Or, "How do you like London?"

BEFORE he published his first book of short stories Ring Lardner was known as a humorist only. Moreover, he was a humorist without literary standing. He seemed doomed to be forgotten along with the slang with which he aimed his broadsides of fun. But the *Love Nest and Other Stories* in 1926 and his subsequent work have proved him an artist of considerable proportions. His keen knowledge of the new American language and of American cops, baseball players, salesmen and small-town folk give flesh to classically simple stories of universal human nature. He has written bigger stories than *There Are Smiles*, but none more delightful or touching. The irony is always there.

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"Me? I've never been there."

"I thought that's where you got the habit of driving on the wrong side of the street."

Transgressions at Ben's corner, unless they resulted seriously, were seldom punished beyond these sly rebukes, which were delivered in such a nice way that you were kind of glad you had done wrong.

Off duty he was "a big, good-natured boy," willing to take Grace to a picture, or go over to the Arnolds' and play cards, or just stay at home and do nothing.

And then one morning in September, a dazzlingly new Cadillac roadster, blue with yellow trimmings, flashed down from the north, violating all the laws of common sense and of the State and City of New York. Shouts and whistles from Carmody and Noonan, at Forty-eighth and Forty-seventh, failed to check its crazy career, but Ben, first planting his huge bulk directly in its path, giving the driver the choice of slackening speed or running into him, and then, with an alertness surprising in one so massive, sidestepping and jumping onto the running-board, succeeded in forcing a surrender at the curb half-way between his post and Forty-fifth Street.

He was almost mad and about to speak his mind in words beginning with capitals when he got his first look at the miscreant's face. It was the prettiest face he had ever seen and it wore a most impudent, ill-timed, irresistible smile, a smile that spoiled other smiles for you once for all.

"Well—" Ben began falteringly; then recovering something of his stage presence: "Where's your helmet?"

She made no reply, but continued to smile.

"If you're in the fire department," said Ben, "you ought to wear a helmet and a badge. Or paint your car red and get a sireen."

Still no reply.

"Maybe I look like a bobby. Maybe you thought you was in London where they drive on the left side of the street."

"You're cute," she said, and her voice was as thrilling as her smile. "I could stay here all morning and listen to you. That is I could, but I can't. I've got a date down on Eighth Street and I'm late for it now. And I know you're busy, too. So we mustn't keep each other any longer now. But I'd like to hear your whole line some day."

"Oh, you would!"

"Where do you live?"

"At home."

"That isn't very polite, is it? I was thinking you might live in the Bronx——"

"I do."

"—and that's on the way to Rye, where I live, so I might drive you."

"Thanks. When I die, I want to die of old age."

"Oh, I'm not a bad driver, really. I do like to go fast, but I'm careful. In Buffalo, where we lived before, the policemen all knew I was careful and they generally let me go as fast as I wanted to."

"This ain't Buffalo. And this ain't no speedway. If you want to go fast, stay off Fifth Avenue."

The girl looked him right in the eye. "Would you like that?"

"No," said Ben.

She smiled at him again. "What time are you through?"

"Four o'clock," said Ben.

"Well," said the girl, "some afternoon I may be going home about then——"

"I told you I wasn't ready to die."

"I'd be extra careful."

Ben suddenly realized that they were playing to a large staring audience and that, for once, he was not the star.

"Drive on!" he said in his gruffest tone. "I'm letting you go because you're a stranger, but you won't get off so easy next time."

"I'm very, very grateful," said the girl. "Just the same, I don't like being a stranger and I hope you won't excuse me on that ground again."

Which remark, accompanied by her radiant smile, caused Mr. Collins, hitherto only a bathroom singer, to hum quite loudly all the rest of his working day snatches of a gay Ohman and Arden record that his wife had played over and over the night before.

His relief, Tim Martin, appeared promptly at four, but Ben seemed in no hurry to go home. He pretended to listen to two new ones Tim had heard on the way in from Flushing, one about a Scotchman and some hotel towels and one about two Heebs in a night club. He managed to laugh in the right place, but his attention was on the northbound traffic, which was now none of his business.

At twenty minutes past four he said good-by to Martin and walked slowly south on the east side of the street. He walked as far as Thirty-sixth, in vain. Usually he caught a ride home with some Bronx or north suburban motorist, but now he was late and had to pay for his folly by hurrying to Grand Central and standing up in a subway express.

"I was a sucker!" he thought. "She probably drove up some other street on purpose to miss me. Or she might have came in on one of them cross streets after I'd walked past it. I ought to stuck at Forty-fourth a while longer. Or maybe some other fella done his duty and had her locked up. Not if she smiled at him, though."

But she wouldn't smile like that at everybody. She had smiled at him because she liked him, because she really thought he was cute. Yes, she did! That was her regular line. That was how she had worked on them Buffalo fellas. "Cute!" A fine word to use on a human Woolworth Building. She was kidding. No, she wasn't; not entirely. She'd liked his looks as plenty other gals had, and maybe that stuff about the fire department and London had tickled her.

Anyway, he had seen the most wonderful smile in the world and he still felt warm from it when he got home, so warm that he kissed his wife with a fervor that surprised her.

When Ben was on the day shift, he sometimes entertained Grace at supper with an amusing incident or two of his work. Sometimes his stories were pure fiction and she suspected as much, but what difference did it make? They were things that ought to have happened even if they hadn't.

On this occasion he was wild to talk about the girl

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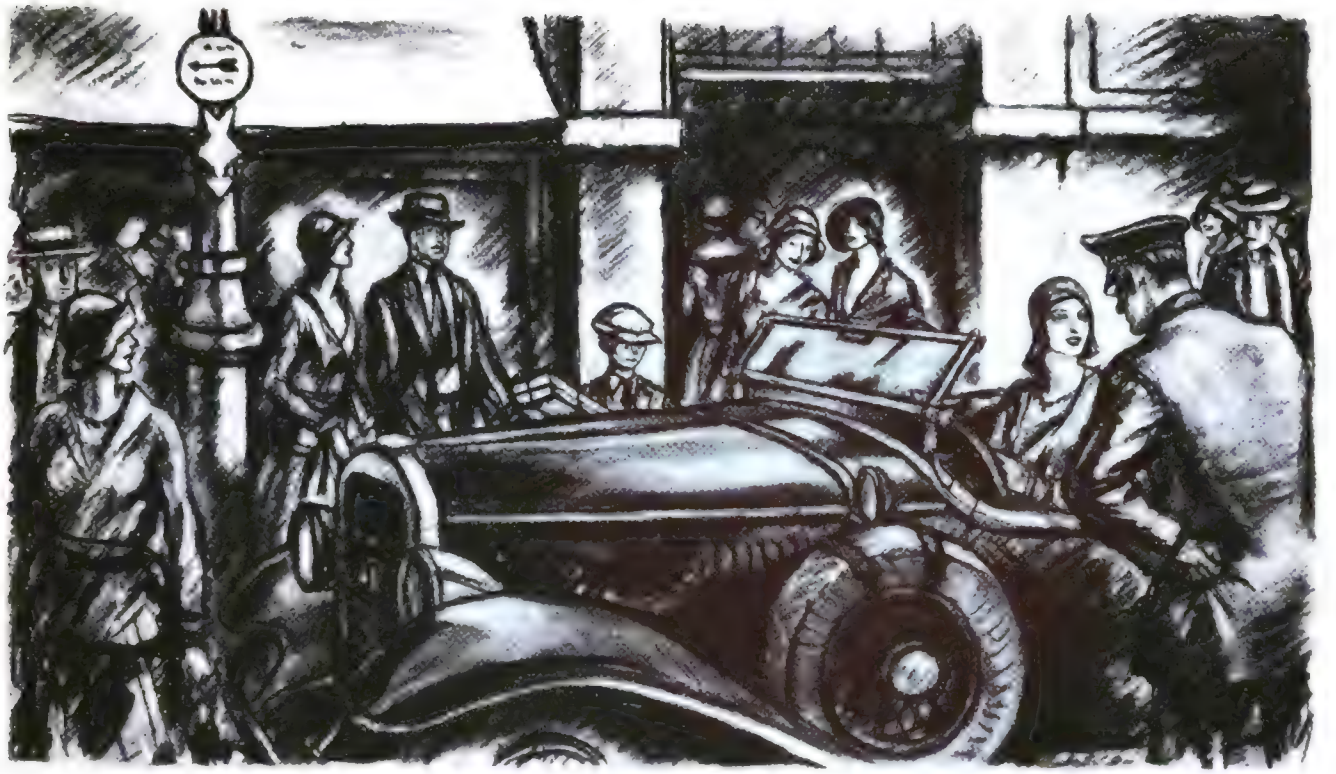

"*If you're in the fire department you ought to wear a helmet and a badge. Or get a sireen.*"

Illustrations by John Ball

from Rye, but he had learned that his wife did not care much for anecdotes concerning pretty women. So he recounted one-sided arguments with bungling drivers of his own sex which had very little foundation in fact.

"There was a fella coming south in a 1922 Buick and the light changed, and when it was time to go again, he thought he was starting in second, and it was reverse instead, and he backed into a big Pierce from Greenwich. He didn't do no damage to the Pierce and only bent himself a little. But they'd have held up the parade ten minutes talking it over if I hadn't bore down.

"I got the Buick fella over to the curb and I said to him, 'What's the matter? Are you homesick?' So he said, 'what did I mean, homesick', and I said, 'Well, you was so anxious to get back to wherever you come from that you couldn't even wait to turn around.'

"Then he tried to explain what was the matter, just like I didn't know. He said this was his first trip in a Buick and he was used to a regular gear-shift.

"I said, 'That's fine, but this ain't no training-camp. The place to practice driving is four blocks further down, at Forty-second. You'll find more automobiles there and twicet as many pedestrians and policemen, and besides, they've got street-cars and a tower to back into.'

"I said, 'You won't never learn nothing in a desert like this.' You ought to heard the people laugh."

"I can imagine!" said Grace.

"Then there was a Jordan, an old guy with a gray beard. He was going to park right in front of Kaskel's. He said he wouldn't be more than half an hour. I said, 'Oh, that's too bad! I wished you could spend the weekend.' I said, 'If you'd let us knew you was coming, we'd have arranged some parties for you.' So he said, 'I got a notion to report you for being too fresh.'

"So I said, 'If you do that, I'll have you arrested for driving without your parents' consent.' You ought to have heard them laugh. I said, 'Roll, Jordan, roll!' You ought to have heard them."

"I'll bet!" said Grace.

Ben fell into a long, unaccustomed silence.

"What are you thinking about?"

It came out against his better judgment. "There was a gal in a blue Cadillac."

"Oh! There was! What about her?"

"Nothing. Only she acted like it was her Avenue and I give her hell."

"What did you say to her?" "I forget."

"Was she pretty?"

"I didn't notice. I was sore."

"You!"

"She all but knocked me for a corpse."

"And you probably just smiled at her."

"No. She done the smiling. She smiled—" He broke off and rose from the table. "Come on, babe. Let's go to the Franklin. Joe Frisco's there."

Ben saw nothing of the blue Cadillac or its mistress the rest of that week, but in all his polemics he was rehearsing lines aimed to strengthen her belief in his "cuteness." When she suddenly appeared, however, late on the following Tuesday afternoon, he was too excited to do anything but stare, and he would have lost an opportunity of hearing her enchanting voice if she hadn't taken the initiative. Northbound, she stopped at the curb and beckoned to him.

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"It's after four," she said. "Can't I drive you home?"

What a break! It was his week on the late shift.

"I just come to work. I won't be off till midnight."

"You're mean! You didn't tell me you were going to change."

"I change every week. Last week, eight to four; this week, four to twelve."

"And next week eight to four?"

"Yes'm," he replied, hope dawning in his heart.

"Well, I'll just have to wait."

He couldn't say a word.

"Next Monday?"

He made an effort. "If you live."

She smiled that smile. "I'll live," she said. "There's an incentive."

She was on her way and Ben returned to his station, dizzy.

"Incentive, incentive, incentive," he repeated to himself, memorizing it, but when he got home at half past one, he couldn't find it in Grace's abridged Webster; he thought it was spelled with an *s*.

The going was dangerous, but that was not the only reason he wanted her to slow down.

The longest week in history ended. A little before noon on Monday the Cadillac whizzed past and he caught the word "later." At quitting time, while Tim Martin was still in the midst of his first new one about two or more Heebs, Ben was all at once aware that she had stopped right beside him, was blocking the traffic, waiting for him.

Then he was in her car, constricting his huge bulk to fit it and laughing like a child at Tim's indelicate ejaculation of surprise.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing. I just feel good."

"Are you glad to be through?"

"Yes. Today."

"Not always?"

"I don't generally care much."

"I don't believe you do. I believe you enjoy your job. And I don't see how you can because it seems to me such a hard job. I'm going to make you tell me all about it as soon as we get out of this jam."

A red light stopped them at Fifty-first Street and she turned and looked at him amusedly.

"It's a good thing the top is down," she said. "You'd have been hideously uncomfortable in one more fold."

"When I get a car of my own," said Ben, "it'll have to be a Mack, and even then I'll have to hire a man to drive it."

"Why a man?"

"Men ain't all crazy."

"Honestly, I'm not crazy. Have I hit anything?"

"You've just missed everything. You drive too fast and you take too many chances. But I knew it before I got in, so I can't kick."

"There isn't room for you to, anyway. Do you want to get out?"

"No."

"I doubt if you could. Where do you live?"

"Hundred and Sixty-fourth, near the Concourse," said Ben.

"How do you usually go home?"

"Like this."

"And I thought I was saving you from a tiresome subway ride or something. I ought to have known you'd never lack invitations. Do you?"

"Hardly ever."

"Do the people ask you all kinds of questions?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry. Because I wanted to and now I can't."

"Why not?"

"You must be tired of answering."

"I don't always answer the same."

"Do you mean you lie to people, to amuse yourself?"

"Sometimes."

"Oh, that's grand! Come on, lie to me! I'll ask you questions, probably the same questions they all ask, and you answer them as if I were a fool. Will you?"

"I'll try."

"Well, let's see. What shall I ask first? Oh, yes. Don't you get terribly cold in winter?"

He repeated a reply he had first made to an elderly lady, obviously a visitor in the city, whose curiosity had prompted her to cross-examine him for over twenty minutes on one of the busiest days he had ever known.

"No. When I feel chilly, I stop a car and lean against the radiator."

His present interviewer rewarded him with more laughter than was deserved.

"That's wonderful!" she said. "And I suppose when your ears are cold, you stop another car and borrow its hood."

"I'll remember that one."

"Now what next? Do you ever get hit?"

"Right along, but only glancing blows. I very seldom get knocked down and run over."

"Doesn't it almost kill you, standing on your feet all day?"

"It ain't near as bad as if it was my hands. Seriously, Madam, I get so used to it that I sleep that way nights."

"Don't the gasoline fumes make you sick?"

"They did at first, but now I can't live without them. I have an apartment near a public garage so I can run over there any time and re-fume myself."

"How tall are you?"

"Six feet ten."

"Not really!"

"You know better, don't you? I'm six feet four,

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but when women ask me, I tell them anything from six feet eight to seven feet two. And they always say, 'Heavens!' "

"Which do you have the most trouble with, men drivers or women drivers?"

"Men drivers."

"Honestly?"

"Sure. There's fifty times as many of them."

"Do lots of people ask you questions?"

"No. You're the first one."

"Were you mad at me for calling you cute the other day?"

"I couldn't be mad at you."

A silence of many blocks followed. The girl certainly did drive fast and Ben might have been more nervous if he had looked ahead, but mostly his eyes were on her profile, which was only a little less alluring than her smile.

"Look where we are!" she exclaimed as they approached Fordham Road. "And you live at a Hundred and Sixty-fourth! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't notice."

"Don't get out. I'll drive you back."

"No, you won't. I'll catch a ride. There's a fella up this way I want to see."

"You were nice to take a chance with me and not to act scared. Will you do it again?"

"Whenever you say."

"I drive in once a week. I go down to Greenwich Village to visit my sister. Generally on Mondays."

"Next Monday I'll be on the late shift."

"Let's make it the Monday after."

"That's a long ways off."

"The time will pass. It always does."

It did, but so haltingly! And the day arrived with such a threat of rain that Ben was afraid she wouldn't come in. Later on, when the threat was fulfilled and the perils of motoring were more than trebled by a steady drizzle and slippery pavements, he was afraid she would. Prudence, he knew, was not in her make-up and if she had an engagement with her sister, nothing short of a flood would prevent her keeping it.

Just before his luncheon time, the Cadillac passed, going south. Its top was up and its squeegee flying briskly back and forth across the front glass.

Through the rain he saw the girl smile and wave at him briefly. Traffic was thick and treacherous and both must keep their minds on it.

It was still drizzling when she reappeared and stopped for him at four.

"Isn't this a terrible day?" she said.

"Not now!"

She smiled, and in an instant he forgot all the annoyance and discomfort of the preceding hours.

"If we leave the top up, you'll get stoop-shouldered, and if we take it down, we'll be drowned."

"Leave it up. I'm all right."

"Do you mind if we don't talk much? I feel quiet."

He didn't answer and nothing more was said until they turned east at Mount Morris Park. Then:

"I could find out your name," she said, "by remembering your number and having somebody look it up. But you can save me the trouble by telling me."

"My name is Ben Collins. And I could learn yours by demanding to see your driver's license."

"Heavens! Don't do that! I haven't any. But my name is Edith Dole."

"Edith Dole. Edith Dole," said Ben.

"Do you like it?"

"It's pretty."

"It's a funny combination. Edith means happiness and Dole means grief."

"Well," said Ben, "you'll have plenty of grief if you drive without a license. You'll have it anyway if you drive fast on these kind of streets. There's nothing skiddier than car-tracks when it's raining."

They were on upper Madison and the going was dangerous. But that was not the only reason he wanted her to slow down.

Silence again until they were on the Concourse.

"Are you married?" she asked him suddenly.

"No," he lied. "Are you?"

"I will be soon."

"Who to?"

"A man in Buffalo."

"Are you stuck on him?"

"I don't know. But he wants me and I like him and my father wants him to have me."

"Will you live in Buffalo?"

"No. He's coming here to be my father's partner."

"And yours."

"Yes. Oh, dear! Here's a Hundred and Sixty-fourth and I mustn't take you past it today, not in this weather. Do you think you can extricate yourself?"

He managed it with some difficulty.

"I don't suppose I'll see you again for two weeks."

"I'm afraid not," she said.

Roses

By Pierre de Ronsard

Translated by Andrew Lang

I send you here a wreath of blossoms blown,
And woven flowers at sunset gathered,
Another dawn had seen them ruined, and shed
Loose leaves upon the grass at random strown.
By this, their sure example, be it known,
That all your beauties, now in perfect flower,
Shall fade as these, and wither in an hour.
Flowerlike, and brief of days, as the flower sown.

Ah, time is flying, lady,—time is flying;
Nay, 'tis not time that flies but we that go,
Who in short space shall be in churchyard lying,
And of our loving parley none shall know,
Nor any man consider what we were;
Be therefore kind, my love, whilst thou art fair.

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He choked down the words that wanted to come out.

"Miss Dole," he said, "take my advice and don't try for no records getting home. Just loaf along and you'll be there an hour before your supper's ready. Will you? For that guy's sake in Buffalo?"

"Yes."

"And my sake, too."

Gosh! What a smile to remember!

He must walk slow and give himself a chance to calm down before he saw Grace. Why had he told the girl he wasn't married? What did she care?

Grace's greeting was a sharp command. "Take a hot bath right away! You're soaked through. And wear your bath-robe afterwards. We won't be going anywhere tonight."

She and Mary Arnold had been in Mount Vernon at a card-party. They had got soaked coming home. She talked about it all through supper, thank the Lord!

After supper he tried to read, but couldn't. He listened awhile to the Ohman and Arden record which his wife couldn't get enough of. He went to bed, wishing he could sleep and dream, wishing he could sleep two weeks.

He was up early, early enough to look at the paper before breakfast. "Woman Motorist Killed By Street-Car in Bronx." His eyes felt funny as he read the brief item:

> Miss Edith Dole, twenty-two, of Rye, was instantly killed when the automobile she was driving skidded and struck a street-car at the corner of Fordham Road and Webster Avenue, the Bronx, shortly after four-thirty yesterday afternoon.

"Grace," he said in a voice that was not his own, "I forgot. I'm supposed to be on the job at seven this morning. There's some kind of a parade."

Out of the house, alone, he talked aloud to himself for the first time since he was a kid.

"I can't feel as bad as I think I do. I only seen her four or five times. I can't really feel this bad."

Well, on an afternoon two or three weeks later, a man named Hughes from White Plains, driving a Studebaker, started across Forty-sixth Street out of turn and obeyed a stern order to pull over to the curb.

"What's your hurry?" demanded the grim-faced traffic policeman. "Where the hell do you think you're going? What's the matter with you!"

"I forgot myself for a minute. I'm sorry," said Mr. Hughes. "If you'll overlook it, I'll pick you up on my way home and take you to the Bronx. Remember, I give you a ride home last month? Remember? That is, it was a fella that looked like you. That is, he looked something like you. I can see now it wasn't you. It was a different fella."

◆ ◆

Fugitive Love

CYPRIS CRIED LOUDLY her lost son Love: "If anyone hath seen Love straying in the cross-roads, he is my fugitive child, and the informer shall be rewarded. The reward is a kiss from Cypris; and if you bring him, not a mere kiss, stranger, but something besides. The boy is easily recognizable; you could tell him among twenty.

"His complexion is not pale, but like to fire. His eyes are piercing and aflame. Evil is his heart, but sweet his speech, for what he has in mind he speaks not. His voice is like honey, but if he grow wrath his spirit cannot be tamed. A cozener he is, never speaking the truth; a cunning child, and the games he plays are savage. Plenty of hair on his head, and he has a most forward face. His hands are tiny, but they shoot far; they shoot as far as Acheron and the King of Hades. Naked is his body, but his mind is wrapped up well.

"Like a winged bird he flies to one man and woman after another, and perches on their vitals. He has a very small bow, and on the bow an arrow; little is his arrow, but it flies even to heaven. He bears a golden quiver on his back, and in it are the bitter shafts with which he often wounds even me. All about him is savage, all, and the worst of all his torch; it is but a little brand, and sets fire to the Sun himself. If you catch him, bring him bound and have no mercy on him.

"If you see him crying, mind he does not take you in; and if he wants to kiss you, run away, for his kiss is evil and his lips are poison. And if he says 'Take these, I give you all my weapons,' touch not the deceitful gifts, for they are all dipped in fire."

—MOSCHUS (200 B.C.)

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So They Say

J. B. S. HALDANE:
British scientist and writer, in Harpers

"Today the external conditions of life in civilized communities differ more from those of 1830 than did the conditions of 1830 from those at the time of Noah's flood."

HAMILTON HOLT:
President of Rollins College

"The chief differences between European and American educational systems is that in Europe young people are trained to think and in America they are largely trained to remember."

SIR OLIVER LODGE:
British scientist

"In due time the police force of the world will be in the hands of America."

CALVIN COOLIDGE:
in the New York "Herald Tribune"

"No foreign government regards us as a menace."

BARON DAWSON OF PENN:
Physician to King George V.

"Alcohol is an attribute of the art of living, and taking man as a social being it can add in a unique way to his health and content. We take alcohol because it adds to the relish and aids the digestion of our food when we are a bit weary."

FELIX MULDOON:
Deputy Police Commissioner, to the taxi drivers

"It is cooler, I dare say, to leave off collar and tie and jacket in warm weather, but—what will visitors think? Have you no civic patriotism?"

COL. IRA L. REEVES:
former prohibition administrator in New Jersey

"I had 140 men under me and I was sure of the honesty of only a half a dozen."

W. RALPH INGE:
gloomy dean of St. Paul's, when Queen Mary said: "What a privilege it must be for you to hear these wonderful services!"

"I assure you, Madame, I find it most irksome."

BROWN NICHOLSON:
president of Junior Chamber of Commerce of Macon, Ga., of Mercer College

"Money is necessary to support good athletic teams, and unless we can pay the expenses of football players at Mercer they will keep going to Georgia or Tech."

WALTER WINCHELL:
in the "Daily Mirror"

"The term cowboy originated in Westchester County, N. Y., during the Revolution to designate Tories and guerrillas who harassed Colonials by thefting their cattle and so forth."

BRITISH MOVIE CRITIC:
finds the Byrd film "vulgar"

"They found the Antarctic snow and left it slush."

HENRY FORD:
automobile manufacturer

"There is a great field in the manufacture and distribution of some kind of pure water which everybody would like. I've been around the country, and you know some places have very poor water. New York water would be good. Some people like booze. Now there might be some kind of water which would be good for them and at the same time would have a kick."

SINCLAIR LEWIS:
creator of "Babbitt"

"What is this about Babbitt's being wrong? I think they're grand guys."

ALBERT EINSTEIN:
scientist

"No one knows how far I have gone."

ALBERT COATES:
guest conductor of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra

"The truth is, any music that is so complicated that it has to be explained can't be enduring music."

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ANDRÉ TARDIEU: *Premier of France*	"Parliaments, which were originally set up to limit the profligacy of the ruling powers, have by evolution become less apt to limit than to increase expenditures."
WALTER DAMROSCH: *musician*	"It is far better to be the first musician in Elmira than one of 10,000 in New York."
IVY LEE: *New York publicist*	"The salient blunder in the Communist idea is the failure to recognize the importance of material incentive to the individual to obtain the best results from its people."
SIR JAMES M. BARRIE: *author of "Peter Pan"*	"I remember once being called upon in America to speak to a women's college containing 900 girls, and I said I could not, but if they would come outside one at a time, I would make 900 speeches to them."
GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM: *Chairman, Law Enforcement Commission*	"If an adequate sum were expended yearly for the physical, mental, and moral welfare of our children, perhaps one-half of the money expended by organized society in maintaining the delinquents, the injured, and the diseased, the incompetent and the indigent aged would be saved."
H. G. WELLS: *noted English author*	"Every time Europe looks across the Atlantic to see the American Eagle it observes only the rear end of an ostrich."
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *British dramatist*	"The only way you can fight booze is by ceasing to make life chronically painful for the masses."
SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN: *author*	"I envy strong and reticent people, even when they bore me."
PROF. H. T. STETSON: *Ohio Wesleyan University*	"Eventually, tidal influences now at work will start the moon back on a 240,000-mile journey which will end only when moon and earth meet, each traveling at its usual terrific speed."
MISS MARY LATHROP: *first woman member of the American Bar Association*	"If I had a daughter, I would bring her up to be a clinging vine."
DR. WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS: *describes a racketeer of ancient Rome*	"Crassus drilled a score or so of his slaves as fire-fighters. Then, picking out a handsome villa, he would have one of his mob set fire to it. As the flames mounted, Crassus would appear and make a small offer for what looked like a total loss. At the owner's word 'sold,' Crassus' visiting firemen would rush out of the shrubbery and save the property."
DR. DAVID M. ROBINSON: *of Johns Hopkins University after an archeological expedition into Greece*	"Olynthus was at the height of its glory about 300 B. C. In its two-story residences each bedroom had an adjoining bath with an overhanging urn which served as a shower."
ARMSTRONG PERRY: *of the Department of the Interior*	"Sounds of a cork being pulled, of beverage running into a glass, have been used by radio broadcasters in Canada in attempts to educate United States listeners to the advantages of Canada."
WILLIAM BORAH: *Senator from Idaho*	"The marvel of all history is the patience with which men and women submit to burdens unnecessarily laid upon them by their governments."
FRANCES PERKINS: *State Labor Commissioner*	"The idea of creating employment through public works to keep idle men busy is not at all new; the Pyramids, the Roman Forum and many great cathedrals of Europe were built as bulwarks against unemployment."
SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH: *British scholar and writer*	"There is only one possible permissible intellectual force, and that is persuasion, and to suppress any man's opinion is tyranny."
LOUIS I. DUBLIN: *statistician*	"Suicide may be called a masculine type of reaction. More than three times as many men as women do away with themselves each year."

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Woodcuts by Richard Decker

By MARY AUSTIN

One-Smoke Stories

Tales, with a rattler's strike, that the Navajo Indians tell as they sit and smoke around the ceremonial fire

THE corn husk cigarettes which, for ceremonial purposes at least, are still used south of the Green River and west of the Rio Grande, last only a little while. Since they are made chiefly of the biting native "tabac," this is, perhaps, not to be regretted.

You select your husk from the heap and gather your pinch of the weed from the dark bowl as it passes the ancient ceremonial road from east to north by west to south, and holding the dry roll delicately between your lips, endeàvor to dispatch the salutatory puffs to the six, or, if you happen to be among the Tewa or the Navajo, the four world quarters.

Then, holding the crisp cylinder between thumb and finger-tip, first one and then another of the company begins, always gravely, and holds on for the space of one smoke, tales as deft, as finished in themselves as a ceremonial cigarette. Or, if not a tale, then a clean round out of the speaker's experience that in our kind of society might turn up a sonnet or an etching. The essence of such stories is that they should be located somewhere in the inner ear of the audience, unencumbered by what in our more discursive method is known as background. For your true desert dweller travels light. He makes even of his experience a handy package. Just before the end, like the rattle that warns that the story is about to strike, comes the fang of the experience, oftenest in the shape of a wise saying. Then the speaker resumes the soul-consoling smoke, while another takes up the dropped stitch of narrative and weaves it into the pattern of the talk.

The one-smoke story draws from all the ways of thinking and knowing that the Red Man has. So that if those I render, fumbling for the native quality, seem all of one philosophic key, that is merely a matter of personal choice. Some of those I have heard can not be retold with propriety in our tongue, and some are too profound for our understanding. The best that can be hoped from my retelling is that nothing is added to or taken from them in my hands.

The Man Who Walked *with the* Trues

IN THE DAYS of the New, there was a man who walked with the Trues and heard what they said. He had lifted the curtain of dark cloud at the doorway of the Dawn, and talked with the Thunder; he walked with the Lightning, and talked with the Twins of War and Chance face to face. No man who has lived since, has understood so much of the Trues, and of their ways with men.

He saw how the Trues wove with men as it were the pattern of a blanket. Of the different sorts of men they wove different patterns, red and yellow and blue, as they had dipped them. But what the pattern would be no man could say until it was finished. According as the Trues had need of men, they took them, and the happiest were those who understood no more than that they were being used. But whether they understood or not, the Trues kept on weaving. This is how they were seen by the man who walked in the days of the New with the people of the Middle Heaven. As

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he saw, so he taught, so that the people might know themselves in the hands of the Trues and work with them to their own advantage. There was no tribe in those days that prospered more than that tribe, and the man who walked with the Trues was their chief and their Sun Priest of Souls, receiving honor.

Then there came a day when the Trues planned that their pattern should show how men of great wisdom and inknowing thought could conduct themselves in extremity, and cast about for an example. "Lo," said the Twins of War and Chance, "here is this man who has walked with us." So the Trues reached out and took him. The Sun Priest of Souls, being in great anguish, for the cords of the weaving cut even to the marrow, cried out, "Lords, what have I done to deserve this handling?"

"Did you suppose," said the Trues, "that you were not also a part of the pattern?"

The Love of Winnenap for Pahwanike

In my father's time there were two men of our camp who had mingled their blood after the custom of our people, swearing that they would love one another more than brothers. Out of the keeping of that vow there arose a saying "like the love of Winnenap for Pahwanike."

Winnenap was a Shoshone who had married into our tribe, and he dealt with every evil under the Six Quarters, not, as our fathers did, by the use of roots and herbs and the sweat-house, but by singing and dancing. He would dance and sing, and by singing his soul would ascend to the Friend of the Soul of Man, and he would have power beyond the strength of roots and herbs to reach. How this was I do not know, but it was so.

And when he had made the sick to lie straight and warm, he would dance and sing until the sick had fallen asleep with the sound of it and the earth was beaten to a fine dust under him. Then his soul would climb and climb—how do I know where the friend is?—and from that height he would stoop and snatch the sick from his sickness. So it seemed; for when the sick would awake, his evil would be entirely gone from him.

Moreover, Winnenap, passing to and fro between the Friend of the Soul of Man and his client, as the shuttle is passed by the blanket-maker, could weave such strong medicine that no harm could get through to the man for whom he had made it. This I have heard my father say of Winnenap, who had mingled his blood with Pahwanike's so that they loved one another more than brothers.

I do not know how long it was after the vow before Winnenap began to fear that his friend might fall ill or come to some hurt in battle, but for the sake of his friend he made a Singing Medicine. Often at night, for the night is the best time to give the heart to singing, in a cleared space between the creek and the house of Pahwanike, at such times as his love for his friend moved him, you could hear the sound of Winnenap's feet and the voice of his song and the sound of his gourd rattling.

In this fashion for many years Winnenap kept his friend from hurt and sickness. And all this time there was nothing said about it, for being true friends, they got on without much talking.

But at last toward the end of his life Winnenap felt his power go from him and he was sad in his heart, wondering if his friend would love him so well when he had nothing more to give him. And at last Pahwanike said to him: "Why are you troubled?"

"Because," said Winnenap, "I fear that time may come when you will no longer love me."

"How can you fear that?" Pahwanike reproached him, "when you know that for all these years I have had no other friend besides you?"

"Nevertheless," said Winnenap, "I wish that I had a sign that whatever happens there will be no lessening of your love for me."

Then Pahwanike considered how he could give his friend a sign. At last he said:

"All that noise that you make every night by my house, singing and dancing—when I could endure that all these years and say nothing, what other sign do you need of my great love for you?"

◆ ◆

The Lover's Lament

A Tewa Indian Song

Translated by

H. J. Spinden

My little breath, under the willows by the water-side we used to sit,
And there the yellow cottonwood bird came and sang.
That I remember and therefore I weep.
Under the growing corn we used to sit,
And there the little leaf bird came and sang.
That I remember and therefore I weep.
There on the meadow of yellow flowers we used to walk.
Alas! how long ago that we two walked in that pleasant way,
Then everything was happy, but alas! how long ago.
There on the meadow of crimson flowers we used to walk.
Oh, my little breath, now I go there alone in sorrow.

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A Monthly Letter to the Golden Book

HUGH WALPOLE'S

The view from Mr. Walpole's cottage

Notes *from a* Northern Cottage

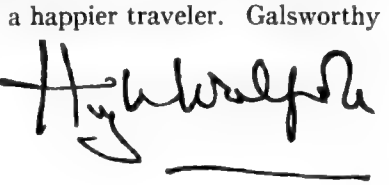
I HAVE HAD more than a week up here, writing about my own "Herries" family and arranging in the shelves of the new library room the family histories of everyone else. For that is really what all these books come to! My own Judith Herries, daughter of "Rogue" Herries, is at this very moment on the road to Paris to discover what that intriguing city is like two months after Waterloo. At this moment I have left her in her lodging in a state of considerable excitement with that enchanting summer smell of Paris—part sun on iron railings, part carnations, part newly baked bread—and she is as real to me as my own sister. But I look up from my paper and there in the newly painted shelves are Dumas and Victor Hugo, Balzac and Dostoievsky, Conrad and Galsworthy. How have I the courage to go on with the chronicles of this family of mine when there are already so many breathing families in existence? Well, I suppose that one writes to give oneself pleasure first of all and hang the rest!

The sheep on the hill above my garden have moved down to the road and are cropping my hedge. No connection with Balzac, Hugo, and the Herries family there, you will say. Not at all. A very evident connection, for his sheep and my garden and these new glistening bookshelves, and a Bokhara rug that I bought in Manchester the other day for my new room are all part of that same creative energy. First the energy, as blind, as driving and as greedy as the tugging at the grass of the five sheep and one black, large, fat lamb beneath my window.

First the energy, then the art. And that is where the trouble begins. In a recently published issue of the reviews by Katherine Mansfield of the novels of some fifteen years back you will find that she cares for nothing but art, and art of a very sophisticated kind. Present her with a work of great energy but little conscious art and she finds it very empty. I cannot help wondering what she would say to Hugo's devil-fish were it newly presented to her. For here I think there is very little conscious art at all but a simply terrific energy. When Hugo sees his devil-fish he sees him with such a thrust of overpowering excitement that he cannot stop to consider whether he is an artist or no. He has no time for it. Indeed it is one of the novelist's eternal problems as to what he has time for. You cannot have time for everything even though you be Shakespeare. Had Hugo taken his eye for a moment off his devil-fish to consider whether he were being an artist or no the devil-fish would have been off out of sight round the corner. Hugo didn't stop. He felt himself a kind of Deity of creation and he just waved his great arms and the world was made.

All that you can ever ask of an artist is that he should create a world that is worth creating. It need not be real in any practical sense but it must be real in a created sense; it must be true to its own laws. So, worlds as different as Hardy's, Conrad's, de la Mare's, Dreiser's, Hemingway's, George Moore's enrich our individual worlds because we are made to see that they are true to themselves.

I don't at all see the world as Galsworthy sees it, nor as Hugo sees it. The created world of fiction in which I am most completely at home is, naturally, my own created world in which Judith Herries is now moving to Paris. But I would be a fool if I expected my created world to be everybody's. As I look round on my new bookshelves I know that the more worlds into which I can enter the richer I shall be. I am not so acute a critic as Katherine Mansfield but I am a happier traveler. Galsworthy seems to me sentimental, Hugo too dramatic; I could critically dismiss them on those grounds. But the choice is mine. I prefer to choose the reality of Galsworthy's scene, the color and splendor of Hugo's. You pay your money and . . . the devil of it is that there's such a lot to choose from!



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The Most

This is my favorite story

Prize-winning essay for October

As a reader of many short stories, I have become desperately weary of the perpetual Pollyanna motif, and of eternally silver-lined love tales. Nor do I respond more charitably to the innumerable "Harold's Adventures Among the Indians," or the "Bound to Wins." Away with them to the waste basket!

Give me a story immeasurably removed from these conventional monotonies, with an eery background of deep mystery which makes us react to a brilliant mind with a diabolical twist; the thrill of the hunted fleeing from the hunter; a human being in dire circumstance fighting against sinister skill; cunning matched with cunning; a sporting chance with life or death as the prize at the end of the game. Surprise, suspense, victory!

There is tension, excitement, drama sustained to the last sentence. A perfect setting on a lonely island; an amazing castle; an uncanny host offering unusual hospitality to the unfortunate wayfarer; the key to the secret; the offer for the hunt made and accepted; hope; despair; terror; desperate self-possession—and enough of the conventional so that "everything comes out all right in the end"—such is this, my favorite of many favorite stories, "The Most Dangerous Game," by Richard Connell.

—Ella C. Kendall, Toronto, Canada.

See contest announcement on page 87

"Off there to the right—somewhere—is a large island," said Whitney. "It's rather a mystery——"

"What island is it?" Rainsford asked.

"The old charts call it 'Ship-Trap Island,'" Whitney replied. "A suggestive name, isn't it? Sailors have a curious dread of the place. I don't know why. Some superstition——"

"Can't see it," remarked Rainsford, trying to peer through the dank tropical night that was palpable as it pressed its thick warm blackness in upon the yacht.

"You've good eyes," said Whitney, with a laugh, "and I've seen you pick off a moose moving in the brown fall bush at four hundred yards, but even you can't see four miles or so through a moonless Caribbean night."

"Nor four yards," admitted Rainsford. "Ugh! It's like moist black velvet."

"It will be light enough in Rio," promised Whitney. "We should make it in a few days. I hope the jaguar guns have come from Purdey's. We should have some good hunting up the Amazon. Great sport, hunting."

"The best sport in the world," agreed Rainsford.

"For the hunter," amended Whitney. "Not for the jaguar."

"Don't talk rot, Whitney," said Rainsford. "You're a big-game hunter, not a philosopher. Who cares how a jaguar feels?"

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Dangerous Game

Illustrations by
John Alan Maxwell

By RICHARD CONNELL

"Rainsford!" screamed the general. "How in God's name did you get here?"

THIS IS Richard Connell's first appearance in the GOLDEN BOOK. Mr. Connell is a young story writer of great promise who has done his best yet in this yarn. He has created a plot and maintained a delicate balance of suspense and headlong action of which Balzac, Stevenson, or Jack London might be proud. He is also a writer of modern social comedy.

Miss Kendall's essay has caught the swift pace of the story and the lure of its hunter-and-hunted theme.

"Perhaps the jaguar does," observed Whitney.

"Bah! They've no understanding."

"Even so, I rather think they understand one thing—fear. The fear of pain and the fear of death."

"Nonsense," laughed Rainsford. "This hot weather is making you soft, Whitney. Be a realist. The world is made up of two classes—the hunters and the huntees. Luckily, you and I are hunters. Do you think we've passed that island yet?"

"I can't tell in the dark. I hope so."

"Why?" asked Rainsford.

"The place has a reputation—a bad one."

"Cannibals?" suggested Rainsford.

"Hardly. Even cannibals wouldn't live in such a God-forsaken place. But it's gotten into sailor lore, somehow. Didn't you notice that the crew's nerves seemed a bit jumpy today?"

"They were a bit strange, now you mention it. Even Captain Nielsen——"

"Yes, even that tough-minded old Swede, who'd go up to the devil himself and ask him for a light. Those fishy blue eyes held a look I never saw there before. All I could get out of him was: 'This place has an evil name among seafaring men, sir.' Then he said to me, very gravely: 'Don't you feel anything?'—as if the air about us was actually poisonous. Now, you mustn't laugh when I tell you this—I did feel something like a sudden chill.

"There was no breeze. The sea was as flat as a plate-glass window. We were drawing near the island then. What I felt was a—a mental chill; a sort of sudden dread."

"Pure imagination," said Rainsford. "One superstitious sailor can taint the whole ship's company with his fear."

"Maybe. But sometimes I think sailors have an extra sense that tells them when they are in danger. Sometimes I think evil is a tangible thing—with wave lengths, just as sound and light have. An evil place can, so to speak, broadcast vibrations of evil. Anyhow, I'm glad we're getting out of this zone. Well, I think I'll turn in now, Rainsford."

"I'm not sleepy," said Rainsford. "I'm going to smoke another pipe up on the after deck."

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"Good night, then, Rainsford. See you at breakfast."

"Right. Good night, Whitney."

There was no sound in the night as Rainsford sat there but the muffled throb of the engine that drove the yacht swiftly through the darkness, and the swish and ripple of the wash of the propeller.

Rainsford, reclining in a steamer chair, indolently puffed on his favorite brier. The sensuous drowsiness of the night was on him. "It's so dark," he thought, "that I could sleep without closing my eyes; the night would be my eyelids——"

AN ABRUPT SOUND startled him. Off to the right he heard it, and his ears, expert in such matters, could not be mistaken. Again he heard the sound, and again. Somewhere, off in the blackness, someone had fired a gun three times.

Rainsford sprang up and moved quickly to the rail, mystified. He strained his eyes in the direction from which the reports had come, but it was like trying to see through a blanket. He leaped upon the rail and balanced himself there, to get greater elevation; his pipe, striking a rope, was knocked from his mouth. He lunged for it; a short, hoarse cry came from his lips as he realized he had reached too far and had lost his balance. The cry was pinched off short as the blood-warm waters of the Caribbean Sea closed over his head.

He struggled up to the surface and tried to cry out, but the wash from the speeding yacht slapped him in the face and the salt water in his open mouth made him gag and strangle. Desperately he struck out with strong strokes after the receding lights of the yacht, but he stopped before he had swum fifty feet. A certain cool-headedness had come to him; it was not the first time he had been in a tight place. There was a chance that his cries could be heard by someone aboard the yacht, but that chance was slender, and grew more slender as the yacht raced on. He wrestled himself out of his clothes, and shouted with all his power. The lights of the yacht became faint and ever-vanishing fireflies; then they were blotted out entirely by the night.

Rainsford remembered the shots. They had come from the right, and doggedly he swam in that direction, swimming with slow, deliberate strokes, conserving his strength. For a seemingly endless time he fought the sea. He began to count his strokes; he could do possibly a hundred more and then——

Rainsford heard a sound. It came out of the darkness, a high screaming sound, the sound of an animal in an extremity of anguish and terror.

He did not recognize the animal that made the sound; he did not try to; with fresh vitality he swam toward the sound. He heard it again; then it was cut short by another noise, crisp, staccato.

"Pistol shot," muttered Rainsford, swimming on.

Ten minutes of determined effort brought another sound to his ears—the most welcome he had ever heard—the muttering and growling of the sea breaking on a rocky shore. He was almost on the rocks before he saw them; on a night less calm he would have been shattered against them. With his remaining strength he dragged himself from the swirling waters. Jagged crags appeared to jut up into the opaqueness; he forced himself upward, hand over hand. Gasping, his hands raw, he reached a flat place at the top. Dense jungle came down to the very edge of the cliffs. What perils that tangle of trees and underbrush might hold for him did not concern Rainsford just then. All he knew was that he was safe from his enemy, the sea, and that utter weariness was on him. He flung himself down at the jungle edge and tumbled headlong into the deepest sleep of his life.

When he opened his eyes he knew from the position of the sun that it was late in the afternoon. Sleep had given him new vigor; a sharp hunger was picking at him. He looked about him, almost cheerfully.

"Where there are pistol shots, there are men. Where there are men, there is food," he thought. But what kind of men, he wondered, in so forbidding a place? An unbroken front of snarled and ragged jungle fringed the shore.

He saw no sign of a trail through the closely knit web of weeds and trees; it was easier to go along the shore, and Rainsford floundered along by the water. Not far from where he had landed, he stopped.

Some wounded thing, by the evidence, a large animal, had thrashed about in the underbrush; the jungle weeds were crushed down and the moss was lacerated; one patch of weeds was stained crimson. A small, glittering object not far away caught Rainsford's eye and he picked it up. It was an empty cartridge.

"A twenty-two," he remarked. "That's odd. It must have been a fairly large animal too. The hunter had his nerve with him to tackle it with a light gun. It's clear that the brute put up a fight. I suppose the first three shots I heard was when the hunter flushed his quarry and wounded it. The last shot was when he trailed it here and finished it."

He examined the ground closely and found what he had hoped to find—the print of hunting boots. They pointed along the cliff in the direction he had been going. Eagerly he hurried along, now slipping on a rotten log or a loose stone, but making headway; night was beginning to settle down on the island.

Bleak darkness was blacking out the sea and jungle when Rainsford sighted the lights. He came upon them as he turned a crook in the coast line, and his first thought was that he had come upon a village, for there were many lights. But as he forged along he saw to his great astonishment that all the lights were in one enormous building—a lofty structure with pointed towers plunging upward into the gloom. His eyes made out the shadowy outlines of a palatial château; it was set on a high bluff, and on three sides of it cliffs dived down to where the sea licked greedy lips in the shadows.

"Mirage," thought Rainsford. But it was no mirage, he found, when he opened the tall spiked iron gate. The stone steps were real enough; the massive door with a leering gargoyle for a knocker was real enough; yet above it all hung an air of unreality.

He lifted the knocker, and it creaked up stiffly, as if it had never before been used. He let it fall, and it startled him with its booming loudness. He thought he heard steps within; the door remained closed.

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Another man was coming down the broad marble steps, an erect slender man.

Again Rainsford lifted the heavy knocker, and let it fall. The door opened then, opened as suddenly as if it were on a spring, and Rainsford stood blinking in the river of glaring gold light that poured out. The first thing Rainsford's eyes discerned was the largest man Rainsford had ever seen—a gigantic creature, solidly made and black-bearded to the waist. In his hand the man held a long-barreled revolver, and he was pointing it straight at Rainsford's heart.

Out of the snarl of beard two small eyes regarded Rainsford.

"Don't be alarmed," said Rainsford, with a smile which he hoped was disarming. "I'm no robber. I fell off a yacht. My name is Sanger Rainsford of New York City."

The menacing look in the eyes did not change. The revolver pointed as rigidly as if the giant were a statue. He gave no sign that he understood Rainsford's words, or that he had even heard them. He was dressed in uniform, a black uniform trimmed with gray astrakhan.

"I'm Sanger Rainsford of New York," Rainsford began again. "I fell off a yacht. I am hungry."

The man's only answer was to raise with his thumb the hammer of his revolver. Then Rainsford saw the man's free hand go to his forehead in a military salute, and he saw him click his heels together and stand at attention. Another man was coming down the broad marble steps, an erect, slender man in evening clothes. He advanced to Rainsford and held out his hand.

In a cultivated voice marked by a slight accent that gave it added precision and deliberateness, he said: "It is a very great pleasure and honor to welcome Mr. Sanger Rainsford, the celebrated hunter, to my home."

Automatically Rainsford shook the man's hand.

"I've read your book about hunting snow leopards in Tibet, you see," explained the man. "I am General Zaroff."

Rainsford's first impression was that the man was singularly handsome; his second was that there was an original, almost bizarre quality about the general's face. He was a tall man past middle age, for his hair was a vivid white; but his thick eyebrows and pointed military mustache were as black as the night from which Rainsford had come. His eyes, too, were black and very bright. He had high cheek bones, a sharp-cut nose, a spare, dark face, the face of a man used to giving orders, the face of an aristocrat. Turning to the giant in uniform, the general made a sign. The giant put away his pistol, saluted, withdrew.

"Ivan is an incredibly strong fellow," remarked the general, "but he has the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. A simple fellow, but, I'm afraid, like all his race, a bit of a savage."

"Is he Russian?"

"He is a Cossack," said the general, and his smile showed red lips and pointed teeth. "So am I."

"Come," he said, "we shouldn't be chatting here. We can talk later. Now you want clothes, food, rest. You shall have them. This is a most restful spot."

Ivan had reappeared, and the general spoke to him with lips that moved but gave forth no sound.

"Follow Ivan, if you please, Mr. Rainsford," said the general. "I was about to have my dinner when you came. I'll wait for you. You'll find that my clothes will fit you, I think."

It was to a huge, beam-ceilinged bedroom with a canopied bed big enough for six men that Rainsford followed the silent giant. Ivan laid out an evening suit, and Rainsford, as he put it on, noticed that it came from a London tailor who ordinarily cut and sewed for none below the rank of duke.

The dining room to which Ivan conducted him was in many ways remarkable. There was a medieval magnificence about it; it suggested a baronial hall of

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feudal times with its oaken panels, its high ceiling, its vast refectory tables where twoscore men could sit down to eat. About the hall were the mounted heads of many animals—lions, tigers, elephants, moose, bears; larger or more perfect specimens Rainsford had never seen. At the great table the general was sitting, alone.

"YOU'LL HAVE A COCKTAIL, Mr. Rainsford," he suggested. The cocktail was surpassingly good; and, Rainsford noted, the table appointments were of the finest—the linen, the crystal, the silver, the china.

They were eating *borsch*, the rich, red soup with whipped cream so dear to Russian palates. Half apologetically General Zaroff said: "We do our best to preserve the amenities of civilization here. Please forgive any lapses. We are well off the beaten track, you know. Do you think the champagne has suffered from its long ocean trip?"

"Not in the least," declared Rainsford. He was finding the general a most thoughtful and affable host, a true cosmopolite. But there was one small trait of the general's that made Rainsford uncomfortable. Whenever he looked up from his plate he found the general studying him, appraising him narrowly.

"Perhaps," said General Zaroff, "you were surprised that I recognized your name. You see, I read all books on hunting published in English, French, and Russian. I have but one passion in my life, Mr. Rainsford, and it is the hunt."

"You have some wonderful heads here," said Rainsford as he ate a particularly well cooked *filet mignon*. "That Cape buffalo is the largest I ever saw."

"Oh, that fellow. Yes, he was a monster."

"Did he charge you?"

"Hurled me against a tree," said the general. "Fractured my skull. But I got the brute."

"I've always thought," said Rainsford, "that the Cape buffalo is the most dangerous of all big game."

For a moment the general did not reply; he was smiling his curious red-lipped smile. Then he said slowly: "No. You are wrong, sir. The Cape buffalo is not the most dangerous big game." He sipped his wine. "Here in my preserve on this island," he said in the same slow tone, "I hunt more dangerous game."

Rainsford expressed his surprise. "Is there big game on this island?"

The general nodded. "The biggest."

"Really?"

"Oh, it isn't here naturally, of course. I have to stock the island."

"What have you imported, general?" Rainsford asked. "Tigers?"

The general smiled. "No," he said. "Hunting tigers ceased to interest me some years ago. I exhausted their possibilities, you see. No thrill left in tigers, no real danger. I live for danger, Mr. Rainsford."

The general took from his pocket a gold cigarette case and offered his guest a long black cigarette with a silver tip; it was perfumed and gave off a smell like incense.

"We will have some capital hunting, you and I," said the general. "I shall be most glad to have your society."

"But what game——" began Rainsford.

"I'll tell you," said the general. "You will be amused, I know. I think I may say, in all modesty, that I have done a rare thing. I have invented a new sensation. May I pour you another glass of port?"

"Thank you, general."

The general filled both glasses, and said: "God makes some men poets. Some He makes kings, some beggars. Me He made a hunter. My hand was made for the trigger, my father said. He was a very rich man with a quarter of a million acres in the Crimea, and he was an ardent sportsman. When I was only five years old he gave me a little gun, specially made in Moscow for me, to shoot sparrows with. When I shot some of his prize turkeys with it, he did not punish me; he complimented me on my marksmanship. I killed my first bear in the Caucasus when I was ten. My whole life has been one prolonged hunt. I went into the army—it was expected of noblemen's sons—and for a time commanded a division of Cossack cavalry, but my real interest was always the hunt. I have hunted every kind of game in every land. It would be impossible for me to tell you how many animals I have killed."

The general puffed at his cigarette.

"After the debacle in Russia I left the country, for it was imprudent for an officer of the Czar to stay there. Many noble Russians lost everything. I, luckily, had invested heavily in American securities, so I shall never have to open a tea room in Monte Carlo or drive a taxi in Paris. Naturally, I continued to hunt—grizzlies in your Rockies, crocodile in the Ganges, rhinoceroses in East Africa. It was in Africa that the Cape buffalo hit me and laid me up for six months. As soon as I recovered I started for the Amazon to hunt jaguars, for I had heard they were unusually cunning. They weren't." The Cossack sighed. "They were no match at all for a hunter with his wits about him, and a high-powered rifle. I was bitterly disappointed. I was lying in my tent with a splitting headache one night when a terrible thought pushed its way into my mind. Hunting was beginning to bore me! And hunting, remember, had been my life. I have heard that in America business men often go to pieces when they give up the business that has been their life."

"Yes, that's so," said Rainsford.

The general smiled. "I had no wish to go to pieces," he said. "I must do something. Now, mine is an analytical mind, Mr. Rainsford. Doubtless that is why I enjoy the problems of the chase."

"No doubt, General Zaroff."

"So," continued the general, "I asked myself why the hunt no longer fascinated me. You are much younger than I am, Mr. Rainsford, and have not hunted as much, but you perhaps can guess the answer."

"What was it?"

"Simply this: hunting had ceased to be what you call 'a sporting proposition.' It had become too easy. I always got my quarry. Always. There is no greater bore than perfection."

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The general lit a fresh cigarette.

"No animal had a chance with me any more. That is no boast; it is a mathematical certainty. The animal had nothing but his legs and his instinct. Instinct is no match for reason. When I thought of this it was a tragic moment for me, I can tell you."

Rainsford leaned across the table, absorbed in what his host was saying.

"It came to me as an inspiration what I must do," the general went on.

"And that was?"

The general smiled the quiet smile of one who has faced an obstacle and surmounted it with success. "I had to invent a new animal to hunt," he said.

"A new animal? You're joking."

"Not at all," said the general. "I never joke about hunting. I needed a new animal. I found one. So I bought this island, built this house, and here I do my hunting. The island is perfect for my purposes—there are jungles with a maze of trails in them, hills, swamps——"

"But the animal, General Zaroff?"

"Oh," said the general, "it supplies me with the most exciting hunting in the world. No other hunting compares with it for an instant. Every day I hunt, and I never grow bored now, for I have a quarry with which I can match my wits."

Rainsford's bewilderment showed in his face.

"I wanted the ideal animal to hunt," explained the general. "So I said: 'What are the attributes of an ideal quarry?' And the answer was, of course: 'It must have courage, cunning, and, above all, it must be able to reason.'"

"But no animal can reason," objected Rainsford.

"My dear fellow," said the general, "there is one that can."

"But you can't mean—" gasped Rainsford.

"And why not?"

"I can't believe you are serious, General Zaroff. This is a grisly joke."

"Why should I not be serious? I am speaking of hunting."

"Hunting? Good God, General Zaroff, what you speak of is murder."

THE GENERAL LAUGHED with entire good nature. He regarded Rainsford quizzically. "I refuse to believe that so modern and civilized a young man as you seem to be harbors romantic ideas about the value of human life. Surely your experiences in the war——"

"Did not make me condone cold-blooded murder," finished Rainsford stiffly.

Laughter shook the general. "How extraordinarily droll you are!" he said. "One does not expect nowadays to find a young man of the educated class, even in America, with such a naive, and, if I may say so, mid-Victorian point of view. It's like finding a snuff-box in a limousine. Ah, well, doubtless you had Puritan ancestors. So many Americans appear to have had. I'll wager you'll forget your notions when you go hunting with me. You've a genuine new thrill in store for you, Mr. Rainsford."

"Thank you, I'm a hunter, not a murderer."

"Dear me," said the general, quite unruffled, "again that unpleasant word. But I think I can show you that your scruples are quite ill founded."

"Yes?"

"Life is for the strong, to be lived by the strong, and, if needs be, taken by the strong. The weak of the world were put here to give the strong pleasure. I am strong. Why should I not use my gift? If I wish to hunt, why should I not? I hunt the scum of the earth—sailors from tramp ships—lascars, blacks, Chinese, whites, mongrels—a thoroughbred horse or hound is worth more than a score of them."

"But they are men," said Rainsford hotly.

"Precisely," said the general. "That is why I use them. It gives me pleasure. They can reason, after a fashion. So they are dangerous."

"But where do you get them?"

THE GENERAL'S left eyelid fluttered down in a wink. "This island is called Ship Trap," he answered. "Sometimes an angry god of the high seas sends them to me. Sometimes, when Providence is not so kind, I help Providence a bit. Come to the window with me."

Rainsford went to the window and looked out toward the sea.

"Watch! Out there!" exclaimed the general, pointing into the night. Rainsford's eyes saw only blackness, and then, as the general pressed a button, far out to sea Rainsford saw the flash of lights.

The general chuckled. "They indicate a channel," he said, "where there's none; giant rocks with razor edges crouch like a sea monster with wide-open jaws. They can crush a ship as easily as I crush this nut." He dropped a walnut on the hardwood floor and brought his heel grinding down on it. "Oh, yes," he said, casually, as if in answer to a question, "I have electricity. We try to be civilized here."

"Civilized? And you shoot down men?"

A trace of anger was in the general's black eyes, but it was there for but a second, and he said, in his most pleasant manner: "Dear me, what a righteous young man you are! I assure you I do not do the thing you suggest. That would be barbarous. I treat these visitors with every consideration. They get plenty of good food and exercise. They get into splendid physical condition. You shall see for yourself tomorrow."

"What do you mean?"

"We'll visit my training school," smiled the general. "It's in the cellar. I have about a dozen pupils down there now. They're from the Spanish bark *San Lucar* that had the bad luck to go on the rocks out there. A very inferior lot, I regret to say. Poor specimens and more accustomed to the deck than to the jungle."

He raised his hand, and Ivan, who served as waiter, brought thick Turkish coffee. Rainsford, with an effort, held his tongue in check.

"It's a game, you see," pursued the general blandly. "I suggest to one of them that we go hunting. I give him a supply of food and an excellent hunting knife. I give him three hours' start. I am to follow, armed only with a pistol of the smallest caliber and range. If my quarry eludes me for three whole days, he wins

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the game. If I find him"—the general smiled—"he loses."

"Suppose he refuses to be hunted?"

"Oh," said the general, "I give him his option, of course. He need not play that game if he doesn't wish to. If he does not wish to hunt, I turn him over to Ivan. Ivan once had the honor of serving as official knouter to the Great White Czar, and he has his own ideas of sport. Invariably, Mr. Rainsford, invariably they choose the hunt."

"And if they win?"

The smile on the general's face widened. "To date I have not lost," he said. Then he added, hastily: "I don't wish you to think me a braggart, Mr. Rainsford. Many of them afford only the most elementary sort of problem. Occasionally I strike a tartar. One almost did win. I eventually had to use the dogs."

"The dogs?"

"This way, please. I'll show you."

The general steered Rainsford to a window. The lights from the windows sent a flickering illumination that made grotesque patterns on the courtyard below, and Rainsford could see moving about there a dozen or so huge black shapes; as they turned toward him, their eyes glittered greenly.

"A rather good lot, I think," observed the general. "They are let out at seven every night. If anyone should try to get into my house—or out of it—something extremely regrettable would occur to him." He hummed a snatch of song from the *Folies Bergère*.

"And now," said the general, "I want to show you my new collection of heads. Will you come with me to the library?"

"I hope," said Rainsford, "that you will excuse me tonight, General Zaroff. I'm really not feeling well."

"Ah, indeed?" the general inquired solicitously.

"Well, I suppose that's only natural, after your long swim. You need a good, restful night's sleep. Tomorrow you'll feel like a new man, I'll wager. Then we'll hunt, eh? I've one rather promising prospect——" Rainsford was hurrying from the room.

"Sorry you can't go with me tonight," called the general. "I expect rather fair sport—a big, strong, black. He looks resourceful—Well, good night, Mr. Rainsford; I hope you have a good night's rest."

The bed was good, and the pajamas of the softest silk and he was tired in every fiber of his being, but nevertheless Rainsford could not quiet his brain with the opiate of sleep. He lay, eyes wide open. Once he thought he heard stealthy steps in the corridor outside his room. He sought to throw open the door; it would not open. He went to the window and looked out. His room was high up in one of the towers. The lights of the château were out now, and it was dark and silent, but there was a fragment of sallow moon, and by its wan light he could see, dimly, the courtyard; there, weaving in and out in the pattern of shadow, were black, noiseless forms; the hounds heard him at the window and looked up, expectantly, with their green eyes. Rainsford went back to the bed and lay down. By many methods he tried to put himself to sleep. He had achieved a doze when, just as morning began to come, he heard, far off in the jungle, the faint report of a pistol.

General Zaroff did not appear until luncheon. He was dressed faultlessly in the tweeds of a country squire. He was solicitous about the state of Rainsford's health.

"As for me," sighed the general, "I do not feel so well. I am worried, Mr. Rainsford. Last night I detected traces of my old complaint."

To Rainsford's questioning glance the general said: "Ennui. Boredom."

Then, taking a second helping of *Crêpes Suzette*, the general explained: "The hunting was not good last night. The fellow lost his head. He made a straight trail that offered no problems at all. That's the trouble with these sailors; they have dull brains to begin with, and they do not know how to get about in the woods. They do excessively stupid and obvious things. It's most annoying. Will you have another glass of *Chablis*, Mr. Rainsford?"

"General," said Rainsford firmly, "I wish to leave this island at once."

The general raised his thickets of eyebrows; he seemed hurt. "But, my dear fellow," the general protested, "you've only just come. You've had no hunting——"

"I wish to go today," said Rainsford. He saw the dead black eyes of the general on him, studying him. General Zaroff's face suddenly brightened.

He filled Rainsford's glass with venerable *Chablis* from a dusty bottle.

"Tonight," said the general, "we will hunt—you and I."

Rainsford shook his head. "No, general," he said. "I will not hunt."

The general shrugged his shoulders and delicately ate a hothouse grape. "As you wish, my friend," he said. "The choice rests entirely with you. But may I not venture to suggest that you will find my idea of sport more diverting than Ivan's?"

He nodded toward the corner to where the giant stood, scowling, his thick arms crossed on his hogshead of chest.

"You don't mean——" cried Rainsford.

"My dear fellow," said the general, "Have I not told you I always mean what I say about hunting? This is really an inspiration. I drink to a foeman worthy of my steel—at last." The general raised his glass, but Rainsford sat staring at him.

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Only the devil himself could follow that complicated trail through the jungle.

"You'll find this game worth playing," the general said enthusiastically. "Your brain against mine. Your woodcraft against mine. Your strength and stamina against mine. Outdoor chess! And the stake is not without value, eh?"

"And if I win—" began Rainsford huskily.

"I'll cheerfully acknowledge myself defeated if I do not find you by midnight of the third day," said General Zaroff. "My sloop will place you on the mainland near a town." The general read what Rainsford was thinking.

"Oh, you can trust me," said the Cossack. "I will give you my word as a gentleman and a sportsman. Of course you, in turn, must agree to say nothing of your visit here."

"I'll agree to nothing of the kind," said Rainsford.

"Oh," said the general, "in that case— But why discuss that now? Three days hence we can discuss it over a bottle of *Veuve Cliquot,* unless——"

The general sipped his wine.

Then a businesslike air animated him. "Ivan," he said to Rainsford, "will supply you with hunting clothes, food, a knife. I suggest you wear moccasins; they leave a poorer trail. I suggest, too, that you avoid the big swamp in the southeast corner of the island. We call it Death Swamp. There's quicksand there. One foolish fellow tried it. The deplorable part of it was that Lazarus followed him. You can imagine my feelings, Mr. Rainsford. I loved Lazarus; he was the finest hound in my pack. Well, I must beg you to excuse me now. I always take a siesta after lunch. You'll hardly have time for a nap, I fear. You'll want to start, no doubt. I shall not follow till dusk. Hunting at night is so much more exciting than by day, don't you think? *Au revoir,* Mr. Rainsford, *au revoir.*" General Zaroff, with a deep, courtly bow, strolled from the room.

From another door came Ivan. Under one arm he carried khaki hunting clothes, a haversack of food, a leather sheath containing a long-bladed hunting knife; his right hand rested on a cocked revolver thrust in the crimson sash about his waist.

* * *

Rainsford had fought his way through the bush for two hours. "I must keep my nerve. I must keep my nerve," he said through tight teeth.

He had not been entirely clear-headed when the château gates snapped shut behind him. His whole idea at first was to put distance between himself and General Zaroff, and, to this end, he had plunged along, spurred on by the sharp rowels of something very like panic. Now he had got a grip on himself, had stopped, and was taking stock of himself and the situation. He saw that straight flight was futile; inevitably it would bring him face to face with the sea. He was in a picture with a frame of water, and his operations, clearly, must take place within that frame.

"I'll give him a trail to follow," muttered Rainsford, and he struck off from the rude path he had been following into the trackless wilderness. He executed a series of intricate loops; he doubled on his trail again and again, recalling all the lore of the fox hunt, and all the dodges of the fox. Night found him leg-weary, with hands and face lashed by the branches, on a thickly wooded ridge. He knew it would be insane to blunder on through the dark, even if he had the strength. His need for rest was imperative and he thought: "I have played the fox, now I must play the cat of the fable." A big tree with a thick trunk and outspread branches was near by, and, taking care to leave not the slightest mark, he climbed up into the crotch, and stretching out on one of the broad limbs, after a fashion, rested. Rest brought him new confidence and almost a feeling of security. Even so zealous a hunter as General Zaroff could not trace him there, he told himself; only the devil himself could follow that complicated trail through the jungle after dark. But, perhaps the general was a devil——

An apprehensive night crawled slowly by like a wounded snake, and sleep did not visit Rainsford, although the silence of a dead world was on the jungle. Toward morning when a dingy gray was varnishing the sky, the cry of some startled bird focused Rainsford's attention in that direction. Something was coming through the bush, coming slowly, carefully, coming by the same winding way Rainsford had come. He flattened himself down on the limb, and through a screen of leaves almost as thick as tapestry, he watched. . . . That which was approaching was a man.

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It was General Zaroff. He made his way along with his eyes fixed in utmost concentration on the ground before him. He paused, almost beneath the tree, dropped to his knees and studied the ground. Rainsford's impulse was to hurl himself down like a panther, but he saw that the general's right hand held something metallic—a small automatic pistol.

The hunter shook his head several times, as if he were puzzled. Then he straightened up and took from his case one of his black cigarettes; its pungent incenselike smoke floated up to Rainsford's nostrils.

RAINSFORD HELD his breath. The general's eyes had left the ground and were traveling inch by inch up the tree. Rainsford froze there, every muscle tensed for a spring. But the sharp eyes of the hunter stopped before they reached the limb where Rainsford lay; a smile spread over his brown face. Very deliberately he blew a smoke ring into the air; then he turned his back on the tree and walked carelessly away, back along the trail he had come. The swish of the underbrush against his hunting boots grew fainter and fainter.

The pent-up air burst hotly from Rainsford's lungs. His first thought made him feel sick and numb. The general could follow a trail through the woods at night; he could follow an extremely difficult trail; he must have uncanny powers; only by the merest chance had the Cossack failed to see his quarry.

Rainsford's second thought was even more terrible. It sent a shudder of cold horror through his whole being. Why had the general smiled? Why had he turned back?

Rainsford did not want to believe what his reason told him was true, but the truth was as evident as the sun that had by now pushed through the morning mists. The general was playing with him! The general was saving him for another day's sport! The Cossack was the cat; he was the mouse. Then it was that Rainsford knew the full meaning of terror.

"I will not lose my nerve. I will not."

He slid down from the tree, and struck off again into the woods. His face was set and he forced the machinery of his mind to function. Three hundred yards from his hiding place he stopped where a huge dead tree leaned precariously on a smaller, living one. Throwing off his sack of food, Rainsford took his knife from its sheath and began to work with all his energy.

The job was finished at last, and he threw himself down behind a fallen log a hundred feet away. He did not have to wait long. The cat was coming again to play with the mouse.

Following the trail with the sureness of a bloodhound came General Zaroff. Nothing escaped those searching black eyes, no crushed blade of grass, no bent twig, no mark, no matter how faint, in the moss. So intent was the Cossack on his stalking that he was upon the thing Rainsford had made before he saw it. His foot touched the protruding bough that was the trigger. Even as he touched it, the general sensed his danger and leaped back with the agility of an ape. But he was not quite quick enough; the dead tree, delicately adjusted to rest on the cut living one, crashed down and struck the general a glancing blow on the shoulder as it fell; but for his alertness, he must have been smashed beneath it. He staggered, but he did not fall; nor did he drop his revolver. He stood there, rubbing his injured shoulder, and Rainsford, with fear again gripping his heart, heard the general's mocking laugh ring through the jungle.

"Rainsford," called the general, "if you are within sound of my voice, as I suppose you are, let me congratulate you. Not many men know how to make a Malay man-catcher. Luckily, for me, I too have hunted in Malacca. You are proving interesting, Mr. Rainsford. I am going now to have my wound dressed; it's only a slight one. But I shall be back. I shall be back."

When the general, nursing his bruised shoulder, had gone, Rainsford took up his flight again. It was flight now, a desperate, hopeless flight, that carried him on for some hours. Dusk came, then darkness, and still he pressed on. The ground grew softer under his moccasins; the vegetation grew ranker, denser; insects bit him savagely. Then, as he stepped forward, his foot sank into the ooze. He tried to wrench it back, but the muck sucked viciously at his foot as if it were a giant leech. With a violent effort, he tore his feet loose. He knew where he was now. Death Swamp and its quicksand.

His hands were tight closed as if his nerve were something tangible that someone in the darkness was trying to tear from his grip. The softness of the earth had given him an idea. He stepped back from the quicksand a dozen feet or so and, like some huge prehistoric beaver, he began to dig.

Rainsford had dug himself in in France when a second's delay meant death. That had been a placid pastime compared to his digging now. The pit grew deeper; when it was above his shoulders, he climbed out and from some hard saplings cut stakes and sharpened them to a fine point. These stakes he planted in the bottom of the pit with the points sticking up. With flying fingers he wove a rough carpet of weeds and branches and with it he covered the mouth of the pit. Then, wet with sweat and aching with tiredness, he crouched behind the stump of a lightning-charred tree.

He knew his pursuer was coming; he heard the padding sound of feet on the soft earth, and the night breeze brought him the perfume of the general's cigarette. It seemed to Rainsford that the general was coming with unusual swiftness; he was not feeling his way along, foot by foot. Rainsford, crouching there, could not see the general, nor could he see the pit. He lived a year in a minute. Then he felt an impulse to cry aloud with joy, for he heard the sharp crackle of the breaking branches as the cover of the pit gave way; he heard the sharp scream of pain as the pointed stakes found their mark. He leaped up from his place of concealment. Then he cowered back. Three feet from the pit a man was standing, with an electric torch in his hand.

"You've done well, Rainsford," the voice of the general called. "Your Burmese tiger pit has claimed one of my best dogs. Again you score. I think, Mr. Rainsford, I'll see what you can do against my whole

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pack. I'm going home for a rest now. Thank you for a most amusing evening."

At daybreak Rainsford, lying near the swamp, was awakened by a sound that made him know that he had new things to learn about fear. It was a distant sound, faint and wavering, but he knew it. It was the baying of a pack of hounds.

Rainsford knew he could do one of two things. He could stay where he was and wait. That was suicide. He could flee. That was postponing the inevitable. For a moment he stood there, thinking. An idea that held a wild chance came to him, and, tightening his belt, he headed away from the swamp.

The baying of the hounds drew nearer, then still nearer, nearer, ever nearer. On a ridge Rainsford climbed a tree. Down a watercourse, not a quarter of a mile away, he could see the bush moving. Straining his eyes, he saw the lean figure of General Zaroff; just ahead of him Rainsford made out another figure whose wide shoulders surged through the tall jungle weeds; it was the giant Ivan, and he seemed pulled forward by some unseen force; Rainsford knew that Ivan must be holding the pack in leash.

They would be on him any minute now. His mind worked frantically. He thought of a native trick he had learned in Uganda. He slid down the tree. He caught hold of a springy young sapling and to it he fastened his hunting knife, with the blade pointing down the trail; with a bit of wild grapevine he tied back the sapling. Then he ran for his life. The hounds raised their voices as they hit the fresh scent. Rainsford knew now how an animal at bay feels.

He had to stop to get his breath. The baying of the hounds stopped abruptly, and Rainsford's heart stopped too. They must have reached the knife.

He shinned excitedly up a tree and looked back. His pursuers had stopped. But the hope that was in Rainsford's brain when he climbed died, for he saw in the shallow valley that General Zaroff was still on his feet. But Ivan was not. The knife, driven by the recoil of the springing tree, had not wholly failed.

Rainsford had hardly tumbled to the ground when the pack took up the cry again.

"Nerve, nerve, nerve!" he panted, as he dashed along. A blue gap showed between the trees dead ahead. Ever nearer drew the hounds. Rainsford forced himself on toward that gap. He reached it. It was the shore of the sea. Across a cove he could see the gloomy gray stone of the château. Twenty feet below him the sea rumbled and hissed. Rainsford hesitated. He heard the hounds. Then he leaped far out into the sea. . . .

When the general and his pack reached the place by the sea, the Cossack stopped. For some minutes he stood regarding the blue-green expanse of water. He shrugged his shoulders. Then he sat down, took a drink of brandy from a silver flask, lit a cigarette, and hummed a bit from "Madame Butterfly."

General Zaroff had an exceedingly good dinner in his great paneled dining hall that evening. With it he had a bottle of *Pol Roger* and half a bottle of *Chambertin*. Two slight annoyances kept him from perfect enjoyment. One was the thought that it would be difficult to replace Ivan; the other was that his quarry had escaped him; of course the American hadn't played the game—so thought the general as he tasted his after-dinner liqueur. In his library he read, to soothe himself, from the works of Marcus Aurelius. At ten he went up to his bedroom. He was deliciously tired, he said to himself, as he locked himself in. There was a little moonlight, so, before turning on his light, he went to the window and looked down at the courtyard. He could see the great hounds, and he called: "Better luck another time," to them. Then he switched on the light.

A man, who had been hiding in the curtains of the bed, was standing there.

"Rainsford!" screamed the general. "How in God's name did you get here?"

"Swam," said Rainsford. "I found it quicker than walking through the jungle."

The general sucked in his breath and smiled. "I congratulate you," he said. "You have won the game."

Rainsford did not smile. "I am still a beast at bay," he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "Get ready, General Zaroff."

The general made one of his deepest bows. "I see," he said. "Splendid! One of us is to furnish a repast for the hounds. The other will sleep in this very excellent bed. On guard, Rainsford." . . .

He had never slept in a better bed, Rainsford decided.

◆ ◆

Here and There

Americans cannot realize how many chances for mental improvement they lose by their inveterate habit of keeping up six conversations when there are twelve in the room.—Ernest Dimnet.

Experience takes away more than it adds; young people are nearer ideas than old men.—Plato.

And if we are to have genius we must put up with the inconvenience of genius, a thing the world will never do; it wants geniuses, but would like them just like other people.—George Moore.

There are two kinds of writing—Writing and Harold Bell Wrighting.
—William Ellery Leonard.

I doubt if anything is really irrelevant. Everything that happens is intrinsically like the man it happens to.—Aldous Huxley.

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THREE months on the Island was what Soapy craved, but Fate was skittish.

The Cop and

On his bench in Madison Square Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognizant of the fact that the time had come for him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways and Means to provide against the coming rigor. And therefore he moved uneasily on his bench.

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific Southern skies or drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humble arrangements for his annual hegira to the Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his ankles and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on his bench near the spurting fountain in the ancient square. So the Island loomed big and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents. In Soapy's opinion the law was more benign than philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of charity are encumbered. If not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Cæsar had his Brutus, every bed of charity must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of a personal inquisition. Wherefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which, though conducted by rules, does not meddle with a gentleman's private affairs.

Soapy, having decided to go to the Island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant; and then, after declaring insolvency, be handed over quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating magistrate would do the rest.

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned, and shortly halted at a glittering café, where are gathered together nightly the choicest products

William Sydney Porter established the short story as the typical American mode of literary expression. His popularity has not waned, and thousands of stories have been written in his pattern since his death in 1910. His facile surprise endings, his frequent bad writing have nothing to do with the rich imagination, the humor and pathos, which he packs into his brief slices of life.

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By O. HENRY

the Anthem

Drawings by August Henkel

It was Soapy's design to assume the rôle of the despicable and execrated masher.

of the grape, the silkworm, and the protoplasm.

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neat black, ready-tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady missionary on Thanksgiving Day. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt in the waiter's mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the thing—with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demitasse and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of revenge from the café management; and yet the meat would leave him filled for the journey to his winter refuge.

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the head waiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk and averted the ignoble fate of the menaced mallard. Soapy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his route to the coveted Island was not to be an epicurean one. Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of.

At Sixth Avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobblestone and dashed it through the glass. People came running around the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

"Where's the man that done that?" inquired the officer, excitedly.

"Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do with it?" said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one greets good fortune.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clew. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man halfway down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along, twice unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and telltale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter he betrayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

"Now, get busy and call a cop," said Soapy. "And don't keep a gentleman waiting."

"No cop for youse," said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. "Hey, Con!"

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters pitched Soapy. He arose joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens, and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

Five blocks Soapy traveled before his courage permitted him to woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he fatuously termed to himself a "cinch." A young woman of a modest and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with sprightly interest at its display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanor leaned against a water plug.

It was Soapy's design to assume the rôle of the despicable and execrated "masher." The refined and elegant appearance of his victim and the contiguity of the conscientious cop encouraged him to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon his arm that would insure his winter quarters on the right little, tight little isle.

Soapy straightened the lady missionary's ready-made tie, dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open,

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A NEW O. HENRY STORY

How Red Conlin

THEY WERE SPEAKING of the power of great orators, and each one had something to say of his especial favorite.

The drummer was for backing Bourke Cockran for oratory against the world, the young lawyer thought the suave Ingersoll the most persuasive pleader, and the insurance agent advanced the claims of the magnetic W. C. Breckenridge.

"They all talk some," said the old cattleman, who was puffing his pipe and listening, "but they couldn't hold a candle to Red Conlin, that run cattle below Santone in '80. Ever know Red?"

Nobody had had the honor.

"Red Conlin was a natural orator; he wasn't overcrowded with book learnin', but his words come free and easy, like whisky out of a new faucet from a full barrel. He was always in a good humor and smilin' clear across his face, and if he asked for a hot biscuit he did it like he was pleadin' for his life. He was one man who had the gift of gab, and it never failed him.

"I remember once, in Atascosa County, the hoss thieves worried us right smart. There was a gang of 'em, and they got to runnin' off a caballard every week or so. Some of us got together and raised a pint of order and concluded to sustain it. The head of the gang was a fellow named Mullens, and a tough cuss he was. Fight, too, and warn't particular when. Twenty of us saddled up and went into camp, loaded down with sixshooters and Winchesters. That Mullens had the nerve to try to cut off our saddle horses the first night, but we heard him, and went hot on his trail. There was five or six others with Mullens.

"It was dark as thunder, and pretty soon we run one of them down. His horse was lame, and we knew it was Mullens by his big white hat and black beard. We didn't hardly give him time to speak, we was so mad, but in two minutes there was a rope 'round his neck and Mullens was swung up at last. We waited about ten minutes till he was still, and then some fellow strikes a match, and screeches out:

" 'Gosh A'mighty, boys, we've strung up the wrong man.' "

set his hat at a killing cant and sidled toward the young woman. He made eyes at her, was taken with sudden coughs and "hems," smiled, smirked and went brazenly through the impudent and contemptible litany of the "masher." With half an eye Soapy saw that the policeman was watching him fixedly. The young woman moved away a few steps, and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat and said:

"Ah there, Bedelia! Don't you want to come and play in my yard?"

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically en route for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cozy warmth of the station-house. The young woman faced him and, stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat sleeve.

"Sure, Mike," she said joyfully, "if you'll blow me to a pail of suds. I'd have spoke to you sooner, but the cop was watching."

With the young woman playing the clinging ivy to his oak, Soapy walked past the policeman, overcome with gloom. He seemed doomed to liberty.

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He halted in the district where by night are found the lightest streets, hearts, vows and librettos. Women in furs and men in greatcoats moved gaily in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman lounging grandly in front of a transplendent theater he caught at the immediate straw of "disorderly conduct."

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved, and otherwise disturbed the welkin.

The policeman twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy and remarked to a citizen.

" 'Tis one of them Yale lads celebratin' the goose egg they give to the Hartford College. Noisy; but no harm. We've instructions to lave them be."

Disconsolate, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a policeman lay hands on him? In his fancy the Island seemed an unattainable Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella and sauntered off with it slowly. The man at the cigar light followed hastily.

"My umbrella," he said, sternly.

"Oh, is it?" sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny. "Well, why don't you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don't you call a cop? There stands one on the corner."

The umbrella owner slowed his steps. Soapy did likewise, with a presentiment that luck would again run against him. The policeman looked at the two curiously.

"Of course," said the umbrella man—"that is—well, you know how these mistakes occur—I—if it's your

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Told the Widow

HERE in contrast to O. Henry at the top of his power, in this deserved favorite *The Cop and the Anthem*, is O. Henry the beginner, in the early days on the Houston *Post-Dispatch*.

"And we had.

"We reopened the fellow's case and give him a new trial, and acquitted him, but it was too late to do him any good. He was dead as Davy Crockett.

"It was Sandy McVeagh, one of the quietest straightest and best-respected men in the county, and what was worse, hadn't been married but about three months.

" 'Whatever are we to do?' says I, and it sure was a case to think about.

" 'We ought to be nigh Sand's house now,' said one of the men who was tryin' to peer around and kind of locate the scene of our brilliant coop detaw, as they say.

" 'Seems to me,' says he, 'I ought to know that rise over there with the live oak motts on top.'

"Just then we seen a light from a door that opened in the dark, and the house wasn't 200 yards away, and we saw what we knew must be Sandy's wife in the door a-lookin' for him. His hoss must have gone lame and made him late.

" 'Somebody's got to go and tell her,' said I. 'Who'll do it?' Nobody jumped at the proposition.

" 'Red Conlin,' says I, 'you're the man to tell her, and the only man here what could open his mouth to the poor girl. Go, like a man, and may the Lord teach you what to say, for d——d if I can.'

"That boy never hesitated. I saw him kind o' wet his hand and smooth back his red curls in the dark, and I seen his teeth shinin' as he said:

" 'I'll go, boys; wait for me.'

"He went and we saw the door open and let him in.

" 'May the Lord help that poor widder,' we all said, 'and d——n us for bunglin', murderin' butchers what ain't no right to call ourselves men.'

"It was fifteen minutes, maybe, when Red came back.

" 'How is it?' we whispered, almost afraid to hear him speak.

" 'It's fixed,' says Red, 'and the widdy and I asks ye to the weddin' nixst Chuesday night.'

"That fellow Red Conlin could talk."

umbrella I hope you'll excuse me—I picked it up this morning in a restaurant—If you recognize it as yours, why—I hope you'll——"

"Of course it's mine," said Soapy, viciously.

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street car that was approaching.

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully into an excavation. He muttered against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs. Because he wanted to fall into their clutches, they seemed to regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where the glitter and turmoil were but faint. He set his face down this toward Madison Square, for the homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled. Through one violet-stained window a soft light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mastery of the coming Sabbath anthem. For there drifted out to Soapy's ears sweet music that caught and held him transfixed against the convolutions of the iron fence.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves—for a little while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet: he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. Tomorrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him tomorrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody. He would——

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

"What are you doin' here?" asked the officer.

"Nothin'," said Soapy.

"Then come along," said the policeman.

"Three months on the island," said the Magistrate in the Police Court the next morning.

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Trafalgar Square, London
From an etching by Percy Robertson
Courtesy Schwartz Galleries

"Time—an illusion. You wish to visit the Museum a hundred years hence . . . on June 3, 1997 . . . I project you —pouf!"

Enoch Soames

By MAX BEERBOHM

WHEN A BOOK about the literature of the eighteen-nineties was given by Mr. Holbrook Jackson to the world, I looked eagerly in the index for Soames, Enoch. It was as I feared: he was not there. But everybody else was. Many writers whom I had quite forgotten, or remembered but faintly, lived again for me, they and their work, in Mr. Holbrook Jackson's pages. The book was as thorough as it was brilliantly written. And thus the omission found by me was an all the deadlier record of poor Soame's failure to impress himself on his decade.

I dare say I am the only person who noticed the omission. Soames had failed so piteously as all that! Nor is there a counterpoise in the thought that if he had had some measure of success he might have passed, like those others, out of my mind, to return only at the historian's beck. It is true that had his gifts, such as they were, been acknowledged in his lifetime, he would never have made the bargain I saw him make—that strange bargain whose results have kept him always in the very foreground of my memory.

Not my compassion, however, impels me to write of him. For his sake, poor fellow, I should be inclined to keep my pen out of the ink. It is ill to deride the dead. And how can I write about Enoch Soames without making him ridiculous? Or, rather, how am I to hush up the horrid fact that he *was* ridiculous? I shall not be able to do that. Yet, sooner or later, write about him I must. You will see in due course that I have no option. And I may as well get the thing done now.

In the summer term of '93 a bolt from the blue flashed down on Oxford. It drove deep; it hurtlingly embedded itself in the soil. Dons and undergraduates stood around, rather pale, discussing nothing but it. Whence came it, this meteorite? From Paris. Its name? Will Rothenstein. Its aim? To do a series of twenty-four portraits in lithograph. These were to be published from the Bodley Head, London. The matter was urgent. Already the warden of A, and the

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WHAT writer would not like to come back 100 years hence and discover the verdict of posterity?

"THE INCOMPARABLE MAX" will take his place in the literature of the nineties as an essayist and humorist, easy, polished, dry. But there are also his caricatures, and such unmatchable short stories as *The Happy Hypocrite* and this.

The Devil

Drawings by Mahlon Blaine

London Bridge

From an etching by Percy Robertson Courtesy Schwartz Galleries

master of B, and the Regius Professor of C had meekly "sat." Dignified and doddering old men, who had never consented to sit to anyone, could not withstand this dynamic little stranger. He did not sue; he invited; he did not invite; he commanded. He was twenty-one years old. He wore spectacles that flashed more than any other pair ever seen. He was a wit. He was brimful of ideas. He knew Whistler. He knew Daudet and the Goncourts. He knew everyone in Paris. He knew them all by heart. He was Paris in Oxford. It was whispered that, so soon as he had polished off his selection of dons, he was going to include a few undergraduates. It was a proud day for me when I—I was included. I liked Rothenstein not less than I feared him; and there arose between us a friendship that has grown ever warmer, and been more and more valued by me, with every passing year.

At the end of term he settled in, or, rather, meteoritically into, London. It was to him I owed my first knowledge of that forever-enchanting little world-in-itself, Chelsea, and my first acquaintance with Walter Sickert and other august elders who dwelt there. It was Rothenstein that took me to see, in Cambridge street, Pimlico, a young man whose drawings were already famous among the few—Aubrey Beardsley by name. With Rothenstein I paid my first visit to the Bodley Head. By him I was inducted into another haunt of intellect and daring, the domino-room of the Café Royal.

There, on that October evening—there, in that exuberant vista of gilding and crimson velvet set amidst all those opposing mirrors and upholding caryatids, with fumes of tobacco ever rising to the painted and pagan ceiling, and with the hum of presumably cynical conversation broken into so sharply now and again by the clatter of dominoes shuffled on marble tables, I drew a deep breath and, "This indeed," said I to myself, "is life!" (Forgive me that theory. Remember the waging of even the South African War was not yet.)

It was the hour before dinner. We drank vermouth. Those who knew Rothenstein were pointing him out to those who knew him only by name. Men were constantly coming in through the swing-doors and wandering slowly up and down in search of vacant tables or of tables occupied by friends. One of these rovers interested me because I was sure he wanted to catch Rothenstein's eye. He had twice passed our table,

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with a hesitating look; but Rothenstein, in the thick of a disquisition on Puvis de Chavannes, had not seen him. He was a stooping, shambling person, rather tall, very pale, with longish and brownish hair. He had a thin, vague beard, or, rather, he had a chin on which a large number of hairs weakly curled and clustered to cover its retreat. He was an odd-looking person; but in the Nineties odd apparitions were more frequent, I think, than they are now. The young writers of that era—and I was sure this man was a writer—strove earnestly to be distinct in aspect. This man had striven unsuccessfully. He wore a soft black hat of clerical kind, but of Bohemian intention, and a gray waterproof cape which, perhaps because it was waterproof, failed to be romantic. I decided that "dim" was the *mot juste* for him. I had already essayed to write, and was immensely keen on the *mot juste*, that Holy Grail of the period.

The dim man was now again approaching our table, and this time he made up his mind to pause in front of it.

"You don't remember me," he said in a toneless voice.

Rothenstein brightly focused him.

"Yes, I do," he replied after a moment, with pride rather than effusion—pride in a retentive memory. "Edwin Soames."

"Enoch Soames," said Enoch.

"Enoch Soames," repeated Rothenstein in a tone implying that it was enough to have hit on the surname. "We met in Paris a few times when you were living there. We met at the Café Groche."

"And I came to your studio once."

"Oh, yes; I was sorry I was out."

"But you were in. You showed me some of your paintings, you know. I hear you're in Chelsea now."

"Yes."

I almost wondered that Mr. Soames did not, after this monosyllable, pass along. He stood patiently there, rather like a dumb animal, rather like a donkey looking over a gate. A sad figure, his. It occurred to me that "hungry" was perhaps the *mot juste* for him; but—hungry for what? He looked as if he had little appetite for anything. I was sorry for him; and Rothenstein, though he had not invited him to Chelsea, did ask him to sit down and have something to drink.

Seated, he was more self-assertive. He flung back the wings of his cape with a gesture which, had not those wings been waterproof, might have seemed to hurl defiance at things in general. And he ordered an absinthe. *"Je me tiens toujours fidèle,"* he told Rothenstein, *"à la sorcière glauque."*

"It is bad for you," said Rothenstein dryly.

"Nothing is bad for one," answered Soames. *"Dans ce monde il n'y a ni bien ni mal."*

"Nothing good and nothing bad? How do you mean?"

"I explained it all in the preface to *Negations*."

"Negations?"

"Yes, I gave you a copy of it."

"Oh, yes, of course. But did you explain, for instance, that there was no such thing as bad or good grammar?"

"N-no," said Soames. "Of course, in art there is the good and the evil. But in life—no." He was rolling a cigarette. He had weak, white hands, not well washed, and with finger-tips much stained with nicotine. "In life there are illusions of good and evil, but"—his voice trailed away to a murmur in which the words *"vieux jeu"* and "rococo" were faintly audible. I think he felt he was not doing himself justice, and feared that Rothenstein was going to point out fallacies. Anyhow, he cleared his throat and said, *"Parlons d'autre chose."*

It occurs to you that he was a fool? It didn't to me. I was young, and had not the clarity of judgment that Rothenstein already had. Soames was quite five or six years older than either of us. Also—he had written a book. It was wonderful to have written a book.

If Rothenstein had not been there, I should have revered Soames. Even as it was, I respected him. And I was very near indeed to reverence when he said he had another book coming out soon. I asked if I might ask what kind of book it was to be.

"My poems," he answered. Rothenstein asked if this was to be the title of the book. The poet meditated on this suggestion, but said he rather thought of giving the book no title at all. "If a book is good in itself—" he murmured, and waved his cigarette.

Rothenstein objected that absence of title might be bad for the sale of a book.

"If," he urged, "I went into a bookseller's and said simply, 'Have you got?' or, 'Have you a copy of?' how would they know what I wanted?"

"Oh, of course I should have my name on the cover," Soames answered earnestly. "And I rather want," he added, looking hard at Rothenstein, "to have a drawing of myself as frontispiece." Rothenstein admitted that this was a capital idea, and mentioned that he was going into the country and would be there for some time. He then looked at his watch, exclaimed at the hour, paid the waiter, and went away with me to dinner. Soames remained at his post of fidelity to the glaucous witch.

"Why were you so determined not to draw him?" I asked.

"Draw him? Him? How can one draw a man who doesn't exist?"

"He is dim," I admitted. But my *mot juste* fell flat. Rothenstein repeated that Soames was non-existent.

Still, Soames had written a book. I asked if Rothenstein had read *Negations*. He said he had looked into it, "but," he added crisply, "I don't profess to know anything about writing." A reservation very characteristic of the period!

Not to buy a book of which I had met the author face to face would have been for me in those days an impossible act of self-denial. When I returned to Oxford for the Christmas term I had duly secured *Negations*. I used to keep it lying carelessly on the table in my room, and whenever a friend took it up and asked what it was about, I would say: "Oh, it's rather a remarkable book. It's by a man whom I know." Just "what it was about" I never was able to say. Head or tail was just what I hadn't made of that slim, green volume. I found in the preface no clew to

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the labyrinth of contents, and in that labyrinth nothing to explain the preface.

> Lean near to life. Lean very near—nearer.
> Life is web and therein nor warp nor woof is, but web only.
> It is for this I am Catholick in church and in thought, yet do let swift Mood weave there what the shuttle of Mood wills.

These were the opening phrases of the preface, but those which followed were less easy to understand. Then came "Stark: *A Conte,*" about a *midinette* who, so far as I could gather, murdered, or was about to murder, a *mannequin.* It was rather like a story by Catulle Mendès in which the translator had either skipped or cut out every alternate sentence. Next, a dialogue between Pan and St. Ursula, lacking, I rather thought, in "snap." Next, some aphorisms (entitled αφορίσματα). Throughout, in fact, there was a great variety of form, and the forms had evidently been wrought with much care. It was rather the substance that eluded me. Was there, I wondered, any substance at all? It did not occur to me: suppose Enoch Soames was a fool! Up cropped a rival hypothesis: suppose *I* was! I inclined to give Soames the benefit of the doubt. I had read *L'Après-midi d'un faune* without extracting a glimmer of meaning; yet Mallarmé, of course, was a master. How was I to know that Soames wasn't another? There was a sort of music in his prose, not indeed arresting, but perhaps, I thought, haunting, and laden, perhaps, with meanings as deep as Mallarmé's own. I awaited his poems with an open mind.

And I looked forward to them with positive impatience after I had had a second meeting with him. This was on an evening in January. Going into the aforesaid domino-room, I had passed a table at which sat a pale man with an open book before him. He had looked from his book to me, and I looked back over my shoulder with a vague sense that I ought to have recognized him. I returned to pay my respects. After exchanging a few words, I said with a glance to the open book, "I see I am interrupting you," and was about to pass on, but, "I prefer," Soames replied in his toneless voice, "to be interrupted," and I obeyed his gesture that I should sit down.

I asked him if he often read here.

"Yes; things of this kind I read here," he answered, indicating the title of his book—*The Poems of Shelley.*

"Anything that you really"—and I was going to say "admire?" But I cautiously left my sentence unfinished, and was glad that I had done so, for he said with unwonted emphasis, "Anything second-rate."

I had read little of Shelley, but, "Of course," I murmured, "he's very uneven."

"I should have thought evenness was just what was wrong with him. A deadly evenness. That's why I read him here. The noise of this place breaks the rhythm. He's tolerable here." Soames took up the book and glanced through the pages. He laughed. Soames' laugh was a short, single, and mirthless sound from the throat, unaccompanied by any movement of the face or brightening of the eyes. "What a period!" he uttered, laying the book down. And, "What a country!" he added.

I asked rather nervously if he didn't think Keats had more or less held his own against the drawbacks of time and place. He admitted that there were "passages in Keats," but did not specify them. Of "the older men," as he called them, he seemed to like only Milton. "Milton," he said, "wasn't sentimental." Also, "Milton had a dark insight." And again, "I can always read Milton in the reading-room."

"The reading-room?"

"Of the British Museum. I go there every day."

"You do? I've only been there once. I'm afraid I found it rather a depressing place. It—it seemed to sap one's vitality."

"It does. That's why I go there. The lower one's vitality, the more sensitive one is to great art. I live near the museum. I have rooms in Dyatt Street."

"And you go round to the reading-room to read Milton?"

"Usually Milton." He looked at me. "It was Milton," he certificatively added, "who converted me to diabolism."

"Diabolism? Oh, yes? Really?" said I, with that vague discomfort and that intense desire to be polite which one feels when a man speaks of his own religion. "You—worship the devil?"

Soames shook his head.

"It's not exactly worship," he qualified, sipping his absinthe. "It's more a matter of trusting and encouraging."

"I see, yes. I had rather gathered from the preface to *Negations* that you were a—a Catholic."

"*Je l'étais à cette époque.* In fact, I still am. I am a Catholic diabolist."

But this professon he made in an almost cursory tone. I could see that what was upmost in his mind was the fact that I had read *Negations.* His pale eyes had for the first time gleamed. I felt as one who is about to be examined *viva voce* on the very subject in which he is shakiest. I hastily asked him how soon his poems were to be published.

"Next week," he told me.

"And are they to be published without a title?"

"No. I found a title at last. But I sha'n't tell you what it is," as though I had been so impertinent as to inquire. "I am not sure that it wholly satisfies me. But it is the best I can find. It suggests something of the quality of the poems—strange growths, natural and wild, yet exquisite," he added, "and many-hued, and full of poisons."

I asked him what he thought of Baudelaire. He uttered the snort that was his laugh, and "Baudelaire," he said, "was a *bourgeois malgré lui.*" France had had only one poet—Villon; "and two-thirds of Villon were sheer journalism." Verlaine was "an *épicier malgré lui.*" Altogether, rather to my surprise, he rated French literature lower than English. There were "passages" in Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. But "I," he summed up, "owe nothing to France." He nodded at me. "You'll see," he predicted.

I did not, when the time came, quite see that. I thought the author of *Fungoids* did, unconsciously of course, owe something to the young Parisian decadents

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or to the young English ones who owed something to *them*. I still think so. The little book, bought by me in Oxford, lies before me as I write. Its pale-gray buckram cover and silver lettering have not worn well. Nor have its contents. Through these, with a melancholy interest, I have again been looking. They are not much. But at the time of their publication I had a vague suspicion that they *might* be. I suppose it is my capacity for faith, not poor Soames' work, that is weaker than it once was.

TO A YOUNG WOMAN

Thou art, who hast not been!
Pale tunes irresolute
And traceries of old sounds
Blown from a rotted flute
Mingle with noise of cymbals rouged with rust,
Nor not strange forms and epicene
Lie bleeding in the dust,
Being wounded with wounds.

For this it is
That in thy counterpart
Of age-long mockeries
Thou hast not been nor art!

There seemed to me a certain inconsistency as between the first and last lines of this. I tried, with bent brows, to resolve the discord. But I did not take my failure as wholly incompatible with a meaning in Soames' mind. Might it not rather indicate the depth of his meaning? As for the craftsmanship, "rouged with rust" seemed to me a fine stroke, and "nor not" instead of "and" had a curious felicity. I wondered who the "young woman" was, and what she had made of it all. I sadly suspect that Soames could not have made more of it than she. Yet even now, if one doesn't try to make any sense at all of the poem, and reads it just for the sound, there is a certain grace of cadence. Soames was an artist, in so far as he was anything, poor fellow!

It seemed to me, when first I read *Fungoids*, that, oddly enough, the diabolistic side of him was the best. Diabolism seemed to be a cheerful, even a wholesome, influence in his life.

NOCTURNE

Round and round the shutter'd Square
I strolled with the Devil's arm in mine.
No sound but the scrape of his hoofs was there
And the ring of his laughter and mine.
We had drunk black wine.

I scream'd, "I will race you, Master!"
"What matter," he shriek'd, "tonight
Which of us runs the faster?
There is nothing to fear tonight
In the foul moon's light!"

Then I look'd him in the eyes
And I laugh'd full shrill at the lie he told
And the gnawing fear he would fain disguise.
It was true, what I'd time and again been told:
He was old—old.

There was, I felt, quite a swing about that first stanza—a joyous and rollicking note of comradeship. The second was slightly hysterical, perhaps. But I liked the third, it was so bracingly unorthodox, even according to the tenets of Soames' peculiar sect in the faith. Not much "trusting and encouraging" here! Soames triumphantly exposing the devil as a liar, and laughing "full shrill," cut a quite heartening figure, I thought, then! Now, in the light of what befell, none of his other poems depresses me so much as "Nocturne."

I had hoped that when next I met the poet, I could congratulate him on having made a stir, for I fancied he was not so sure of his intrinsic greatness as he seemed. I was but able to say, rather coarsely, when next I did see him, that I hoped *Fungoids* was "selling splendidly." He looked at me across his glass of absinthe and asked if I had bought a copy. His publisher had told him that three had been sold. I laughed, as at a jest.

"You don't suppose I *care*, do you?" he said, with something like a snarl. I disclaimed the notion. He added that he was not a tradesman. I said mildly that I wasn't either, and murmured that an artist who gave truly new and great things to the world had always to wait long for recognition. He said he cared not a *sou* for recognition. I agreed that the act of creation was its own reward.

His moroseness might have alienated me if I had regarded myself as a nobody. But ah! hadn't both John Lane and Aubrey Beardsley suggested that I should write an essay for the great new venture that was afoot—*The Yellow Book?* And hadn't Henry Harland, as editor, accepted my essay? And wasn't it to be in the very first number? At Oxford I was still *in statu pupillari*. In London I regarded myself as very much indeed a graduate now—one whom no Soames could ruffle. Partly to show off, partly in sheer good-will, I told Soames he ought to contribute to *The Yellow Book*. He uttered from the throat a sound of scorn for that publication.

Nevertheless, I did, a day or two later, tentatively ask Harland if he knew anything of the work of a man called Enoch Soames. Harland paused in the midst of his characteristic stride around the room, threw up his hands toward the ceiling, and groaned aloud: he had often met "that absurd creature" in Paris, and this very morning had received some poems in manuscript from him.

"Has he *no* talent?" I asked.

"He has an income. He's all right." Harland was the most joyous of men and most generous of critics, and he hated to talk of anything about which he couldn't be enthusiastic. So I dropped the subject of Soames. The news that Soames had an income did take the edge off solicitude. I learned afterward that he was the son of an unsuccessful and deceased bookseller in Preston, but had inherited an annuity of three hundred pounds from a married aunt, and had no surviving relatives of any kind.

When in the autumn of '96, he brought out (at his own expense, this time) a third book, his last book, nobody said a word for or against it. I meant, but forgot, to buy it. I never saw it, and am ashamed to say I don't even remember what it was called. But I did, at the time of its publication, say to Rothenstein

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Royal Exchange
From an etching by Percy Robertson
Courtesy Schwartz Galleries

Most Utopian—a hundred years hence.

that I thought poor old Soames was really a tragic figure, and that I believed he would literally die for want of recognition. Rothenstein scoffed. He said I was trying to get credit for a kind heart which I didn't possess; and perhaps this was so. But at the private view of the New English Art Club, a few weeks later, I beheld a pastel portrait of "Enoch Soames, Esq." It was very like him, and very like Rothenstein to have done it. Soames was standing near it, in his soft hat and his waterproof cape, all through the afternoon.

Twice again in the course of the month I went to the New English, and on both occasions Soames himself was on view there. Looking back, I regard the close of that exhibition as having been virtually the close of his career. He had felt the breath of Fame against his cheek—so late, for such a little while; and at its withdrawal he gave in, gave up, gave out.

He, who had never looked strong or well, looked ghastly now—a shadow of the shade he had once been. He still frequented the domino-room, but having lost all wish to excite curiosity, he no longer read books there. "You read only at the Museum now?" I asked, with attempted cheerfulness. He said he never went there now. "No absinthe there," he muttered. It was the sort of thing that in old days he would have said for effect; but it carried conviction now. Absinthe, erst but a point in the "personality" he had striven so hard to build up, was solace and necessity now. He no longer called it *"la sorcière glauque."* He had shed away all his French phrases. He had become a plain, unvarnished Preston man.

Failure, if it be a plain, unvarnished, complete failure, and even though it be a squalid failure, has always a certain dignity. I avoided Soames because he made me feel rather vulgar. John Lane had published, by this time, two little books of mine, and they had had a pleasant little success of esteem. I was a—slight, but definite—"personality." Frank Harris had engaged me to kick up my heels in *The Saturday Review,* Alfred Harmsworth was letting me do likewise in *The Daily Mail.* I was just what Soames wasn't. And he shamed my gloss. Had I known that he really and firmly believed in the greatness of what he as an artist had achieved, I might not have shunned him. No man who hasn't lost his vanity can be held to have altogether failed. Soames' dignity was an illusion of mine. One day, in the first week of June, 1897, that illusion went. But on the evening of that day Soames went, too.

I had been out most of the morning and, as it was too late to reach home in time for luncheon, I sought the Vingtième. This little place—Restaurant du Vingtième Siècle, to give it its full title—had been discovered in '96 by the poets and prosaists, but had now been more or less abandoned in favor of some later find. I don't think it lived long enough to justify its name; but at that time there it still was, in Greek Street, a few doors from Soho Square, and almost opposite to that house where, in the first years of the century, a little girl, and with her a boy named De Quincey, made nightly encampment in darkness and hunger among dust and rats and old legal parchments. The Vingtième was but a small whitewashed room, leading out into the street at one end and into a kitchen at the other. The proprietor and cook was a Frenchman, known to us as Monsieur Vingtième; the

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waiters were his two daughters, Rose and Berthe; and the food, according to faith, was good. The tables were so narrow and were set so close together that there was space for twelve of them, six jutting from each wall.

Only the two nearest to the door, as I went in, were occupied. On one side sat a tall, flashy, rather Mephistophelian man whom I had seen from time to time in the domino-room and elsewhere. On the other side sat Soames. They made a queer contrast in that sunlit room. Soames sitting haggard in that hat and cape, which nowhere at any season had I seen him doff, and this other, this keenly vital man, at sight of whom I more than ever wondered whether he were a diamond merchant, a conjurer, or the head of a private detective agency. I was sure Soames didn't want my company; but I asked, as it would have seemed brutal not to, whether I might join him, and took the chair opposite to his. He was smoking a cigarette, with an untasted salmi of something on his plate and a half-empty bottle of Sauterne before him, and he was quite silent. I said that the preparations for the Jubilee made London impossible. (I rather liked them, really.) I professed a wish to go right away till the whole thing was over. In vain did I attune myself to his gloom. He seemed not to hear me or even to see me.

I FELT THAT his behavior made me ridiculous in the eyes of the other man. The gangway between the two rows of tables at the Vingtième was hardly more than two feet wide (Rose and Berthe, in their ministrations, had always to edge past each other, quarreling in whispers as they did so), and anyone at the table abreast of yours was virtually at yours. I thought our neighbor was amused at my failure to interest Soames, and so, as I could not explain to him that my insistence was merely charitable, I became silent. Without turning my head, I had him well within my range of vision. I hoped I looked less vulgar than he in contrast with Soames. I was sure he was not an Englishman, but what *was* his nationality? Though his jet-black hair was *en brosse*, I did not think he was French. To Berthe, who waited on him, he spoke French fluently, but with a hardly native idiom and accent. I gathered that this was his first visit to the Vingtième; but Berthe was offhand in her manner to him: he had not made a good impression. His eyes were handsome, but, like the Vingtième's tables, too narrow and set too close together. His nose was predatory, and the points of his mustache, waxed up behind his nostrils, gave a fixity to his smile. Decidedly, he was sinister. And my sense of discomfort in his presence was intensified by the scarlet waistcoat which tightly, and so unseasonably in June, sheathed his ample chest. This waistcoat wasn't wrong merely because of the heat, either. It was somehow all wrong in itself. It wouldn't have done on Christmas morning. It would have struck a jarring note at the first night of "Hernani." I was trying to account for its wrongness when Soames suddenly and strangely broke silence. "A hundred years hence!" he murmured, as in a trance.

"We sha'n't be here," I briskly, but fatuously added.

"We shall not be here. No," he droned, "but the Museum will still be just where it is. And the reading-room just where it is. And people will be able to go and read there." He inhaled sharply, and a spasm as of actual pain contorted his features.

I wondered what train of thought poor Soames had been following. He did not enlighten me when he said, after a long pause, "You think I haven't minded."

"Minded what, Soames?"

"Neglect. Failure."

"Failure?" I said heartily. "Failure?" I repeated vaguely. "Neglect—yes, perhaps; but that's quite another matter. Of course, you haven't been—appreciated. But what then? Any artist who—who gives—" What I wanted to say was, "Any artist who gives truly new and great things to the world has always to wait long for recognition"; but the flattery would not out: in the face of his misery—a misery so genuine and so unmasked—my lips would not say the words.

And then he said them for me. I flushed. "That's what you were going to say, isn't it?" he asked.

"How did you know?"

"It's what you said to me three years ago, when *Fungoids* was published." I flushed the more. I need not have flushed at all. "It's the only important thing I ever heard you say," he continued. "And I've never forgotten it. It's a true thing. It's a horrible truth. But—d' you remember what I answered? I said, 'I don't care a *sou* for recognition.' And you believed me. You've gone on believing I'm above that sort of thing. You're shallow. What should *you* know of the feelings of a man like me? You imagine that a great artist's faith in himself and in the verdict of posterity is enough to keep him happy. You've never guessed at the bitterness and loneliness, the——" his voice broke; but presently he resumed, speaking with a force that I had never known in him. "Posterity! What use is it to *me?* A dead man doesn't know that people are visiting his grave, visiting his birthplace, putting up tablets to him, unveiling statues of him. A dead man can't read the books that are written about him. A hundred years hence! Think of it! If I could come back to life *then*—just for a few hours—and go to the reading-room and *read!* Or, better still, if I could be projected now, at this moment, into that future, into that reading-room, just for this one afternoon! I'd sell myself body and soul to the devil for that! Think of the pages and pages in the catalogue: 'Soames, Enoch' endlessly—endless editions, commentaries, prolegomena, biographies"——

But here he was interrupted by a sudden loud crack of the chair at the next table. Our neighbor had half risen from his place. He was leaning toward us, apologetically intrusive.

"Excuse—permit me," he said softly. "I have been unable not to hear. Might I take a liberty? In this little restaurant-*sans-façon*—might I, as the phrase is, cut in?"

I could but signify our acquiescence. Berthe had appeared at the kitchen door, thinking the stranger wanted his bill. He waved her away with his cigar, and in another moment had seated himself beside me, commanding a full view of Soames.

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"Though not an Englishman," he explained, "I know my London well, Mr. Soames. Your name and fame—Mr. Beerbohm's, too—is very known to me. Your point is, who am *I?*" He glanced quickly over his shoulder and in a lowered voice said, "I am the devil."

I couldn't help it; I laughed. I tried not to, I knew there was nothing to laugh at, my rudeness shamed me; but—I laughed with increasing volume. The devil's quiet dignity, the surprise and disgust of his raised eyebrows, did but the more dissolve me. I rocked to and fro; I lay back aching; I behaved deplorably.

"I am a gentleman, and," he said with intense emphasis, "I thought I was in the company of *gentlemen.*"

"Don't!" I gasped faintly. "Oh, don't!"

"Curious, *nicht wahr?*" I heard him say to Soames. "There is a type of person to whom the very mention of my name is—oh, so awfully—funny! In your theaters the dullest *comédien* needs only to say 'The devil!' and right away they give him 'the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.' Is it not so?"

I had now just breath enough to offer my apologies. He accepted them, but coldly, and re-addressed himself to Soames.

"I am a man of business," he said, "and always I would put things through 'right now,' as they say in the States. You are a poet. *Les affaires*—you detest them. So be it. But with me you will deal, eh? What you have said just now gives me furiously to hope."

Soames had not moved except to light a fresh cigarette. He sat crouched forward, with his elbows squared on the table and his head just above the level of his hands, staring up at the devil.

"Go on," he nodded. I had no remnant of laughter in me now.

"It will be the more pleasant, our little deal," the devil went on, "because you are—I mistake not?—a diabolist."

"A Catholic diabolist," said Soames.

The devil accepted the reservation genially.

"You wish," he resumed, "to visit now—this afternoon as-ever-is—the reading-room of the British Museum, yes? But of a hundred years hence, yes? *Parfaitement.* Time—an illusion. Past and future—they are as ever present as the present, or at any rate only what you call 'just round the corner.' I switch you onto any date. I project you—*pouf!* You wish to be in the reading-room just as it will be on the afternoon of June 3, 1997? You wish to find yourself standing in that room, just past the swing-doors, this very minute, yes? And to stay there till closing-time? Am I right?"

Soames nodded.

The devil looked at his watch. "Ten past two," he said. "Closing-time in summer same then as now—seven o'clock. That will give you almost five hours. At seven o'clock—*pouf!*—you find yourself again here, sitting at this table. I am dining tonight *dans le monde—dans le higlif.* That concludes my present visit to your great city. I come and fetch you here, Mr. Soames, on my way home."

"Home?" I echoed.

"Be it ever so humble!" said the devil, lightly.

"All right," said Soames.

"Soames!" I entreated. But my friend moved not a muscle.

The devil had made as though to stretch forth his hand across the table, but he paused in his gesture.

"A hundred years hence, as now," he smiled, "no smoking allowed in the reading-room. You would better therefore—"

Soames removed the cigarette from his mouth and dropped it into his glass of Sauterne.

"Soames!" again I cried. "Can't you"—but the devil had now stretched forth his hand across the table. He brought it slowly down on the table-cloth. Soames' chair was empty. His cigarette floated sodden in his wine-glass. There was no other trace of him.

For a few moments the devil let his hand rest where it lay, gazing at me out of the corners of his eyes, vulgarly triumphant.

A shudder shook me. With an effort I controlled myself and rose from my chair. "Very clever," I said condescendingly. "But—*The Time Machine* is a delightful book, don't you think? So entirely original!"

"You are pleased to sneer," said the devil, who had also risen, "but it is one thing to write about an impossible machine; it is a quite other thing to be a supernatural power." All the same, I had scored.

Berthe had come forth at the sound of our rising. I explained to her that Mr. Soames had been called away, and that both he and I would be dining here. It was not until I was out in the open air that I began to feel giddy. I have but the haziest recollection of what I did, where I wandered, in the glaring sunshine of that endless afternoon. Was there *no* way of helping him, saving him? A bargain was a bargain, and I was the last man to aid or abet anyone in wriggling out of a reasonable obligation. I wouldn't have lifted a little finger to save Faust. But poor Soames! Doomed to pay without respite an eternal price for nothing but a fruitless search and disillusionment.

Odd and uncanny it seemed to me that he, Soames, in the flesh, in the waterproof cape, was at this moment living in the last decade of the next century, poring over books not yet written, and seeing and seen by men not yet born. Uncannier and odder still that tonight and evermore he would be in hell. Assuredly, truth was stranger than fiction.

Endless that afternoon was. Almost I wished I had gone with Soames, not, indeed, to stay in the reading-room, but to sally forth for a brisk sight-seeing walk around a new London. I wandered restlessly out of the park I had sat in. Vainly I tried to imagine myself an ardent tourist from the eighteenth century. Intolerable was the strain of the slow-passing and empty minutes. Long before seven o'clock I was back at the Vingtième.

I sat there just where I had sat for luncheon. Air came in listlessly through the open door behind me. Now and again Rose or Berthe appeared for a moment. I had told them I would not order any dinner till Mr. Soames came. A hurdy-gurdy began to play, abruptly drowning the noise of a quarrel between some

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Frenchmen farther up the street. Whenever the tune was changed I heard the quarrel still raging. I had bought another evening paper on my way. I unfolded it. My eyes gazed ever away from it to the clock over the kitchen door.

Five minutes now to the hour! I remembered that clocks in restaurants are kept five minutes fast. I concentrated my eyes on the paper. I vowed I would not look away from it again. I held it upright, at its full width, close to my face, so that I had no view of anything but it. Rather a tremulous sheet? Only because of the draft, I told myself.

My arms gradually became stiff; they ached; but I could not drop them—now. I had a suspicion, I had a certainty. Well, what, then? What else had I come for? Yet I held tight that barrier of newspaper. Only the sound of Berthe's brisk footstep from the kitchen enabled me, forced me, to drop it, and to utter:

"What shall we have to eat, Soames?"

"Il est souffrant, ce pauvre Monsieur Soames?" asked Berthe.

"He's only—tired." I asked her to get some wine—Burgundy—and whatever food might be ready. Soames sat crouched forward against the table exactly as when last I had seen him. It was as though he had never moved—he who had moved so unimaginably far. Once or twice in the afternoon it had for an instant occurred to me that perhaps his journey was not to be fruitless, that perhaps we had all been wrong in our estimate of the works of Enoch Soames. That we had been horribly right was horribly clear from the look of him. But "Don't be discouraged," I falteringly said. "Perhaps it's only that you—didn't leave enough time. Two, three centuries hence, perhaps—"

"Yes," his voice came; "I've thought of that."

"And now—now for the more immediate future! Where are you going to hide? How would it be if you caught the Paris express from Charing Cross? Almost an hour to spare. Don't go on to Paris. Stop at Calais. Live in Calais. He'd never think of looking for you in Calais."

"It's like my luck," he said, "to spend my last hours on earth with an ass." But I was not offended. "And a treacherous ass," he strangely added, tossing across to me a crumpled bit of paper which he had been holding in his hand. I glanced at the writing on it—some sort of gibberish, apparently. I laid it impatiently aside.

"Come, Soames, pull yourself together! This isn't a mere matter of life or death. It's a question of eternal torment, mind you! You don't mean to say you're going to wait limply here till the devil comes to fetch you."

"I can't do anything else. I've no choice."

"Come! This is 'trusting and encouraging' with a vengeance! This is diabolism run mad!" I filled his glass with wine. "Surely, now that you've *seen* the brute—"

"It's no good abusing him."

"You must admit there's nothing Miltonic about him, Soames."

"I don't say he's not rather different from what I expected."

"He's a vulgarian, he's a swell mobsman, he's the sort of man who hangs about the corridors of trains going to the Riviera and steals ladies' jewel-cases. Imagine eternal torment presided over by *him!*"

"You don't suppose I look forward to it, do you?"

"Then why not slip quietly out of the way?"

Again and again I filled his glass, and always, mechanically, he emptied it; but the wine kindled no spark of enterprise in him. He did not eat, and I myself ate hardly at all. I did not in my heart believe that any dash for freedom could save him. The chase would be swift, the capture certain. But better anything than this passive, meek, miserable waiting. I told Soames that for the honor of the human race he ought to make some show of resistance. He asked what the human race had ever done for him. "Besides," he said, "can't you understand that I'm in his power? You saw him touch me, didn't you? There's an end of it. I've no will. I'm sealed."

All the modern books I saw were phonetic.

I made a gesture of despair. He went on repeating the word "sealed." I began to realize that the wine had clouded his brain. No wonder! Foodless he had gone into futurity, foodless he still was. I urged him to eat, at any rate, some bread. It was maddening to think that he, who had so much to tell, might tell nothing. "How was it all," I asked, "yonder? Come, tell me your adventures!"

"They'd make first-rate 'copy,' wouldn't they?"

"I'm awfully sorry for you, Soames, and I make all possible allowances; but what earthly right have you to insinuate that I should make 'copy,' as you call it, out of you?"

The poor fellow pressed his hands to his forehead.

"I don't know," he said. "I had some reason, I know. I'll try to remember." He sat plunged in thought.

"That's right. Try to remember everything. Eat a little more bread. What did the reading-room look like?"

"Much as usual," he at length muttered.

"Many people there?"

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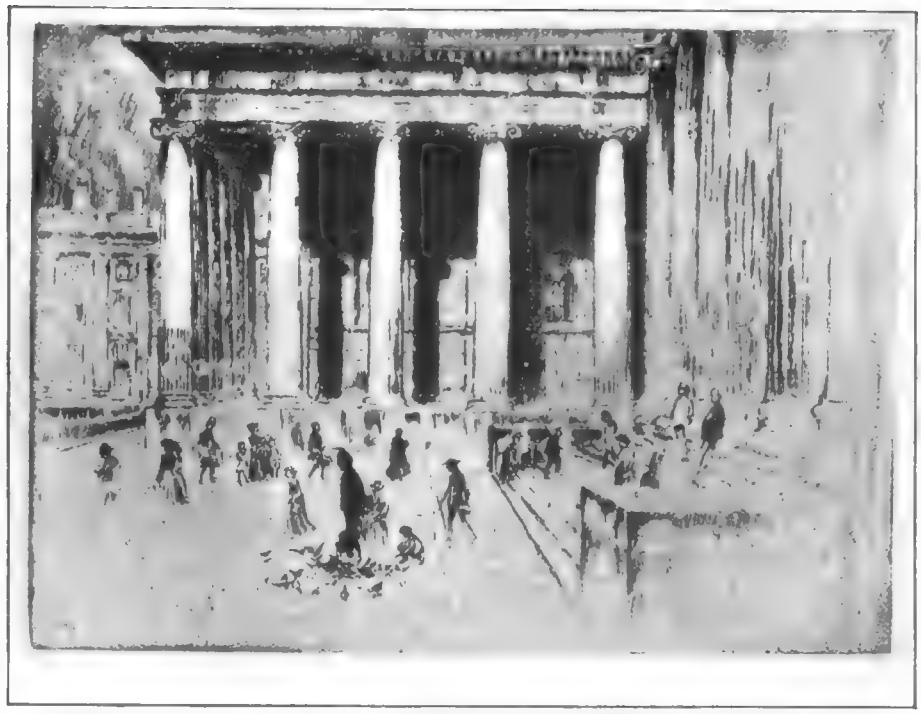

From an etching by Joseph Pennell, courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.

The Steps of the British Museum.

"Usual sort of number."

"What did they look like?"

Soames tried to visualize them.

"They all," he presently remembered, "looked very like one another."

My mind took a fearsome leap.

"All dressed in sanitary woolen."

"Yes, I think so. Grayish-yellowish stuff."

"A sort of uniform?" He nodded. "With a number on it perhaps—a number on a large disk of metal strapped round the left arm? D. K. F. 78,910—that sort of thing?" It was even so. "And all of them, men and women alike, looking very well cared for? Very Utopian, and smelling rather strongly of carbolic, and all of them quite hairless?" I was right every time. Soames was only not sure whether the men and women were hairless or shorn. "I hadn't time to look at them very closely," he explained.

"No, of course not. But—"

"They stared at *me*, I can tell you. I attracted a great deal of attention." At last he had done that! "I think I rather scared them. They moved away whenever I came near. They followed me about, at a distance, wherever I went. The men at the round desk in the middle seemed to have a sort of panic whenever I went to make inquiries."

"What did you do when you arrived?"

Well, he had gone straight to the catalogue, of course—to the S volumes—and had stood long before SN-SOF, unable to take this volume out of the shelf because his heart was beating so. At first, he said, he wasn't disappointed; he only thought there was some new arrangement. He went to the middle desk and asked where the catalogue of *twentieth*-century books was kept. He gathered that there was still only one catalogue. Again he looked up his name, stared at the three little pasted slips he had known so well. Then he went and sat down for a long time.

"AND THEN," he droned, "I looked up the *Dictionary of National Biography* and some encyclopedias. I went back to the desk and asked what was the best modern book on late nineteenth-century literature. They told me Mr. T. K. Nupton's book was considered the best. I looked it up in the catalogue and filled in a form for it. It was brought to me. My name wasn't in the index, but—yes!" he said with a sudden change of tone, "that's what I'd forgotten. Where's that bit of paper? Give it me back."

I, too, had forgotten that cryptic screed. I found it fallen on the floor, and handed it to him. He smoothed it out, nodding and smiling at me disagreeably.

"I found myself glancing through Nupton's book," he resumed. "Not very easy reading. Some sort of phonetic spelling. All the modern books I saw were phonetic."

"Then I don't want to hear any more, Soames."

"The proper names seemed all to be spelled in the old way. But for that I mightn't have noticed my own name."

"Your own name? Really? Soames, I'm *very* glad."

"And yours."

"No!"

"I thought I should find you waiting here tonight, so I took the trouble to copy out the passage. Read it."

I snatched the paper. Soames' handwriting was characteristically dim. It and the noisome spelling and my excitement made me all the slower to grasp what T. K. Nupton was driving at.

The document lies before me at this moment. Strange that the words I here copy out for you were copied out for me by poor Soames just eighty-two years hence!

From page 234 of "Inglish Littracher 1890-1900" bi T. K. Nupton, publishd bi th Stait, 1992.

Fr egzarmpl, a riter ov th time, naimed Max Beerbohm, hoo woz stil alive in th twentith senchri, rote a stauri in wich e pautraid an immajnari karrakter kauld "Enoch Soames"—a thurd-rait poit hoo beleevz imself a grate jeneus an maix a bargin with th Devvl in auder ter no wot posterriti thinx ov im! It iz a sumwot labud sattire, but not without vallu az showing hou seriusli the yung men ov th aiteen-ninetiz took themselvz. Nou that th littreri profeshn haz bin auganized az a departmnt of publik servis, our riters hav found their levvl an hav lernt ter doo their duti without thort ov th morro. "Th laibrer iz werthi ov hiz hire" an that iz aul. Thank hevvn we hav no Enoch Soameses amung us to-dai!

I found that by murmuring the words aloud (a

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device which I commend to my reader) I was able to master them little by little. The clearer they became, the greater was my bewilderment, my distress and horror. The whole thing was a nightmare. Afar, the great grisly background of what was in store for the poor dear art of letters; here, at the table, fixing on me a gaze that made me hot all over, the poor fellow whom—whom evidently—but no: whatever downgrade my character might take in coming years, I should never be such a brute as to—

AGAIN I EXAMINED the screed. "Immajnari." Here Soames was, no more imaginary, alas, than I! And "labud"—what on earth was that? "It's all very—baffling," I at length stammered.

Soames said nothing, but cruelly did not cease to look at me.

"Are you sure," I temporized, "quite sure you copied the thing out correctly?"

"Quite."

"Well, then, it's this wretched Nupton who must have made—must be going to make—some idiotic mistake. Look here, Soames, you know me better than to suppose that I— After all, the name Max Beerbohm is not at all an uncommon one, and there must be several Enoch Soameses running around, or, rather, Enoch Soames is a name that might occur to anyone writing a story. And I don't write stories; I'm an essayist, an observer, a recorder. I admit that it's an extraordinary coincidence. But you must see—"

"I see the whole thing," said Soames, quietly. And he added, with a touch of his old manner, but with more dignity than I had ever known in him, *"Parlons d'autre chose."*

I accepted that suggestion very promptly. I returned straight to the more immediate future. I spent most of the long evening in renewed appeals to Soames to come away and seek refuge somewhere. I remember saying at last that if indeed I was destined to write about him, the supposed "stauri" had better have at least a happy ending. Soames repeated those last three words in a tone of intense scorn.

"In life and in art," he said, "all that matters is an *inevitable* ending."

"But," I urged more hopefully than I felt, "an ending that can be avoided *isn't* inevitable."

"You aren't an artist," he rasped. "And you're so hopelessly not an artist that, so far from being able to imagine a thing and make it seem true, you're going to make even a true thing seem as if you'd made it up. You're a miserable bungler. And it's like my luck."

I protested that the miserable bungler was not I, was not going to be I, but T. K. Nupton; and we had a rather heated argument, in the thick of which it suddenly seemed to me that Soames saw he was in the wrong: he had quite physically cowered. But I wondered why—and now I guessed with a cold throb just why—he stared so past me. The bringer of that "inevitable ending" filled the doorway.

I managed to turn in my chair and to say, not without a semblance of lightness, "Aha, come in!" Dread was indeed rather blunted in me by his looking so absurdly like a villain in a melodrama. The sheen of his tilted hat and of his shirt-front, the repeated twists he was giving to his mustache, and most of all the magnificence of his sneer, gave token that he was there only to be foiled.

He was at our table in a stride. "I am sorry," he sneered witheringly, "to break up your pleasant party, but—"

"You don't; you complete it," I assured him. "Mr. Soames and I want to have a little talk with you. Won't you sit? Mr. Soames got nothing, frankly nothing, by his journey this afternoon. We don't wish to say that the whole thing was a swindle, a common swindle. On the contrary, we believe you meant well. But of course the bargain, such as it was, is off."

The devil gave no verbal answer. He merely looked at Soames and pointed with rigid forefinger to the door. Soames was wretchedly rising from his chair when, with a desperate, quick gesture, I swept together two dinner-knives that were on the table, and laid their blades across each other. The devil stepped sharp back against the table behind him, averting his face and shuddering.

"You are not superstitious!" he hissed.

"Not at all," I smiled.

"Soames," he said as to an underling, but without turning his face, "put those knives straight!"

With an inhibitive gesture to my friend, "Mr. Soames," I said emphatically to the devil, "is a *Catholic* diabolist"; but my poor friend did the devil's bidding, not mine; and now, with his master's eyes again fixed on him, he arose, he shuffled past me. I tried to speak. It was he that spoke. "Try," was the prayer he threw back at me as the devil pushed him roughly out through the door—*"try* to make them know that I did exist!"

In another instant I, too, was through that door. I stood staring all ways, up the street, across it, down it. There was moonlight and lamplight, but there was not Soames nor that other.

Dazed, I stood there. Dazed, I turned back at length into the little room, and I suppose I paid Berthe or Rose for my dinner and luncheon and for Soames'; I hope so, for I never went to the Vingtième again. Ever since that night I have avoided Greek Street altogether. And for years I did not set foot even in Soho Square, because on that same night it was there that I paced and loitered, long and long, with some such dull sense of hope as a man has in not straying far from the place where he has lost something. "Round and round the shutter'd Square"—that line came back to me on my lonely beat, and with it the whole stanza, ringing in my brain and bearing in on me how tragically different from the happy scene imagined by him was the poet's actual experience of that prince in whom of all princes we should put not our trust!

And for myself, too, I began to be troubled. What had I better do? Would there be a hue and cry—"Mysterious Disappearance of an Author," and all that? He had last been seen lunching and dining in my company. Hadn't I better get a hansom and drive straight to Scotland Yard? They would think I was a lunatic. After all, I reassured myself, London was a very large place, and one very dim figure might easily drop out unobserved, now especially, in the blinding

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glare of the near Jubilee. Better say nothing at all.

And I was right. Soames' disappearance made no stir at all. He was utterly forgotten before anyone, so far as I am aware, noticed that he was no longer hanging around. Now and again some poet or prosaist may have said to another, "What has become of that man Soames?" but I never heard any such question asked. As for his landlady in Dyott Street, no doubt he had paid her weekly, and what possessions he may have had in his rooms were enough to save her from fretting. The solicitor through whom he was paid his annuity may be presumed to have made inquiries, but no echo of these resounded. There was something rather ghastly to me in the general unconsciousness that Soames had existed, and more than once I caught myself wondering whether Nupton, that babe unborn, were going to be right in thinking him a figment of my brain.

In that extract from Nupton's repulsive book there is one point which perhaps puzzles you. How is it that the author, though I have here mentioned him by name and have quoted the exact words he is going to write, is not going to grasp the obvious corollary that I have invented nothing? The answer can be only this: Nupton will not have read the later passages of this memoir. Such lack of thoroughness is a serious fault in anyone who undertakes to do scholar's work. And I hope these words will meet the eye of some contemporary rival to Nupton and be the undoing of Nupton.

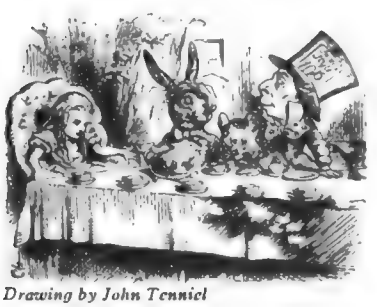
I like to think that some time between 1992 and 1997 somebody will have looked up this memoir, and will have forced on the world his inevitable and startling conclusions. And I have reason for believing that this will be so. You realize that the reading-room into which Soames was projected by the devil was in all respects precisely as it will be on the afternoon of June 3, 1997. You realize, therefore, that on that afternoon, when it comes round, there the self-same crowd will be, and there Soames will be, punctually, he and they doing precisely what they did before. Recall now Soames' account of the sensation he made. You may say that the mere difference of his costume was enough to make him sensational in that uniformed crowd. You wouldn't say so if you had ever seen him, and I assure you that in no period would Soames be anything but dim. The fact that people are going to stare at him and follow him around and seem afraid of him, can be explained only on the hypothesis that they will somehow have been prepared for his ghostly visitation. They will have been awfully waiting to see whether he really would come. And when he does come the effect will of course be—awful.

An authentic, guaranteed, proved ghost, but only a ghost, alas! Only that. In his first visit Soames was a creature of flesh and blood, whereas the creatures among whom he was projected were but ghosts, I take it—solid, palpable, vocal, but unconscious and automatic ghosts, in a building that was itself an illusion. Next time that building and those creatures will be real. It is of Soames that there will be but the semblance. I wish I could think him destined to revisit the world actually, physically, consciously. I wish he had this one brief escape, this one small treat, to look forward to. I never forget him for long. He is where he is and forever. The more rigid moralists among you may say he has only himself to blame. For my part, I think he has been very hardly used. It is well that vanity should be chastened; and Enoch Soames' vanity was, I admit, above the average, and called for special treatment. But there was no need for vindictiveness. You say he contracted to pay the price he is paying. Yes; but I maintain that he was induced to do so by fraud. Well informed in all things, the devil must have known that my friend would gain nothing by his visit to futurity. The whole thing was a very shabby trick. The more I think of it, the more detestable the devil seems to me.

Of him I have caught sight several times, here and there, since that day at the Vingtième. Only once, however, have I seen him at close quarters. This was a couple of years ago, in Paris. I was walking one afternoon along the rue d'Antin, and I saw him advancing from the opposite direction, overdressed as ever, and swinging an ebony cane and altogether behaving as though the whole pavement belonged to him. At thought of Enoch Soames and the myriads of other sufferers eternally in this brute's dominion, a great cold wrath filled me, and I drew myself up to my full height. But—well, one is so used to nodding and smiling in the street to anybody whom one knows that the action becomes almost independent of oneself; to prevent it requires a very sharp effort and great presence of mind. I was miserably aware, as I passed the devil, that I nodded and smiled to him. And my shame was the deeper and hotter because he, if you please, stared straight at me with the utmost haughtiness.

To be cut, deliberately cut, by *him!* I was, I still am, furious at having had that happen to me.

◆



Drawing by John Tenniel

◆

THE HATTER was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

—Lewis Carroll.

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Virgil, *the* Best-Loved Poet

By GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

"THE greatest lover in all the world of all things beautiful, strong, tender, pitiful, sad and fated."

Æneid Tapestry — *Cleveland Museum of Art*

Dido showing Æneas the plans for the fortification of Carthage.

VIRGIL IS THAT POET whose verse has had most power in the world. He was the poet of Rome, and concentrated in his genius its imperial star; so long as that ruled the old Mediterranean world, with the great northwest and eastern hinterlands, Virgil summed its glory for the human populations that fleeted away in that vast basin; in a world forever mightily changing, his solitary preëminence was one unchanging thing, dimmed only as the empire itself faded.

His memory illumined the Dark Ages. He rose again as the morning star of the Latin races. He penetrated the reborn culture of Europe with the persistency and pervasiveness of Latinity itself; not only was knowledge of his works as widespread as education, but his influence on the artistic temperament of literatures, the style of authors and even the characters of men in their comprehension of the largeness of life, was subtle and profound, and was the more ample in proportion to the nearness of the new nations to the direct descent of civilization.

He, more than any other poet, has been a part of the intellectual life of Europe alike by length of sway and by the multitude of minds he touched in all generations; and, among the Latin races, he is still the climax of their genius, for charm and dignity, for art and the profound substance of his matter, and for its serious inclusiveness of human life. . . . No fame so majestic has been cherished with a love so tender. Virgil thus blends in a marvelous manner the authority of a classic with the direct appeal to life.

It belongs to the sense of familiar companionship which Virgil's verse exhales that some shadows of his personality survive, slight but sufficient for memory and affection. He was the son of a small farmer, in the province of North Italy, of whom no more is known than that he wished to give his child the best education then to be had. We first see him, who was to be so great a poet, as the slender tall schoolboy at Cremona and Milan, with the rusticity of manner which he never laid aside. He studied also at Rome, in his youth, and found patrician friends among his mates. He made his way later with men of great affairs, and notwithstanding the shyness of his heart and the awkwardness of his manners they found something to prize in him by some charm the Muses shed, loved him, petted and praised him, and gave him a fortune, a house at Rome near Maecenas' garden, which he seldom used, and two country homes at Naples and Nola, where he loved to live in the soft Campanian air; there, except for sojourns in Sicily and pleasant travel in the Greek cities and along the islands, he passed those meditative years of privacy in which his self-distrustful and long-brooding genius slowly matured its eternal work; there, too, as he desired, at Naples, over by the hill of Posilipo, his ashes were laid to rest in that pleasant city's soil, which still keeps the tradition of his tomb. He was happy in the protecting affection of his friends, and also in the honor of the world which rose to him, as to Augustus, when he entered the theater; and in the power of life-long labor in his art, undiminished by an hour wasted on inferior things. In all outward ways his life was the most fortunate recorded in literature; and it is good to know that the world was gentle to one of those delicate spirits who usually, with how different a fate, bring its gifts from eternity. In the memory of Virgil there is no bitterness of regret for the words of unkindness or the blows of adversity; he lived peacefully

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VIRGIL, "of all ancient writers the nearest to modern times," was born two thousand years ago. All over the world this October his bimillennium is being celebrated, and here is our small share in the tribute to this great poet—"the purest, gentlest, sweetest, best-beloved among all poets." This biographical essay of George Woodberry's is in itself the beautiful prose of a distinguished minor poet and classical scholar. And we hope that some of Virgil's quality will be carried to you even through the stiff barrier of translation, in the extract from the *Æneid*.

The parting of Dido and Æneas.

Cleveland Museum of Art

and in the habitual enjoyment of some of the fairest gifts of life.

Nowhere so much as in those works which seem most independent of the power of time, which escape from their own age, their native country and race, and enter upon a cycle of memory so vast that they are fitly named the stars of the intellectual firmament, is it needful to define their moment, to understand the nest of their conception, the law of their creation, the nature of their first appeal to men, in a word their contemporaneity. The moment of Virgil is declared plainly in the "Eclogues." They are little poems, the labored trifles of his 'prentice hand; but in them, like the oak in the acorn, there is in miniature all Virgil; both the man and his work are there like a preconception. The teachableness of Virgil is his prime character, and shines in his youth. He woke to the past as simply as a child opens its eyes to the dancing sunlight of the world, and he took it in directly as something belonging to him. He made speed to enter on his inheritance; and for him this heritage in its special form was the glory of Greek literature. The imaginative interpretation of the world stored in a thousand years of Greek poetry was the food of his heart. Thus it came about that he did not begin to write in a way discovered and worked out merely by himself, but imitated, as it is said, Theocritus the Syracusan, the chief Greek master of pastoral verse. He could not have had better fortune. . . .

Virgil derived the proper good from the imitation of a great master by developing through it his native power. Theocritus remained the master-singer of the idyl; but before the different genius of Virgil passed on to its own toils, he had left the sweetness of his youth here in the pastoral like a perfume forever. . . .

It is not for what these eclogues contain of Theocritus that they have been dear to poets, any more than it is for what the youthful lines of Spenser and Milton contain of these eclogues that the English breathings of the pastoral are dear; it is because they express with great purity and sweetness the genius of Virgil in its tender age. . . .

It was the secular hour of the founding of the Empire; it was the spiritual hour of the birth of Christ; and its presence was in the young poet's heart. It was the eve of a great past, the dawn of a great future; and the further one penetrates the verse, the more clearly stands out this youthful figure with the radiance of the world's new morning in his face.

The "Eclogues," obeying the law of all beautiful things, have gathered beauty from the lapse of time. Some light streams back upon them from the later glory of Virgil, and they have that increase of charm which belongs to things that have been long loved; the lines, too, like shells, are full of vocal memories. For one who knows them well and knows the poets, they are a nest of the singing birds of all lands; as he reads, voices of Italy, France and England blend with the familiar lines, and a choiring vision rises before him of the world's poets in their youth framing their lips to the smooth-sliding syllables; for the "Eclogues" have been deeply cherished.

THERE WAS ANOTHER scope, a different fiber, in the "Georgics," the fruit of his seven years' toil in early manhood. His genius had been powerfully condensed; the matter of the song was as firmly organized as it was richly diversified; the whole, scarcely two thousand lines in all, was a great single poem. The sense of nationality, no longer diffused and dispersed, burns at the center as its nucleus and feeding flame. The work, though small in scale, is monumental in effect; it bears the Roman birthmark in its practical purpose to share in the restoration of the agricultural life, and in the author's dedication of his powers to public spirit. More than any other of the poets of mankind he used the poetic art to idealize, to exalt and to enrich the nation's consciousness; and, through singleness of mind and comprehensiveness of effort, he became the most national of all poets. As the world had been given to Rome to rule, Rome had been given to him to be the Empire of his song; this was his destiny. . . .

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The poem which was begun as a manual of the farm's task-work came from Virgil's hands so touched with visible beauty, old religious association, the mythology and science of the Mediterranean world and his own loves for all these, that it was, without fiction, an incarnate Italy.

THE "ÆNEID," Virgil's last and greatest work, is a world-poem. It is one of that splendid cluster of world-poems, which, by the fewness of their number, the singleness of their glory, and the great intervals of time that separate them, have, of all man's works, most infinitude; though time attacks them, they survive like the pyramids; they are man's Bibles on the side that he turns to the human, like the Scriptures on the side that he turns to the divine. The distinctive feature of the "Æneid" is the arc of time it covers, the burden of time it supports. After that song of Italy, of the land and the life, the genius of Virgil struck a deeper compass of reality and seized the theme at its heart. "Utter my toiling power," said Rome. The tale of the wanderings of Æneas and how he brought the Trojan gods to Latium is only the fable; over and beyond all the character and event which it contains, and including these like an atmosphere, it is a symbol of the massive labor of the seven centuries that had for their crown and climax the pacified Augustan world. . . .

The modes in which the poem thus affects the reader are infinitely varied; sometime so intimate as to seem the voice in one's own heart of one's own life, or so lofty and assured as to seem the voice of all men's hearts, or so world-sweeping in its pathos as to seem the voice divine. Unbroken is the sense of the difficulty of life, not merely under its old conception as a warfare, but as a thing of burden, of frequent mistake, of unforeseen and unmerited disaster, of repeated defeat, of uncertain issue; the toiling power of Rome is made up of the innumerable toils of miserable men, and about the main actors are the files of captive women, the sons burning on their funeral pyres before the faces of their parents, all the wretchedness of a military state for the private life. . . .

He was a lover of life; only an immense love of life could have so revealed to him the pity of it. At every touch he shows a spirit naturally dependent; teachable, yielding, hospitable, responsive, sympathetic, appealing, his heart flows out upon things, uniting with them at every contact, from his early loves of nature, romance and antiquity, his long passion of patriotism, on to his brooding over the fates of men; and yet with his self-surrender to the things of life, there goes, equal with it, the true Roman self-control; it is a surrender that returns to him as strength. At every turn of the verse he evokes the moment of beauty from the natural world, and from life its moment of pain, with the clarity of the poet; charm, which is the one, and pathos, which is the other, are the words that leap from the heart in the memory of what he wrote, and after these the third is majesty, which is the principle of control in him, and completes and perfects his genius. These are wonderfully softened by his constant tenderness. The epics generally find no place for children in them; but here there are three—Astyanax, Ascanius and Marcellus—and two of these are dead boys. Of all Virgil's loves, the greatest in power is the love of human life; and it is this that makes the poem so Christian-like, because it is embodied and conveyed in the forms of sorrow and especially of bereavement. Yet the burden of that sorrow comes as the burden of the Roman world running its long career of battle-strife; here is the heart of Rome beating in the only Roman breast in which it had become fully conscious of itself. The world was ready to be re-born; there is no break; the premonitions of Christian feeling are natural to Virgil.

It is this that makes him of all ancient writers the nearest to modern times, of all epic poets the nearest to all nations. The "Æneid" is, I think, the greatest single book written by man because of its inclusiveness of human life, of life long lived, in the things of life. It is the dirge of Rome; majestic in its theme, beautiful in its emotions, sad in its philosophy, it is almost the dirge of life; yet many a modern mind still turns from the contemplation of human life in history, like the thousands of old days, to Virgil, and says with Dante, *Tu se' lo mio maestro,* "Thou art my master."

LIBER I, ÆNEIS

ARMA virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris
Italiam fato profugus Laviniaque venit
litora—multum ille et terris iactatus et alto
vi superum, **saevae** memorem Iunonis ob iram,
multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem
inferretque deos Latio; genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres atque altae moenia Romae.

Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso
quidve dolens regina deum tot volvere casus
insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores
impulerit. tantaene animis caelestibus irae?

BOOK I, ÆNEID

ARMS I sing and the man who first from the coasts of Troy, exiled by fate, came to Italy and Lavinian shores; much buffeted on sea and land by violence from above, through cruel Juno's unforgiving wrath, and much enduring in war also, till he should build a city and brings his gods to Latium; whence came the Latin race, the lords of Alba, and the walls of lofty Rome.

Tell me, O Muse, the cause; wherein thwarted in will or wherefore angered, did the Queen of Heaven drive a man, of goodness so wondrous, to traverse so many perils, to face so many toils. Can resentment so fierce dwell in heavenly breasts?

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From Virgil's *Æneid*,
translated by John Conington

Dido's Death

Æneid Tapestry — *Cleveland Museum of Art*

THEN MADDENED by her destiny,
Unhappy Dido prays to die:
'Tis weary to look up and see
The overarching sky.
It chanced, to fortify her heart
And steel her purpose to depart,
Before the altar as she stands
She sees a blackness gather o'er
The chalice mantling in her hands,
And wine—O horror!—turns to gore

* * *

And prophecies of bygone seers
Ring terror in her wildered ears.
Æneas with unpitying face
Still hounds her in a nightly chase:
And still companionless she seems
To tread the wilderness of dreams,
And vainly still her Tyrians seek
Through desert-regions, ah, how bleak!

* * *

So when, resolved on death, she pressed
That thought of frenzy to her breast,
The time and manner she decides:
Then in her look the purpose hides,
And, calling hope into her cheeks,
Her sorrowing sister thus bespeaks:
"My Anna, I have found a way
(Rejoice o'er Dido's love!)
My spell upon his sense to lay,
Or his from mine remove.
On ocean's marge, where suns descend,
A spot there lies, the Ethiops' end,
Where Atlas on his shoulders rears
The starry fabric of the spheres.
Men show me there, in that far place,
A priestess of Massylian race,
Who kept the Hesperian temple's pale,
And gave the dragon his regale,
Guarding the tree's immortal boughs
With honey-dew and poppy drowse.
Her charms can cure what souls she please,
Rob other hearts of healthful ease,
Turn rivers backward to their source,
And make the stars forget their course,
And call up ghosts from night:
The ground shall bellow 'neath your feet:
The mountain-ash shall quit its seat,
By heaven I swear, and your dear life,
Unwillingly these arms I wield,
And take to meet the coming strife,
Enchantment's sword and shield.
You in the inner court prepare
A lofty pile 'neath open air:
There duly be the armor placed
Left by the traitor in his haste,
The doffed apparel of our foe,
The bridal bed that wrought my woe:
Whate'er was his is doomed to fire:
So magic bids, and I desire."
She paused: a paleness as of death
Her ghastly features dyes:
Yet Anna dreams not that beneath
These rites a funeral lies:
The frenzy-pitch of love and pride
She knows not—dreams not worse may tide
Than in the hour Sychæus died:
So on her bidding hies.

'Tis night: earth's tired ones taste the balm,
The precious balm of sleep,
And in the forest there is calm,
And on the savage deep:
The stars are in their middle flight:
The fields are hushed: each bird or beast
That dwells beside the silver lake
Or haunts the tangles of the brake
In placid slumber lies, released
From trouble by the touch of night.
Now, rising from Tithonus' bed,
The Dawn on earth her freshness shed:
The queen from off her turret height
Perceives the first dim streak of light,
The fleet careering on its way,
And void and sailless shore and bay;

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She smites her breast, all snowy fair,
And rends her golden length of hair:
"Great Jove! and shall he go?" she cries,
"And leave our realm a wanderer's mock?
Quick, snatch your arms and chase the prize,
And drag the vessels from the dock!
Fetch flames, bring darts, ply oars! yet why?
What words are these, or where am I?
Why rave I thus? Those impious deeds—
Poor Dido! now your torn heart bleeds.
Too late! it should have bled that day
When at his feet your scepter lay.
Lo here, the chief of stainless word,
Who takes his household gods on board,
Whose shoulders safe from sword and fire
Conveyed his venerable sire!
O had I rent him limb from limb
And cast him o'er the waves to swim,
His friends, his own Ascanius killed,
And with the child the father filled!
Yet danger in the strife had been:—
Who prates of danger here?
A death-devoted, desperate queen,
What foe had I to fear?
No, I had sown the flame broadcast,
Had fired the fleet from keel to mast,
Slain son and sire, stamped out the race,
And thrown at length with steadfast face
Myself upon the bier.

Eye of the world, majestic Sun,
Who see'st whate'er on earth is done,
Thou, Juno, too, interpreter
And witness of the heart's fond stir,
And Hecate, tremendous power,
In cross-ways howled at midnight hour,
Avenging fiends, and gods of death
Who breathe in dying Dido's breath,
Stoop your great powers to ills that plead
To heaven, and my petition heed.
If needs must be that wretch abhorred
Attain the port and float to land;
If such the fate of heaven's high lord,
And so the moveless pillars stand;
Scourged by a savage enemy,
An exile from his son's embrace,
So let him sue for aid, and see
His people slain before his face;
Nor, when to humbling peace at length
He stoops, be his of life or land,
But let him fall in manhood's strength
And welter tombless on the sand.
Such malison to heaven I pour,
A last libation with my gore.
And, Tyrians, you through time to come
His seed with deathless hatred chase:
Be that your gift to Dido's tomb:
No love, no league 'twixt race and race.
Rise from my ashes, scourge of crime,
Born to pursue the Dardan horde
Today, tomorrow, through all time,
Oft as our hands can wield the sword:
Fight shore with shore, fight sea with sea,
Fight all that are or e'er shall be!"

She ceased, and with her heart debates
How best to leave the life she hates.
Then to Sychæus' nurse she cried
(For hers erewhile at Tyre had died)
"Good nurse, my sister Anna bring:
O'er face and body bid her fling
Pure drops from lustral bough:
So sprinkled come, and at her side
The victims lead: you too provide
A fillet for your brow.
A sacrifice to Stygian Jove
I here perform, to ease my love,
And give to flame the fatal bed
Which pillowed once the Trojan's head."
Thus she: the aged dame gives heed,
And, feebly hurrying, mends her speed.

Then, maddening over crime, the queen,
With bloodshot eyes, and sanguine streaks
Fresh painted on her quivering cheeks,
And wanning o'er with death foreseen
Through inner portals wildly fares,
Scales the high pile with swift ascent,
Takes up the Dardan sword and bares,
Sad gift, for different uses meant.
She eyed the robes with wistful look,
And, pausing, thought awhile and wept:
Then pressed her to the couch, and spoke
Her last goodnight or ere she slept.
"Sweet relics of a time of love,
When fate and heaven were kind,
Receive my life-blood, and remove
These torments of the mind.
My life is lived, and I have played
The part that Fortune gave,
And now I pass, a queenly shade,
Majestic to the grave.
A glorious city I have built,
Have seen my walls ascend,
Chastised for blood of husband spilt
A brother, yet no friend.
Blest lot! yet lacked one blessing more,
That Troy had never touched my shore."
Then, as she kissed the darling bed,
"To die! and unrevenged!" she said,
"Yet let me die: thus, thus I go
Exulting to the shades below.
Let the false Dardan feel the blaze
That burns me pouring on his gaze,
And bear along, to cheer his way,
The funeral presage of today."

Thus as she speaks, the attendant train
Behold her writhing as in pain,
Her hands with slaughter sprinkled o'er,
And the fell weapon spouting gore.
Loud clamors thrill the lofty halls:
Fame shakes the town, confounds, appalls:
Each house resounds with women's cries,
And funeral wails assault the skies:
E'en as one day should war o'erthrow
Proud Carthage or her parent Tyre,
And fire-flood stream with furious glow
O'er roof, and battlement, and spire.

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By ZONA GALE

Dorothy McKay

THERE IS something about Zona Gale's work that promises permanence—a sure touch, a deep-welling sympathy for simple people, above all, her economy of words. She was born and lives in Portage, Wis., and received the Pulitzer Prize for her novel *Miss Lulu Bett* in 1920.

Bill's Little Girl

How I Came to Write This Story.

THE CITY EDITOR of the New York Evening World *once handed me a cutting from the want advertisements of that day's* Morning World. *"Go and find what lies back of that," he said.*

The advertisement was that one which I have included in the story of Bill. His story is rather like that of the man who had advertised.

I do not recall this man's name. I never saw him again. But I still have his photograph, with that of the little girl.

Zona Gale

BILL WAS THIRTY when his wife died, and little Minna was four. Bill's carpenter shop was in the yard of his house, so he thought that he could keep up his home for Minna and himself. All day while he worked at his bench, she played in the yard, and when he was obliged to be absent for a few hours, the woman next door looked after her. Bill could cook a little, coffee and bacon and fried potatoes and flapjacks, and he found bananas and sardines and crackers useful. When the woman next door said this was not the diet for four-year olds, he asked her to teach him to cook oatmeal and vegetables, and though he always burned the dishes in which he cooked these things, he cooked them every day. He swept, all but the corners, and he dusted, dabbed at every object; and he complained that after he had cleaned the windows he could not see out as well as he could before. He washed and patched Minna's little garments and mended her doll. He found a kitten for her so that she wouldn't be lonely. At night he heard her say her prayer; he either woke her up, or else he made her say it the first thing next morning. He himself used to try to pray: "Lord, make me do right by her if you see me doing wrong." On Sundays he took her to church and sat listening with his head on one side, trying to understand, and giving Minna peppermints when she rustled. He stopped work for a day and took her to the Sunday school picnic. "Her mother would of," he explained. When Minna was old enough to go to kindergarten, Bill used to take her morning or afternoon, and he would call for her. Once he dressed himself in his best clothes and went to visit the school. "I think her mother would of," he told the teacher, diffidently. But he could make little of the colored paper and the designs and the games, and he did not go again. "There's some things I can't be any help to her with," he thought.

Minna was six when Bill fell ill. On a May afternoon he went to a doctor. When he came home he sat in his shop for a long time and did nothing. The sun was beaming through the window in bright squares. He was not going to get well. It might be that he had six months. . . . He could hear Minna singing to her doll.

When she came to kiss him that night, he made an excuse, for he must never kiss her now. He held her at arm's length, looked in her eyes, said: "Minna's a big girl now. She doesn't want papa to kiss her." But her lip curled and she turned away sorrowful, so the next day Bill went to another doctor to make sure. The other doctor made him sure.

He tried to think what to do. He had a sister in Nebraska, but she was a tired woman. His wife had a brother in the city, but he was a man of many words. And little Minna . . . there were things known to her which he himself did not know—matters of

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fairies and the words of songs. He wished that he could hear of somebody who would understand her. And he had only six months. . . .

Then the woman next door told him bluntly that he ought not to have the child there, and him coughing as he was; and he knew that his decision was already upon him.

One whole night he thought. Then he advertised in a city paper:

> A man with a few months to live would like nice people to adopt his little girl, six, blue eyes, curls. References required.

They came in a limousine, as he had hoped that they would come. Their clothes were as he had hoped. They had with them a little girl who cried: "Is this my little sister?" On which the woman in the smart frock said sharply:

"Now then, you do as mama tells you and keep out of this or we'll leave you here and take this darling little girl away with us."

So Bill looked at this woman and said steadily that he had now other plans for his little girl. He watched the great blue car roll away. "For the land sake!" said the woman next door when she heard. "You done her out of a fortune. You hadn't the right—a man in your health." And when other cars came, and he let them go, this woman told her husband that Bill ought most certainly to be reported to the authorities.

The man and woman who walked into Bill's shop one morning were still mourning their own little girl. The woman was not sad—only sorrowful, and the man, who was tender of her, was a carpenter. In a blooming of his hope and his dread, Bill said to them: "You're the ones." When they asked: "How long before we can have her?" Bill said: "One day more."

That day he spent in the shop. It was summer and Minna was playing in the yard. He could hear the words of her songs. He cooked their supper and while she ate, he watched. When he had tucked her in her bed, he stood in the dark hearing her breathing. "I'm a little girl tonight—kiss me," she had said, but he shook his head. "A big girl, a big girl," he told her.

When they came for her the next morning he had her ready and her little garments were ready, washed and mended, and he had mended her doll. "Minna's never been for a visit!" he told her buoyantly. And when she ran toward him, "A big girl, a big girl," he reminded her.

He stood and watched the man and woman walking down the street with Minna between them. They had brought her a little blue parasol in case the parting should be hard. This parasol Minna held bobbing above her head, and she was so absorbed in looking up at the blue silk that she did not remember to turn and wave her hand.

◆ ◆

They Died Saying

"Draw the curtain, the comedy is ended."—RABELAIS.

"After I am dead you will find 'Calais' written upon my heart."—MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"I am going to take a great leap into obscurity."—THOMAS HOBBES.

"I suppose I am now becoming a god."—EMPEROR VESPASIAN.

"So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies."—SIR WALTER RALEIGH (at his execution, when asked on which side he preferred to lay his head on the block.)

"Now comes the mystery."—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"I feel the flowers growing over me."—KEATS.

"I fear gentlemen, I am an unconscionable time a-dying."—CHARLES II.

"Alas, I am dying beyond my means."—OSCAR WILDE.

"Don't turn down the light." Then smiling, he added the words of a popular song of the day (1910), "'I'm afraid to go home in the dark.'"—O. HENRY.

"Pity that should be cut, that has not committed treason."—SIR THOMAS MORE (moving his beard just before being beheaded.)

"I leave this world without a regret."—THOREAU.

"I am not in the least afraid to die."—DARWIN.

"Strange, but quite natural, that human beings should ponder on our last days as if they were Sibylline books, though they looked with such insulting composure on the fireworks of the earlier volumes."—GOETHE (in a letter.)

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A Visit to the Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE GENIAL BOSTON doctor established himself as a wise and whimsical dictator of American taste in 1857 with his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*—one of that group of literary aristocrats including Lowell, Emerson, Howells, and Longfellow.

E. Thöny, from "Simplicissimus"

HAVING JUST returned from a visit to this admirable institution in company with a friend who is one of the directors, we propose giving a short account of what we saw and heard. Our late distinguished townsman, Noah Dow, Esquire, as is well known, bequeathed a large portion of his fortune to this establishment —"being thereto moved," as his will expressed it, "by the desire of *N. Dowing* some public institution for the benefit of mankind." Being consulted as to the rules of the institution and the selection of a superintendent, he replied, that "all boards must construct their own platforms of operation. Let them select *anyhow* and he should be pleased." N. E. Howe, Esq., was chosen in compliance with this delicate suggestion.

On arriving at the south gate of the asylum grounds, I was about to ring, but my friend held my arm and begged me to rap with my stick, which I did. An old man with a very comical face presently opened the gate and put out his head.

"So you prefer *Cane* to *A bell,* do you?" he said.

My friend winked at me.

"You're here still, Old Joe, I see," he said to the old man.

"Yes, yes—and it's very odd, considering how often I've *bolted,* nights." He then threw open the double gates for us to ride through. . . .

On entering the main building, we saw the rules and regulations for the asylum conspicuously posted up. I made a few extracts which may be interesting:

> Each inmate shall be permitted to make puns freely from eight in the morning until ten at night, except during service in the chapel and grace.
>
> No inmate shall make any pun, or attempt at the same, until the blessing has been asked and the company are decently seated.
>
> Certain puns having been placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* of the institution, no inmate shall be allowed to utter them, on pain of being debarred the perusal of *Punch* and *Vanity Fair,* and, if repeated, deprived of his *Joseph Miller.*
>
> Among these are the following:
>
> Allusions to *attic salt,* when asked to pass the salt-cellar.
>
> Remarks on the inmates being *mustered,* etc., etc.
>
> Associating baked beans with the *bene*-factors of the institution.
>
> Saying that beef-eating is *befitting,* etc., etc.

The superintendent, who went round with us, had been a noted punster in his time, and well known in the business world, but lost his customers by making too free with their names.

"Do you know"—he broke out all at once—"why they don't take steppes in Tartary for establishing insane hospitals?"

We both confessed ignorance.

"Because there are *nomad* people to be found there," he said, with a dignified smile.

He proceeded to introduce us to different inmates. The first was a middle-aged, scholarly man, who was seated at a table with a *Webster's Dictionary* and a sheet of paper before him.

"Well, what luck today, Mr. Mowzer?" said the superintendent.

"Three or four only," said Mr. Mowzer. "Will you hear 'em now—now I'm here?" We all nodded.

"Don't you see Webster *ers* in the words cent*er* and theat*er?*

"If he spells leather *lether,* and feather *fether,* isn't there danger that he'll give us a *bad spell of weather?*

"Besides, Webster is a resurrectionist; he does not allow *u* to rest quietly in the *mould.*

"Why is his way of spelling like the floor of an oven? Because it is *under bread.*"

"Mowzer!" said the superintendent, "that word is on the Index!"

"I forgot," said Mr. Mowzer; "please don't deprive me of *Vanity Fair* this one time, sir."

"These are all, this morning. Good day, gentlemen." Then to the superintendent: "Add you, sir!"

The next inmate looked as if he might have been a sailor formerly. "Ask him what his calling was," said the superintendent.

"Followed the sea," he replied to the question put by one of us. "Went as mate in a fishing-schooner."

"Why did you give it up?"

"Because I didn't like working for *two mast-ers.*"

Here a servant entered and said, "Luncheon-time."

We took our departure, much gratified and instructed by our visit, hoping to have some future opportunity of inspecting the records of this excellent charity and making extracts for our readers.

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Desert Islands

By WALTER DE LA MARE

Decorations by Rex Whistler, from *Desert Islands* (Farrar and Rinehart).

THE MERE CADENCE of the six syllables, a Tale of Adventure, instantly conjures up in the mind a jumbled and motley host of memories. Memories not only personal but, as we may suspect, racial; and these not only racial but primeval. Ages before history learned its letters, there being no letters to learn; ages before the children of men builded the city and the tower called Babel and their language was confounded and they were scattered, the rudiments of this kind of oral narrative must have begun to flourish. Indeed the greater part of even the largest of dictionaries, with every page in the most comprehensive of atlases consists of relics and records in the concisest shorthand from bygone chapters in the tale whereof we know neither the beginning nor the end—that of Man's supreme venture into the world without, and into the world within.

The mountains, the oceans, the stars bear witness to it—at least in name. And, whether it has been passed on from mouth to mouth or from hand to hand, not only has this order of fiction proved by far the most prolific, but it bids fair to continue to stuff our remotest descendants with rapture, envy, aspiration and nightmare, until humanity and the planet it occupies are no more.

Within its kind its range is almost illimitable. It ascends by steady gradations from the anecdote to the epic. It includes not only the penny plain and the twopence colored, broadside and chapbook, but such masterpieces as the *Odyssey,* the *Golden Ass, Don Quixote, Simplicissimus* and the Scottish Ballads. Sinbad the Sailor, and Sweeney Todd are as welcome in its vast hostelry as the Knights of the Round Table, Baron Munchausen and the hunters of the Snark; and some of the best of the "flickers" or "movies"—though their medium of expression is solely the play of light on a game of Let's Pretend, with what could not be too meager a commentary in words—are still after the same pattern. . . .

Hunger and thirst, danger and difficulty, the strange, the far-fetched, the outlandish, these are its chief incentives. And its reward, the adventure over, something not only of a material but of a solid order—a few sacks, say, of moidores, doubloons and precious stones; and, for makeweight, a ravishingly beautiful senorita from some castle in Spain, who was wooed perhaps in the first chapter, and thereafter only dreamed of until she is won in the last. All but all her joys, however, should await an untold epilogue. As positive cargo she is, I think, superogatory. . . .

Even in the dullest of existences, this spicy flavor of adventuring cannot be entirely absent. It is the salt that keeps life sweet, it is the savor that preserves it from putrefaction; and we welcome every fleeting taste of it. Contrast is much; novelty is more; the unforeseen, if it refrain from the tragic, is seldom without its charm; and a gay heart is hospitable even when its giddiest up or its dismalest down verges on an ordeal. A crooked sixpence on a crooked stile, a noise in the night, a new hat, a kiss under the mistletoe, a forty-to-one chance, to fall asleep in the wrong train, to break one's leg, to lose one's heart—or one's head, to drink two bottles of wine where one would serve, to be a worm—and turn; all such little experiences may be tinged with the adventurous. And a tinge is enough. . . .

IT MAY be observed, however, that what to a secure onlooker is a pleasingly romantic situation may be grim matter-of-fact to those actually engaged in it. To be besieged with Helen in Troy; to be congealed amid the icy wastes of the Arctic, or lost in the Sahara; to be a royal fugitive in an oak tree, a Colonel Lawrence in Mecca, a Charles Doughty in the sandy wilds of Arabia, a Mallory on the ultimate peak of Everest; all these are probably more romantic situations to contemplate than to share. And one of their chief conditions is that of the precarious and fleeting. The sword hangs suspended by a thread. That harlequin, Luck, is as capricious as genius. That siren, Fortune, sings sweetest among rocks. . . .

But apart from the life of the actual, of life at first hand, there are few experiences which we can so easily share and enjoy, by proxy, as that of *physical* solitude. What other theme in fiction is more deeply saturated with the romantic and the adventurous? Stories of this kind abound; and particularly in English fiction. What in general are their conditions?

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WITH "a curious perfume and most melodious twang" Mr. de la Mare writes about the age-old lure of adventure for men's hearts. This essay is part of Mr. de la Mare's new book, *Desert Islands*, to be published this month by Farrar and Rinehart. Like most of his writing—his *Poems*, *The Riddle, the Memoirs of a Midget*, *The Veil*—it too bears a distinction and magic charm which mark him as one of the few British contemporary writers of a sure, if elusive, genius.

First, the victim and the hero of such a fate must fight—not, as we all do, for a life—but for a bare existence. And unlike many of his fellow-creatures in real life, he must not fight in vain. His one problem, his one craving and desire (however irrational it may be), must be merely to continue to keep alive. He must, then, have courage and enterprise. No mere dreamer, thinker or philosopher need apply.

Next, since he is to be—and for some time to remain—alone, his place of exile should be remote from the thronging haunts and highways of mankind and dangerous of access though not quite inaccessible. A naked and waterless waste from which no escape is possible would admit of but the briefest period of physical torture and a morbid activity of the mind. His resort then must offer *some* hospitality to its guest, though it should be well this side of the luxurious, since he must spend in it a quick and lively existence. And though the odds against his survival must not be overwhelming, they should at least appear to be long. He must indeed survive to tell us his tale; for of the solitude of the grave, whether in St. Innocents' churchyard or beneath the sands of Egypt, we can retrieve no direct tidings, or at best—tidings dubious, meager and unsatisfying.

OUR SOLITARY, too—if his record is to be moving—should be more or less continually aware of his isolation. So much the better if from some point of vantage amid his wild and barbarous scenery he can keep watch on the horizon whence at length rescue will come. Finally, he may effect his own rescue. But to see him merely walk out of his trap is an eventuality not quite romantic enough. A profoundly sundering yet traversable medium must sever him, then, from his fellow-creatures.

The sands of the Sahara or of the Gobi desert would keep such a secret, or, failing these, some green and peaceful oasis in a region encircled by an unintermittent cyclone, or by a ring of subterranean fire. Jules Verne, for example, may not have completely explored the monster-haunted deeps in the center of the earth; and the practicability of voyaging into space seems to be once more engaging the speculations not of visionaries only, but even of the matter-of-fact.

Short of the subterranean, the submarine, and the wild vacancies of space, however, the conditions of an ideal retreat from the tumult and artificialities of man are fulfilled—solitude, danger, strangeness, the unknown, the discoverable, the eventual means of escape—if our hermitage is an island. An island volcanic or coralline, an island that out of the mists of daybreak, or in the cheating lights of evening, lifts itself from the snows of its surges, serene, strange, aloof in its forlorn beauty, dumb clock of countless ages, the haven of a few birds and roving brutes, the kindly nursery of seal and sea lion, and green with palm and tamarisk.

An island let it be, say three or four hundred to a thousand miles or so from the nearest habitations of humanity and well out of the usual sea trade routes, preferably uncharted, fairly commodious, say thirteen miles by four, of a climate whose extremes are not of a pitiless severity, an island which Nature's bounty has endowed with shade, fresh water, shelter and food fit for human consumption. And there—our recluse.

Every seaman, every wanderer on the deep, has hearkened to the decoy of that ideal island; and where is the landsman with soul so dead—even though his eye has been lifted over no greater expanse of salt water than can be scanned from the steps of a bathing-machine—who in his homesick moments has never caught its enchanting echo? . . .

There is one island more or less precisely after our ideal pattern that has in recorded fact proved a sanctuary to no less than three such adventurers. That island is Mâs-â-tierra. It is one of a group of three

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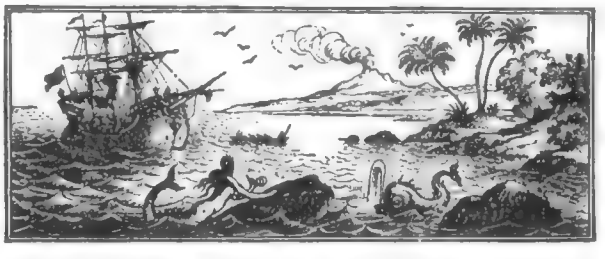
called Juan Fernandez, the second being Mâs-â-fuera, i. e., "Further-out." This lies a hundred miles to westward; it has nine ravines on the eastern face of its rocky *massif*, and to each ravine its water-course. The third, only a mile or so away, is an islet called Santa Clara or Goat Island. Craggy and wooded (twelve and a half miles long by three and two-thirds across at its widest), Mâs-â-tierra lies under the Southern Cross, one hundred and ten leagues from Valparaiso on the main. Its highest hill, El Yunque, rears itself 3005 feet above the sea. And about the year 1570 it was chanced upon by the Spanish navigator—Juan Fernandez—who gave the group his name.

Mâs-â-tierra was then virgin soil. Fernandez landed "Indians" on it, brought in sheep and cattle from the mainland, built thatched and timbered houses and traded in sea-lion oil and salted fish. But his enterprise failed. He abandoned the island, and bestowed it as a gift on a friend of the same name as himself, who bequeathed it to the Jesuits. Spaniards possessed it for a while for the sake of its fish and timber and sandalwood. Then they too deserted it, and after further vicissitudes it became, towards the end of the seventeenth century, a wasps' nest of buccaneers.

On March 22nd, 1684, Captain William Dampier, the great English sailor, while voyaging round the world, landed on it for the second time. John Fernando, he called it. He came to seek a Mosquito Indian, one of a minute nation of Amerindians, civil, good-natured and monogamous, only a hundred men strong. A prudent people, too, for when its men-folk enjoyed a carousal, the women used to hide their weapons. This Indian while engaged in hunting goats had been marooned on the island four years previously when Dampier's ship had been chased from its anchorage by Spaniards.

"Long-visaged, hard-favored, lank-haired," his sole defence against his solitude had been a gun, a knife, and a small horn of powder. By notching his knife he had made a saw with which he sawed into pieces the barrel of his gun. Out of these he smithied harpoons, lances, fish-hooks and another long knife. He built himself a wooden hut and lined it with goatskins. He fished with tackle of sealskin and hunted John Fernando's goats, which had long since managed to survive the Jesuit's dogs. When Spaniards landed and chased him, such were his wiles and his cunning that they began to suspect he was an apparition. When his English clothes were worn out he girded a hairy goatskin about his loins.

Having sighted Dampier's ship the day before it cast anchor, this hospitable soul killed three of his goats for his rescuers' entertainment and cooked them and served them up (English fashion) with cabbage from the "cabbage-tree." His English name was Will—for the Mosquito Indians were men so poor in this world's goods, they told Dampier, that they had no names of their own; and the first man to leap ashore to greet him was his fellow-countryman, Robin.



"Running to his brother Moskito man," says Dampier, "he, Robin, threw himself flat on his face at his feet, who helped him up, and embracing him, fell flat with his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. . . . And when their Ceremonies of Civility were over, we also drew near, each of us embracing him we had found there, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him." Of such consequence is a Man to himself!

These English seamen were not, we may remind ourselves, plenipotentiaries at a Peace Conference or candidates for the American Presidency. Of such we expect all the charms and graces. They were buccaneers. They pillaged, they burned, they massacred. Yet on apt occasions these were their manners; and it is "manners makyth man," as John Silver knew well; as knew King Charles I, also, when after rising from his bed on the cold morning of January 30th, 1649, he decided to put on a second and warmer shirt, with its silk knots of blue and red, in case he should be seen to shiver on the scaffold.

Twenty-five years after Will's and Robin's touching reunion, on the last day of January, 1709, Captain Woodes Rogers, then commander-in-chief of two privateers of Bristol, and himself in the *Duke* (a ship of 320 tons, 30 guns and 117 men), sighted Juan Fernandez. For master of the *Duke* he had Dampier himself, who meanwhile had been marooned on the island of Nicobar, whence he escaped in a cockleshell canoe whose gunwale was only three inches above the water-line, and had also been wrecked at Ascension. Rogers had come to Juan Fernandez to water. The next evening lights were seen on shore and surmised to be those of French ships lying at anchor.

As a matter of fact, they were the watch fires of a sailor named Alexander Selcraig, or Selkirk, who on the following morning was brought off in the ship's pinnace amid a cargo of shell-fish. He was clothed in goatskins, and "looking wilder than the first owners of them." It is our first glimpse of one who was destined to become the prince and prototype of all castaways.

Like Hans Andersen and so many folk-tale heroes, he was the son—and the seventh son—of a cobbler. He was born at Largo, a sea-village in Fife. There today stands his effigy in stone, gazing—like Martin Behaim's Nuremberg and Drake's at Plymouth—(and a little ironically, one might suppose) on the haunts of his youth. When he was nineteen he was cited for misbehavior in kirk and ran away to sea. Six years afterwards he came home again, but quarreled with his brothers, once more decamped, and in the spring of 1703 shipped with Captain William Dampier as sailing master of the galley, the *Cinque Ports*, Dampier himself being in command of the *St. George*. Having arrived, in a leaky ship, at Juan Fernandez, after a bitter altercation

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with his commander, and at his own suggestion—of which he speedily repented—Selkirk was marooned on Mâs-â-tierra in September, 1704.

He landed there, a man much richer in this world's goods than the Mosquito Indian. He had a sea-chest, clothes, bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a bag of bullets, flint and steel, some tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, mathematical instruments and some books of devotion. Yet in spite of these luxuries, after four years and four months' solitude, Selkirk told Rogers his story in a Scots English so broken and rusty for want of use as to be hardly intelligible. "We could scarce understand him . . . he seemed to speak his words by halves." . . .

For eight long months Selkirk had lived in melancholy and horror, "scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence." Day after day he had sat in watch, his face towards the sea, until his eyes and the light failed him and he could watch no more. By night he had lain shivering with terror at the howlings of sea-monsters on the shore, and the first show of dawn lighting up his great prison-house had roused him only to a sharper consciousness of his forlorn and miserable state. He spent his time for weeks together roaming, staring, listening, weeping, talking to himself.

As time went on, however, Selkirk's spirits began to revive, as human spirits, please Heaven, are apt to revive even in the most adverse of circumstances. He vanquished his blues, he set to work, kept tally of his days, and, like Orlando, cut his name in the trees. He fed plentifully on turtle until he could no more stomach it except in jellies. He built himself two huts, thatched them with grass and lined them with goatskins; the one for a kitchen, the other wherein to sleep, to read, to sing Scots psalms and to pray. Thus he became, he confessed, a better Christian than he had ever been before, or was likely to be again.

For warmth, cheer, and candle he burned the fragrant allspice wood, but had squandered nearly all his gunpowder before he got fire by rubbing two sticks together. He had no grain, physic, salt, ink, paper, or even rum. He fed on crawfish, goats' flesh, broiled and boiled, turnips—sown by Dampier—and a small black plum, difficult of access on the island's rocky heights. Of living things, apart from goats, he had the company only of seals, which in November came ashore to "whelp and engender," their bleating and howling so loud that the noise of them could be heard inland a mile from the shore.

So life went on. When his ammunition failed him, he came to run, barefoot, with such celerity that he had chased down and killed, he said, no less than 500 goats. After ear-marking and laming their young kids, he had set free as many more—beasts which Lord Anson was thus able to identify over thirty years afterwards. When his clothes fell off his back, Selkirk took to himself hairy breeches, and, unraveling the worsted of his worn-out stockings, hemmed himself shirts out of his scanty stock of linen, by means of a shred of goat sinew threaded through a nail. When his knife was worn to the back, he made substitutes out of hoop-iron, beaten thin and ground on the rocks.

Twice he narrowly escaped death, the first time from a fall of a hundred feet—he lay unconscious for three days and nights, a period which he afterwards computed by the appearance of the moon; and the second time from voyaging Spaniards, who, sighting his fire at sea, landed and pursued him. He hid himself in a tree-top and listened to them talking beneath. But rats were his worst enemy; they gnawed his calloused feet and his clothes, until he had bred up cats to teach them manners. These would "lie about him in hundreds." Thus best we picture him, praying aloud, singing and dancing with his kids and cats in the flames and smoke of his allspice wood, and the whole world's moon taunting and enchanting him.

His feet restored to shoes, and his tongue to its original English, Alexander Selkirk sailed away as mate of the *Duke*. She was crammed with booty in the shape of wine and brandy taken from a Spanish prize; and a mutiny broke out which her commander ingeniously suppressed by making one ringleader flog the other. Selkirk came home, safe but weary, to England in October, 1711, and after the publication of Captain Woodes Rogers' book, *A Cruising Voyage Round the World*, in the following year, seems to have enjoyed, or at any rate to have endured, a passing notoriety. He was interviewed by Prue's wayward and enchanting husband Richard Steele, and was made the subject of a paper in the *Englishman*.

Better still, but less certainly, Selkirk is said to have actually met in Bristol at the house of a Mrs. Damaris Daniel (seductive name), yet another and a more notorious journalist, a man—as his enemies described him when about twenty years previously he had been "wanted," and at £50 reward—"a man middle-sized and spare . . . of a brown complexion, and dark-brown-colored hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." This man, though in the well-known portrait his chin is almost femininely rounded and the mole appears to be missing, was Daniel Defoe. And rather more than two centuries ago—on April 25th, 1719—Defoe being then about sixty years of age—forty-eight years older, that is, than a boy of twelve, appeared *The Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner . . . Written by Himself.*

◆

From the Persian

By SIR WILLIAM JONES

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou satst, when all around thee smil'd:
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, when all around thee weep.

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The Changeling

By W. W. Jacobs

Illustrations by Dorothy McKay

Mr. George Henshaw let himself in at the front door, and stood for some time wiping his boots on the mat. The little house was ominously still, and a faint feeling, only partially due to the lapse of time since breakfast, manifested itself behind his waistcoat. He coughed—a matter-of-fact cough—and, with an attempt to hum a tune, hung his hat on the peg and entered the kitchen.

Mrs. Henshaw had just finished dinner. The neatly cleaned bone of a chop was on a plate by her side; a small dish which had contained a rice-pudding was empty; and the only food left on the table was a small rind of cheese and a piece of stale bread. Mr. Henshaw's face fell, but he drew his chair up to the table and waited.

His wife regarded him with a fixed and offensive stare. Her face was red and her eyes were blazing. It was hard to ignore her gaze; harder still to meet it. Mr. Henshaw, steering a middle course, allowed his eyes to wander round the room and to dwell, for the fraction of a second, on her angry face.

"You've had dinner early?" he said at last, in a trembling voice.

"Have I?" was the haughty reply.

Mr. Henshaw sought for a comforting explanation. "Clock's fast," he said, rising and adjusting it.

His wife rose almost at the same moment, and with slow deliberate movements began to clear the table.

"What—what about dinner?" said Mr. Henshaw, still trying to control his fears.

"Dinner!" repeated Mrs. Henshaw, in a terrible voice. "You go and tell that creature you were on the bus with to get your dinner."

Mr. Henshaw made a gesture of despair. "I tell you," he said emphatically, "it wasn't me. I told you so last night. You get an idea in your head and——"

"That'll do," said his wife, sharply. "I saw you, George Henshaw, as plain as I see you now. You were tickling her ear with a bit o' straw, and that good-for-nothing friend of yours, Ted Stokes, was sitting behind with another beauty. Nice way o' going on, and me at 'ome all alone by myself, slaving and slaving to keep things respectable!"

"It wasn't me," reiterated the unfortunate.

"When I called out to you," pursued the unheeding Mrs. Henshaw, "you started and pulled your hat over your eyes and turned away. I should have caught you if it hadn't been for all them carts in the way and falling down. I can't understand now how it was I wasn't killed; I was a mask of mud from head to foot."

Despite his utmost efforts to prevent it, a faint smile flitted across the pallid features of Mr. Henshaw.

"Yes, you may laugh," stormed his wife, "and I've no doubt them two beauties laughed, too. I'll take care you don't have much more to laugh at, my man."

She flung out of the room and began to wash up the crockery. Mr. Henshaw, after standing irresolute for some time with his hands in his pockets, put on his hat again and left the house.

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FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS, almost without fail, William Wymark Jacobs has been making people laugh whenever he tried—that is, whenever he wrote a story about his waterfront or cockney folk. He served for sixteen years as clerk in the Civil Service in his home town of London; then resigned to devote himself to the invention of his farcical situations and infallibly funny dialogue.

He dined badly at a small eating-house, and returned home at six o'clock that evening to find his wife out and the cupboard empty. He went back to the same restaurant for tea, and after a gloomy meal went round to discuss the situation with Ted Stokes. That gentleman's suggestion of a double alibi he thrust aside with disdain and a stern appeal to talk sense.

"Mind, if my wife speaks to you about it," he said, warningly, "it wasn't me, but somebody like me."

Mr. Stokes grinned and, meeting a freezing glance from his friend, at once became serious again.

"Why not say it was you?" he said stoutly. "There's no harm in going for a bus ride with a friend and a couple o' ladies."

"O' course there ain't," said the other, hotly, "else I shouldn't ha' done it. But you know what my wife is."

Mr. Stokes, who was by no means a favorite of the lady in question, nodded. "You *were* a bit larky, too," he said thoughtfully. "You 'ad quite a little slapping game after you pretended to steal her brooch."

"I s'pose when a gentleman's with a lady he 'as got to make 'imself pleasant?" said Mr. Henshaw, with dignity. "Now, if my missis speaks to you about it, you say that it wasn't me, but a friend of yours up from the country who is as like me as two peas. See?"

"Name o' Dodd," said Mr. Stokes, with a knowing nod. "Tommy Dodd."

"I'm not playing the giddy goat," said the other, bitterly, "and I'd thank you not to."

"All right," said Mr. Stokes, somewhat taken aback. "Any name you like; I don't mind."

Mr. Henshaw pondered. "Any sensible name'll do," he said, stiffly.

"Bell?" suggested Mr. Stokes. "Alfred Bell? I did know a man o' that name once. He tried to borrow a bob off of me."

"That'll do," said his friend, after some consideration; "but mind you stick to the same name. And you'd better make up something about him—where he lives, and all that sort of thing—so that you can stand being questioned without looking more like a silly fool than you can help."

"I'll do what I can for you," said Mr. Stokes, "but I don't s'pose your missis'll come to me at all. I guess she saw you plain enough."

They walked on in silence and, still deep in thought over the matter, turned into a neighboring tavern for refreshment. Mr. Henshaw drank his with the air of a man performing a duty to his constitution; but Mr. Stokes, smacking his lips, waxed eloquent over the brew.

"I hardly know what I'm drinking," said his friend, forlornly. "I suppose it's four-half, because that's what I asked for."

Mr. Stokes gazed at him in deep sympathy. "It can't be so bad as that," he said, with concern.

"You wait till you're married," said Mr. Henshaw, brusquely. "You'd no business to ask me to go with you, and I was a good-natured fool to do it."

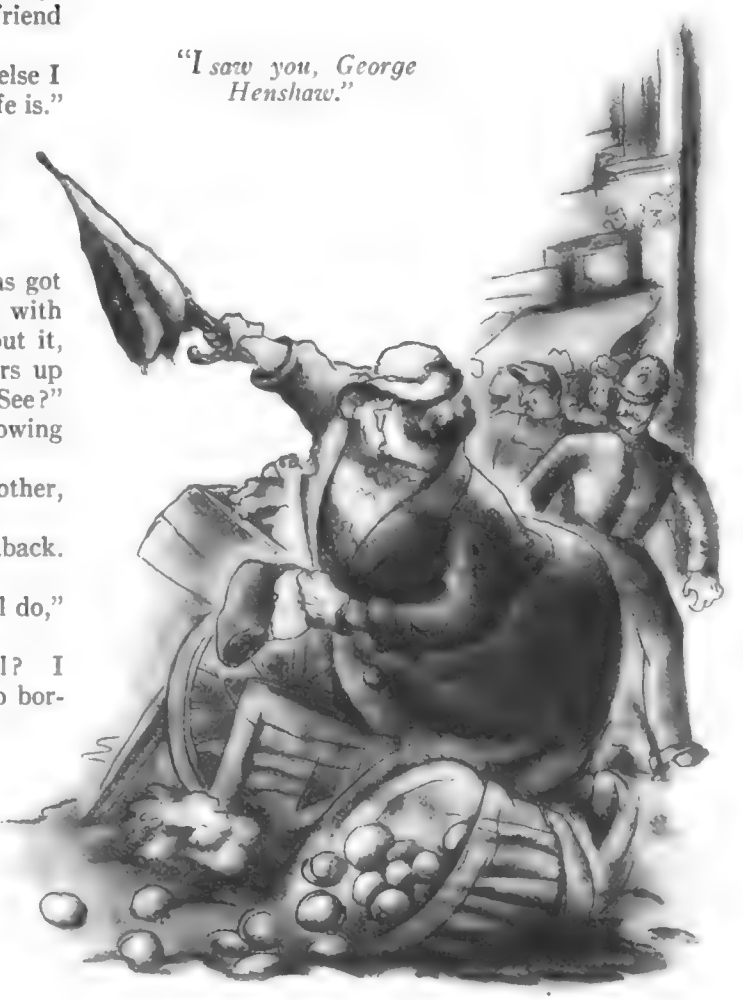
"You stick to your tale and it'll be all right," said the other. "Tell her that you spoke to me about it, and that his name is Alfred Bell—B E double L—and that he lives in—in Ireland. Here! I say!"

"Well," said Mr. Henshaw, shaking off the hand which the other had laid on his arm.

"You—you be Alfred Bell," said Mr. Stokes, breathlessly.

Mr. Henshaw started and eyed him nervously. His friend's eyes were bright and, he fancied, a bit wild.

"Be Alfred Bell," repeated Mr. Stokes. "Don't you see? Pretend to be Alfred Bell and go with me to your missis. I'll lend you a suit o' clothes and a fresh necktie, and there you are."



"I saw you, George Henshaw."

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"*What?*" roared the astounded Mr. Henshaw.

"It's as easy as easy," declared the other. "Tomorrow evening, in a new rig-out, I walks you up to your house and asks for you to show you to yourself. Of course, I'm sorry you ain't in, and perhaps we walks in to wait for you."

"Show me to myself?" gasped Mr. Henshaw.

Mr. Stokes winked. "On account o' the surprising likeness," he said, smiling. "It is surprising, ain't it? Fancy the two of us sitting there and talking to her and waiting for you to come in and wondering what's making you so late!"

Mr. Henshaw regarded him steadfastly for some seconds, and then, taking a firm hold of his mug, slowly drained the contents.

"And what about my voice?" he demanded, with something approaching a sneer.

"That's right," said Mr. Stokes, hotly; "it wouldn't be you if you didn't try to make difficulties."

"But what about it?" said Mr. Henshaw, obstinately.

"You can alter it, can't you?" said the other.

They were alone in the bar, and Mr. Henshaw, after some persuasion, was induced to try a few experiments. He ranged from bass, which hurt his throat, to a falsetto which put Mr. Stokes' teeth on edge, but in vain. The rehearsal was stopped at last by the landlord, who, having twice come into the bar under the impression that fresh customers had entered, spoke his mind at some length. "Seem to think you're in a blessed monkey-house," he concluded, severely.

"We thought we was," said Mr. Stokes, with a long appraising sniff, as he opened the door. "It's a mistake anybody might make."

He pushed Mr. Henshaw into the street as the landlord placed a hand on the flap of the bar, and followed him out.

"You'll have to 'ave a bad cold and talk in 'usky whispers," he said slowly, as they walked along. "You caught a cold traveling in the train from Ireland day before yesterday, and you made it worse going for a ride on the outside of a bus with me and a couple of ladies. See? Try 'usky whispers now."

Mr. Henshaw tried, and his friend, observing that he was taking but a languid interest in the scheme, was loud in his praises. "I should never 'ave known you," he declared. "Why, it's wonderful! Why didn't you tell me you could act like that?"

Mr. Henshaw remarked modestly that he had not been aware of it himself, and, taking a more hopeful view of the situation, whispered himself into such a state of hoarseness that another visit for refreshment became absolutely necessary.

"Keep your 'art up and practise," said Mr. Stokes, as he shook hands with him some time later. "And if you can manage it, get off at four o'clock tomorrow and we'll go round to see her while she thinks you're still at work."

Mr. Henshaw complimented him upon his artfulness, and, with some confidence in a man of such resource, walked home in a more cheerful frame of mind. His heart sank as he reached the house, but to his relief the lights were out and his wife was in bed.

He was up early next morning, but his wife showed no signs of rising. The cupboard was still empty, and for some time he moved about hungry and undecided. Finally he mounted the stairs again, and with a view to arranging matters for the evening remonstrated with her upon her behavior and loudly announced his intention of not coming home until she was in a better frame of mind. From a disciplinary point of view the effect of the remonstrance was somewhat lost by being shouted through the closed door, and he also broke off too abruptly when Mrs. Henshaw opened it suddenly and confronted him. Fragments of the peroration reached her through the front door.

Despite the fact that he left two hours earlier, the day passed but slowly, and he was in a very despondent state of mind by the time he reached Mr. Stokes' lodging. The latter, however, had cheerfulness enough for both, and, after helping his visitor to change into fresh clothes and part his hair in the middle instead of at the side, surveyed him with grinning satisfaction. Under his directions Mr. Henshaw also darkened his eyebrows and beard with a little burnt cork until Mr. Stokes declared that his own mother wouldn't know him.

"Now, be careful," said Mr. Stokes, as they set off. "Be bright and cheerful; be a sort o' ladies' man to her, same as she saw you with the one on the bus. Be as unlike yourself as you can, and don't forget yourself and call her by 'er pet name."

"Pet name!" said Mr. Henshaw, indignantly. "Pet name! You'll alter your ideas of married life when you're caught, my lad, I can tell you!"

He walked on in scornful silence, lagging farther and farther behind as they neared his house. When Mr. Stokes knocked at the door he stood modestly aside with his back against the wall of the next house.

"Is George in?" inquired Mr. Stokes, carelessly, as Mrs. Henshaw opened the door.

"No," was the reply.

Mr. Stokes affected to ponder; Mr. Henshaw instinctively edged away.

"He ain't in," said Mrs. Henshaw, preparing to close the door.

"I wanted to see 'im partikler," said Mr. Stokes, slowly. "I brought a friend o' mine, name o' Alfred Bell, up here on purpose to see 'im."

Mrs. Henshaw, following the direction of his eyes, put her head round the door.

"George!" she exclaimed, sharply.

Mr. Stokes smiled. "That ain't George," he said, gleefully; "That's my friend, Mr. Alfred Bell. Ain't it a extraordinary likeness? Ain't it wonderful? That's why I brought 'im up; I wanted George to see 'im."

Mrs. Henshaw looked from one to the other in wrathful bewilderment.

"His living image, ain't he?" said Mr. Stokes. "This is my pal George's missis," he added, turning to Mr. Bell.

"Good afternoon to you," said that gentleman, huskily.

"He got a bad cold coming from Ireland," explained Mr. Stokes, "and, foolish-like, he went outside a 'bus

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with me the other night and made it worse."

"Oh-h!" said Mrs. Henshaw slowly. "Indeed! Really!"

"He's quite curious to see George," said Mr. Stokes. "In fact, he was going back to Ireland tonight if it 'adn't been for that. He's waiting till tomorrow just to see George."

Mr. Bell, in a voice huskier than ever, said that he had altered his mind again.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Stokes, sternly. "Besides, George would like to see you. I s'pose he won't be long?" he added, turning to Mrs. Henshaw, who was regarding Mr. Bell much as a hungry cat regards a plump sparrow.

"I don't suppose so," she said, slowly.

"I dare say if we wait a little while——" began Mr. Stokes, ignoring a frantic glance from Mr. Henshaw.

"Come in," said Mrs. Henshaw, suddenly.

Mr. Stokes entered and, finding that his friend hung back, went out again and half led, half pushed him indoors. Mr. Bell's shyness he attributed to his having lived so long in Ireland.

"He is quite the ladies' man, though," he said, artfully, as they followed their hostess into the front room. "You should ha' seen 'im the other night on the bus. We had a couple o' lady friends o' mine with us, and even the conductor was surprised at his goings on."

Mr. Bell, by no means easy as to the results of the experiment, scowled at his friend and squirmed despairingly.

"Carrying on, was he?" said Mrs. Henshaw, regarding the culprit steadily.

"Carrying on like one o'clock," said the imaginative Mr. Stokes. "Called one of 'em 'his little wife, and asked her where 'er wedding-ring was."

"I didn't," said Mr. Bell, in a suffocating voice. "I didn't."

"There's nothing to be ashamed of," said Mr. Stokes, virtuously. "Only, as I said to you at the time, 'Alfred,' I says, 'it's all right for you as a single man, but you might be the twin-brother of a pal o' mine—George Henshaw by name—and if some people was to see you they might think it was 'im.' Didn't I say that?"

"You did," said Mr. Bell, helplessly.

"And he wouldn't believe me," said Mr. Stokes, turning to Mrs. Henshaw. "That's why I brought him round to see George."

"I should like to see the two of them together myself," said Mrs. Henshaw, quietly. "I should have taken him for my husband anywhere."

"You wouldn't, if you'd seen 'im last night," said Mr. Stokes, shaking his head and smiling.

"Carrying on again, was he?" inquired Mrs. Henshaw, quickly.

"No!" said Mr. Bell, in a stentorian whisper.

His glance was so fierce that Mr. Stokes almost quailed. "I won't tell tales out of school," he said, nodding.

"Not if I ask you to?" said Mrs. Henshaw, with a winning smile.

"Ask 'im," said Mr. Stokes.

"Last night," said the whisper, hastily, "I went for a quiet walk round Victoria Park all by myself. Then I met Mr. Stokes, and we had one half-pint together at a public-house. That's all."

Mrs. Henshaw looked at Mr. Stokes. Mr. Stokes winked at her.

"It's as true as my name is—Alfred Bell," said that gentleman, with slight but natural hesitation.

"Have it your own way," said Mr. Stokes, somewhat perturbed at Mr. Bell's refusal to live up to the character he had arranged for him.

"I wish my husband spent his evenings in the same quiet way," said Mrs. Henshaw, shaking her head.

"Don't he?" said Mr. Stokes. "Why, he always seems quiet enough to me. Too quiet, I should say.

¶ A genuine humorist

If Mr. W. W. Jacobs' stories had been concerned with absinthe and prostitution instead of beer and matrimony; if they had first appeared in the *Pale Review* instead of the *Strand Magazine* and had afterwards been brought out in small private editions . . . if, in short, they had succeeded in depressing a handful instead of amusing a multitude of readers, then the very persons who never mention Mr. Jacobs would long ago have called him a great artist.

Literary conditions are becoming so topsy turvy that popularity is almost a short cut to critical oblivion. . . . Of this popularity there can be no question; it began with the publication of his first book thirty-six years ago, and it is not yet at an end.

Mr. Jacobs has no message for his age . . . and yet he need not despair. He has the satisfaction of knowing that he has only to leave one of his volumes in the same room with any normal English-speaking person, and that person opening the book will be compelled to settle himself (and perhaps herself) down, neglect his business, and read and enjoy to the end. And at the end, such a reader, hurrying to take up the threads of business again, will not find the world a worse place than it appeared to him when he began; his wits will have been sharpened, and he will have been mellowed and heartened by laughter. Certainly Mr. Jacobs, perched though he is on the dubious heights of popularity, need not despair.

He is a geniuine humorist who has no views to thrust down our throats, who has taken trouble with his work and entertained us without any fuss for years.

—J. B. Priestley.

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Why, I never knew a quieter man. I chaff 'im about it sometimes."

"That's his artfulness," said Mrs. Henshaw.

"Always in a hurry to get 'ome," pursued the benevolent Mr. Stokes.

"He may say so to you to get away from you," said Mrs. Henshaw, thoughtfully. "He does say you're hard to shake off sometimes."

Mr. Stokes sat stiffly upright and threw a fierce glance in the direction of Mr. Henshaw.

"Pity he didn't tell me," he said bitterly. "I ain't one to force my company where it ain't wanted."

"I've said to him sometimes," continued Mrs. Henshaw, " 'Why don't you tell Ted Stokes plain that you don't like his company?' but he won't. That ain't his way. He'd sooner talk of you behind your back."

"What does he say?" inquired Mr. Stokes, coldly ignoring a frantic headshake on the part of his friend.

"Promise me you won't tell him if I tell you," said Mrs. Henshaw.

Mr. Stokes promised.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you," said Mrs. Henshaw, reluctantly, "but I get so sick and tired of him coming home and grumbling about you."

"Go on," said the waiting Stokes.

Mrs. Henshaw stole a glance at him. "He says you act as if you thought yourself everybody," she said, softly, "and your everlasting clack, clack, clack, worries him to death."

"Go on," said the listener, grimly.

"And he says it's so much trouble to get you to pay for your share of the drinks that he'd sooner pay himself and have done with it."

Mr. Stokes sprang from his chair and, with clenched fists, stood angrily regarding the horrified Mr. Bell. He composed himself by an effort and resumed his seat.

"Anything else?" he inquired.

"Heaps and heaps of things," said Mrs. Henshaw; "but I don't want to make bad blood between you."

"Don't mind me," said Mr. Stokes, glancing balefully over at his agitated friend. "P'r'aps I'll tell you some things about him some day."

"It would be only fair," said Mrs. Henshaw, quickly. "Tell me now; I don't mind Mr. Bell hearing; not a bit."

Mr. Bell spoke up for himself. "I don't want to hear family secrets," he whispered, with an imploring glance at the vindictive Mr. Stokes. "It wouldn't be right."

"Well, I don't want to say things behind a man's back," said the latter, recovering himself. "Let's wait till George comes in, and I'll say 'em before his face."

Mrs. Henshaw, biting her lip with annoyance, argued with him, but in vain. Mr. Stokes was firm, and, with a glance at the clock, said that George would be in soon and he would wait till he came.

Conversation flagged despite the efforts of Mrs. Henshaw to draw Mr. Bell out on the subject of Ireland. At an early stage of the catechism he lost his voice entirely, and thereafter sat silent while Mrs. Henshaw discussed the most intimate affairs of her husband's family with Mr. Stokes. She was in the middle of an anecdote about her mother-in-law when Mr. Bell rose and, with some difficulty, intimated his desire to depart.

"What, without seeing George?" said Mrs. Henshaw. "He can't be long now, and I should like to see you together."

"P'r'aps we shall meet him," said Mr. Stokes, who was getting rather tired of the affair. "Good night."

He led the way to the door and, followed by the eager Mr. Bell, passed out into the street. The knowledge that Mrs. Henshaw was watching him from the door kept him silent until they had turned the corner, and then, turning fiercely on Mr. Henshaw, he demanded to know what he meant by it.

"I've done with you," he said, waving aside the other's denials. "I've got you out of this mess, and now I've done with you. It's no good talking, because I don't want to hear it."

"Goodby, then," said Mr. Henshaw, with unexpected hauteur, as he came to a standstill.

"I'll 'ave my trousers first, though," said Mr. Stokes, coldly, "and then you can go, and welcome."

"It's my opinion she recognized me, and said all that just to try us," said the other, gloomily.

Mr. Stokes scorned to reply, and reaching his lodgings stood by in silence while the other changed his clothes. He refused Mr. Henshaw's hand with a gesture he had once seen on the stage, and, showing him downstairs, closed the door behind him with a bang.

"It's me," said her husband. "It's him right enough; it's your husband," said Mr. Stokes

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Left to himself the small remnants of Mr. Henshaw's courage disappeared. He wandered forlornly up and down the streets until past ten o'clock, and then, cold and dispirited, set off in the direction of home. At the corner of the street he pulled himself together by a great effort, and walking rapidly to his house put the key in the lock and turned it.

The door was fast and the lights were out. He knocked, at first lightly, but gradually increasing in loudness. At the fourth knock a light appeared in the room above, the window was raised and Mrs. Henshaw leaned out.

"Mr. Bell!" she said, in tones of severe surprise.

"Bell?" said her husband, in a more surprised voice still. "It's me, Polly."

"Go away at once, sir!" said Mrs. Henshaw, indignantly. "How dare you call me by my Christian name? I'm surprised at you!"

"It's me, I tell you—George!" said her husband, desperately. "What do you mean by calling me Bell?"

"If you're Mr. Bell, as I suppose, you know well enough," said Mrs. Henshaw, leaning out and regarding him fixedly; "and if you're George you don't."

"I'm George," said Mr. Henshaw, hastily.

"I'm sure I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Henshaw, with a bewildered air. "Ted Stokes brought round a man named Bell this afternoon so like you that I can't tell the difference. I don't know what to do, but I do know this—I don't let you in until I have seen you both together."

"Both together!" exclaimed the startled Mr. Henshaw. "Here—look here!"

He struck a match and, holding it before his face, looked up at the window. Mrs. Henshaw scrutinized him gravely.

"It's no good," she said, despairingly. "I can't tell. I must see you both together."

Mr. Henshaw ground his teeth. "But where is he?" he inquired.

"He went off with Ted Stokes," said his wife. "If you're George you'd better go and ask him."

She prepared to close the window, but Mr. Henshaw's voice arrested her.

"And suppose he is not there?" he said.

Mrs. Henshaw reflected. "If he is not there bring Ted Stokes back with you," she said at last, "and if he says you're George, I'll let you in."

The window closed and the light disappeared. Mr. Henshaw waited for some time, but in vain, and, with a very clear idea of the reception he would meet with at the hands of Mr. Stokes, set off to his lodging.

If anything, he had underestimated his friend's powers. Mr. Stokes, rudely disturbed just as he had got into bed, was the incarnation of wrath. He was violent, bitter, and insulting in a breath, but Mr. Henshaw was desperate, and Mr. Stokes, after vowing over and over again that nothing should induce him to accompany him back to his house, was at last so moved by his entreaties that he went upstairs and equipped himself for the journey.

"And, mind, after this I never want to see your face again," he said, as they walked swiftly back.

Mr. Henshaw made no reply. The events of the day had almost exhausted him, and silence was maintained until they reached the house. Much to his relief he heard somebody moving about upstairs after the first knock, and in a very short time the window was gently raised and Mrs. Henshaw looked out.

"What, you've come back?" she said, in a low, intense voice. "Well, of all the impudence! How dare you carry on like this?"

"It's me," said her husband.

"Yes, I see it is," was the reply.

"It's him right enough; it's your husband," said Mr. Stokes. "Alfred Bell has gone."

"How dare you stand there and tell me them falsehoods!" exclaimed Mrs. Henshaw. "I wonder the ground don't open and swallow you up. It's Mr. Bell, and if he don't go away I'll call the police."

Messrs. Henshaw and Stokes, amazed at their reception, stood blinking up at her. Then they conferred in whispers.

"If you can't tell 'em apart, how do you know this is Mr. Bell?" inquired Mr. Stokes.

"How do I know?" repeated Mrs. Henshaw. "How do I know? Why, because my husband came home almost directly Mr. Bell had gone. I wonder he didn't meet him."

"Came home?" cried Mr. Henshaw. *"Came home?"*

"Yes; and don't make so much noise," said Mrs. Henshaw, tartly; "he's asleep."

The two gentlemen turned and gazed at each other in stupefaction. Mr. Stokes was the first to recover, and, taking his dazed friend by the arm, led him gently away. At the end of the street he took a deep breath, and, after a slight pause to collect his scattered energies, summed up the situation.

"She's twigged it all along," he said, with conviction. "You'll have to come home with me tonight, and tomorrow the best thing you can do is to make a clean breast of it. It was a silly game, and, if you remember, I was against it from the first."

◆ ◆

"What is this great law of living?" "Thou shalt not offend against the notions of thy neighbor," Florian replied—"or not, at least, too often or too openly. I do not say, mark you, my son, but that in private, and with the exercise of discretion, one may cultivate one's faculties."

—James Branch Cabell.

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By JOSEPH CONRAD

Freya of the Seven Isles

Illustrations by John Alan Maxwell

FREYA, *blond goddess of a lonely isle in the South Seas, has promised her heart to Jasper Allen, the romantic young English skipper of the white-winged trader,* Bonito. *But her aged father looks askance at the Englishman because he fears the Dutch authorities, and the wily black-browed official, Heemskirk, plays on his fear in the hope of winning Freya for himself. The day following her twenty-first birthday is set for an elopement with Jasper who until then is to sail away on one of his obscure trading ventures.*

The day before he sets out on his final bachelor voyage, Heemskirk arrives at the Isle, spies on Jasper and Freya and works himself into a jealous rage. After Jasper's departure, Heemskirk begins making love to Freya.

"I'm not bad fun really. You try a few kisses to begin with—" He goes no further because Freya hits him such a blow on the side of his face that he begins to hop up and down yelling with disappointed love, pride, and physical pain. His cries bring Captain Nelson who jumps to the conclusion that the bellowing Dutchman has a bad toothache.

CONCLUSION

AND, INDEED, what other explanations could have presented itself to the guileless old Nelson, beholding this cheek nursed with both hands, these wild glances, these stampings, this distracted swaying of the body? It would have demanded a preternatural acuteness to hit upon the true cause. Freya had not moved. She watched Heemskirk's savagely inquiring, black stare directed stealthily upon herself. "Aha, you would like to be let off!" she said to herself. She looked at him unflinchingly, thinking it out. The temptation of making an end of it all without further trouble was irresistible. She gave an almost imperceptible nod of assent and glided away.

"Hurry up that brandy!" old Nelson shouted, as she disappeared in the passage.

Heemskirk relieved his deeper feelings by a sudden string of curses in Dutch and English which he sent after her. He raved to his heart's content, flinging to and fro on the veranda and kicking chairs out of his way; while Nelson (or Nielsen), whose sympathy was profoundly stirred by these evidences of agonizing pain, hovered round his dear (and dreaded) lieutenant, fussing like an old hen.

"Dear me, dear me! Is it so bad? I know well what it is. I used to frighten my poor wife sometimes. Do you get it often like this, lieutenant?"

Heemskirk shouldered him viciously out of his way, with a short, insane laugh. But his staggering host took it in good part; a man beside himself with excruciating toothache is not responsible.

"Go into my room, lieutenant," he suggested urgently. "Throw yourself on my bed. We will get something to ease your pain in just a minute."

He seized the poor sufferer by the arm and forced him gently onwards to the very bed, on which Heemskirk, in a renewed access of rage, flung himself down with such force that he rebounded from the mattress to the height of quite a foot.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the scared Nelson, and incontinently ran off to hurry up the brandy and the laudanum, very angry that so little alacrity was shown in relieving the tortures of his precious guest. In the end he got these things himself.

Half an hour later he stood in the inner passage of the house, surprised by faint, spasmodic sounds of a mysterious nature, between laughter and sobs. He frowned; then went straight towards his daughter's room and knocked at the door. Freya, her glorious fair hair framing her white face and rippling down a dark-blue dressing gown, opened it partly.

The light in the room was dim. Antonia, crouching in a corner, rocked herself backwards and forwards, uttering feeble moans. Old Nelson had not much experience in various kinds of feminine laughter, but he was certain there had been laughter there.

"Very unfeeling, very unfeeling!" he said, with weighty displeasure. "What is there so amusing in a man being in pain? I should have thought a woman —a young girl——"

"He was so funny," murmured Freya, whose eyes glistened strangely. "And then, you know, I don't like him," she added, in an unsteady voice.

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"Funny!" repeated old Nelson, amazed at this evidence of callousness in one so young "You don't like him! Do you mean to say that, because you don't like him, you—— Why, it's simply cruel! Don't you know it's about the worst sort of pain there is? Dogs have been known to go mad with it."

"He certainly seemed to have gone mad," Freya said with an effort, as if she were struggling with some hidden feeling.

But her father was launched.

"And you know how he is. He notices everything. He is a fellow to take offense for the least little thing—regular Dutchman—and I want to keep friendly with him. It's like this, my girl: if that rajah of ours were to do something silly—and you know he is a sulky, rebellious beggar—and the authorities took it into their heads that my influence over him wasn't good, you would find yourself without a roof over your head——"

She cried: "What nonsense, father!" in a not very assured tone, and discovered that he was angry, angry enough to achieve irony; yes, old Nelson (or Nielsen), irony! Just a gleam of it.

"Oh, of course, if you have means of your own—a mansion, a plantation that I know nothing of——" But he was not capable of sustained irony. "I tell you they would bundle me out of here," he whispered forcibly; "without compensation, of course. I know these Dutch. And the lieutenant's just the fellow to start the trouble going. He has the ear of influential officials. I wouldn't offend him for anything—for anything—on no consideration whatever. . . . What did you say?"

It was only an inarticulate exclamation. If she ever had a half-formed intention of telling him everything she had given it up now. It was impossible, both out of regard for his dignity and for the peace of his poor mind.

"I don't care for him myself very much," old Nelson's subdued undertone confessed in a sigh. "He's easier now," he went on, after a silence. "I've given him up my bed for the night. I shall sleep on my veranda, in the hammock. No; I can't say I like him either, but from that to laugh at a man because he's driven crazy with pain is a long way. You've surprised me, Freya. That side of his face is quite flushed."

Her shoulders shook convulsively under his hands, which he laid on her paternally. His straggly, wiry mustache brushed her forehead in a good-night kiss. She closed the door, and went away from it to the middle of the room before she allowed herself a tired-out sort of laugh, without buoyancy.

"Flushed! A little flushed!" she repeated to herself. "I hope so, indeed! A little——"

Her eyelashes were wet. Antonia, in her corner, moaned and giggled, and it was impossible to tell where the moans ended and the giggles began.

The mistress and the maid had been somewhat hysterical, for Freya, on fleeing into her room, had found Antonia there, and had told her everything.

"I have avenged you, my girl," she exclaimed.

And then they had laughingly cried and cryingly laughed with admonitions—"Ssh, not so loud! Be quiet!" on one part, and interludes of "I am so frightened. . . . He's an evil man," on the other.

Antonia was very much afraid of Heemskirk. She was afraid of him because of his personal appearance: because of his eyes and his eyebrows, and his mouth and his nose and his limbs. Nothing could be more rational. And she thought him an evil man, because to her eyes, he looked evil. No ground for an opinion could be sounder. In the dimness of the room, with only a night light burning at the head of Freya's bed, the camerista crept out of her corner to crouch at the feet of her mistress, supplicating in whispers:

"There's the brig. Captain Allen. Let us run away at once—oh, let us run away! I am so frightened. Let us! Let us!"

"I! Run away!" thought Freya to herself, without looking down at the scared girl. "Never."

Both the resolute mistress under the mosquito-net and the frightened maid lying curled up on a mat at the foot of the bed did not sleep very well that night. The person that did not sleep at all was Lieutenant Heemskirk. He lay on his back staring vindictively in the darkness. Inflaming images and humiliating reflections succeeded each other in his mind, keeping up, augmenting his anger. A pretty tale, this, to get about! But it must not be allowed to get about. The outrage had to be swallowed in silence. A pretty affair! Fooled, led on, and struck by the girl—and probably fooled by the father, too. But no. Nielsen was but another victim of that shameless hussy, that brazen minx, that sly, laughing, kissing, lying . . .

"No; he did not deceive me on purpose," thought the tormented lieutenant. "But I should like to pay him off, all the same, for being such an imbecile——"

Well, some day, perhaps. One thing he was firmly resolved on: he had made up his mind to steal early out of the house. He did not think he could face the girl without going out of his mind with fury.

"Fire and perdition! Ten thousand devils! I shall choke here before the morning!" he muttered to himself, lying rigid on his back on old Nelson's bed, his breast heaving for air.

He arose at daylight and started cautiously to open

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the door. Faint sounds in the passage alarmed him, and remaining concealed he saw Freya coming out. This unexpected sight deprived him of all power to move away from the crack of the door. It was the narrowest crack possible, but commanding the view of the end of the veranda. Freya made for that end, hastily to watch the brig passing the point. She wore her dark dressing-gown; her feet were bare, because, having fallen asleep towards the morning, she ran out headlong in her fear of being too late. Heemskirk had never seen her looking like this, with her hair drawn back smoothly to the shape of her head, and hanging in one heavy, fair tress down her back, and with that air of extreme youth, intensity, and eagerness. And at first he was amazed, and then he gnashed his teeth. He could not face her at all. He muttered a curse, and kept still behind the door.

With a low, deep-breathed "Ah!" when she first saw the brig already under way, she reached for Nelson's long glass reposing on brackets high up the wall. The wide sleeves of the dressing-gown slipped back, uncovering her white arm as far as the shoulder. Heemskirk gripping the door handle, as if to crush it, felt like a man just risen to his feet from a drinking bout.

And Freya knew that he was watching her. She knew. She had seen the door move as she came out of the passage. She was aware of his eyes being on her, with scornful bitterness, with triumphant contempt.

"You are there," she thought, leveling the long glass. "Oh, well, look on, then!"

The green islets appeared like black shadows, the ashen sea was smooth as glass, the clear robe of the colorless dawn, in which even the brig appeared shadowy, had a hem of light in the east. Directly Freya had made out Jasper on deck with his own long glass directed to the bungalow, she laid hers down and raised both her beautiful white arms above her head. In that attitude of supreme cry she stood still, glowing with the consciousness of Jasper's adoration going out to her figure held in the field of his glass away there, and warmed, too, by the feeling of evil passion, the burning, covetous eyes of the other, fastened on her back. In the fervor of her love, in the caprice of her mind, and with that mysterious knowledge of masculine nature women seem to be born to, she thought:

"You are looking on—you will—you must! Then you shall see something."

She brought both her hands to her lips, then flung them out, sending a kiss over the sea, as if she wanted to throw her heart along with it on the deck of the brig. Her face was rosy, her eyes shone. Her repeated, passionate gesture seemed to fling kisses by the hundred again and again and again, while the slowly ascending sun brought the glory of color to the world, turning the islets green, the sea blue, the brig below her white—dazzlingly white in the spread of her wings —with the red ensign streaming like a tiny flame from the peak. And each time she murmured with a rising inflection: "Take this—and this—and this——" till suddenly her arms fell. She had seen the ensign dipped in response, and next moment the point below hid the hull of the brig from her view. Then she turned away from the balustrade, and, passing slowly before the door of her father's room with her eyelids lowered, and an enigmatic expression on her face, she disappeared behind the curtain.

But instead of going along the passage, she remained concealed and very still on the other side to watch what would happen. For some time the broad, furnished veranda remained empty. Then the door of old Nelson's room came open suddenly, and Heemskirk staggered out. His hair was rumpled, his eyes bloodshot, his unshaven face looked very dark. He gazed wildly about, saw his cap on a table, snatched it up, and made for the stairs quietly, but with a strange, tottering gait, like the last effort of waning strength.

Shortly after his head had sunk below the level of the floor, Freya came out from behind the curtain, with compressed, scheming lips, and no softness at all in her luminous eyes. He could not be allowed to sneak off scot free. Never—never! She was excited, she tingled all over, she had tasted blood! He must be made to understand that she had been aware of having been watched; he must know that he had been seen slinking off shamefully. But to run to the front rail and shout after him would have been childish, crude—undignified. And to shout—what? What word? What phrase? No; it was impossible. Then how? . . . She frowned, discovered it, dashed at the piano, which had stood open all night, and made the rosewood monster growl savagely in an irritated bass. She struck chords as if firing shots after that straddling, broad figure in ample white trousers and a dark uniform jacket with gold shoulder-straps, and then she pursued him with the same thing she had played the evening before—a modern, fierce piece of love music which had been tried more than once against the thunderstorms of the group. She accentuated its rhythm with triumphant malice, so absorbed in her purpose that she did not notice the presence of her father, who, wearing an old threadbare ulster of a check pattern over his sleeping-suit, had run out from the back veranda to inquire the reason of this untimely performance. He stared at her.

"What on earth? . . . Freya!" . . . His voice was nearly drowned by the piano. "What's become of the lieutenant?" he shouted.

She looked up at him as if her soul were lost in her music, with unseeing eyes.

"Gone."

"Wha-a-t? . . . Where?"

She shook her head slightly, and went on playing louder than before. Old Nelson's innocently anxious gaze starting from the open door of his room explored the whole place high and low, as if the lieutenant were something small which might have been crawling on the floor or clinging to a wall. But a shrill whistle coming somewhere from below pierced the ample volume of sound rolling out of the piano in great, vibrating waves. The lieutenant was down at the cove, whistling for the boat to come and take him off to his ship. And he seemed to be in a terrific hurry, too, for he whistled again almost directly, waited for a moment, and then sent out a long, interminable, shrill call as distressful to hear as though he had shrieked without drawing breath. Freya ceased playing suddenly.

"Going on board," said old Nelson, perturbed by

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the event. "What could have made him clear out so early? Queer chap. Devilishly touchy, too! I shouldn't wonder if it was your conduct last night that hurt his feelings? I noticed you, Freya. You as well as laughed in his face, while he was suffering agonies from neuralgia. It isn't the way to get yourself liked. He's offended with you."

Freya's hands now reposed passive on the keys; she bowed her fair head, feeling a sudden discontent, a nervous lassitude, as though she had passed through some exhausting crisis. Old Nelson (or Nielsen), looking aggrieved, was revolving matters of policy in his bald head.

"I think it would be right for me to go on board just to inquire, some time this morning," he declared fussily. "Why don't they bring me my morning tea? Do you hear, Freya? You have astonished me, I must say. I didn't think a young girl could be so unfeeling. And the lieutenant thinks himself a friend of ours, too! What? No? Well, he calls himself a friend, and that's something to a person in my position. Certainly! Oh, yes, I must go on board."

"Must you?" murmured Freya listlessly; then added in her thought: "Poor man!"

V

In respect of the next seven weeks, all that is necessary to say is, first, that old Nelson (or Nielsen) failed in paying his politic call. The *Neptun* gunboat of H. M. the King of the Netherlands, commanded by an outraged and infuriated lieutenant, left the cove at an unexpectedly early hour. When Freya's father came down to the shore, after seeing his precious crop of tobacco spread out properly in the sun, she was already steaming round the point. Old Nelson regretted the circumstance for many days.

"Now, I don't know in what disposition the man went away," he lamented to his hard daughter. He was amazed at her hardness. He was almost frightened by her indifference.

Next, it must be recorded that the same day the gunboat *Neptun,* steering east, passed the brig *Bonito* becalmed in sight of Carimata, with her head to the eastward, too. Her captain, Jasper Allen, giving himself up consciously to a tender, possessive reverie of his Freya, did not get out of his long chair on the poop to look at the *Neptun* which passed so close that the smoke belching out suddenly from her short black funnel rolled between the masts of the *Bonito,* obscuring for a moment the sunlit whiteness of her sails, consecrated to the service of love. Jasper did not even turn his head for a glance. But Heemskirk, on the bridge, had gazed long and earnestly at the brig from the distance, gripping hard the brass rail in front of him, till, the two ships closing, he lost all confidence in himself, and retreating to the chartroom, pulled the door to with a crash. There, his brows knitted, his mouth drawn on one side in sardonic meditation, he sat through many still hours—a sort of Prometheus in the bonds of unholy desire, having his very vitals torn by the beak and claws of humiliated passion.

That species of fowl is not to be shooed off as easily as a chicken. Fooled, cheated, deceived, led on, outraged, mocked at—beak and claws! A sinister bird! The lieutenant had no mind to become the talk of the Archipelago, as the naval officer who had had his face slapped by a girl. Was it possible that she really loved that rascally trader? He tried not to think, but worse than thoughts, definite impressions beset him in his retreat. He saw her—a vision plain, close to, detailed, plastic, colored, lighted up—he saw her hanging round the neck of that fellow. And he shut his eyes, only to discover that this was no remedy. Then a piano began to play near by, very plainly; and he put his fingers to his ears with no better effect. It was not to be borne—not in solitude. He bolted out of the chartroom, and talked of indifferent things somewhat idly with the officer of the watch on the bridge, to the mocking accompaniment of a ghostly piano.

The last thing to be recorded is that Lieutenant Heemskirk instead of pursuing his course toward Ternate, where he was expected, went out of his way to call at Makasser, where no one was looking for his arrival. Once there, he gave certain explanations and laid a certain proposal before the governor, or some other authority, and obtained permission to do what he thought fit in these matters. Thereupon the *Neptun,* giving up Ternate altogether, steamed north in view of the mountainous coast of Celebes, and when crossing the broad straits took up her station on the low coast of virgin forests, inviolate and mute, in waters phosphorescent at night, deep blue in daytime with gleaming green patches over the submerged reefs. For days the *Neptun* could be seen moving smoothly up and down the somber face of the shore, or hanging about with a watchful air near the silvery breaks of broad estuaries, under the great luminous sky never softened, never veiled, and flooding the earth with the everlasting sunshine of the tropics—that sunshine which, in its unbroken splendor, oppresses the soul with an inexpressible melancholy more intimate, more penetrating, more profound than the gray sadness of the northern mists.

* * *

The trading brig *Bonito* appeared gliding round a somber forest-clad point of land on the silvery estuary of a great river. The breath of air that gave her motion would not have fluttered the flame of a torch. She stole out into the open from behind a veil of unstirring leaves, mysteriously silent, ghostly white, and solemnly stealthy in her imperceptible progress; and Jasper, his elbow in the main rigging and his head leaning against his hand, thought of Freya. Everything in the world reminded him of her. The beauty of the loved woman exists in the beauties of Nature. The swelling outlines of the hills, the curves of a coast, the free sinuosities of a river are less suave than the harmonious lines of her body, and when she moves, gliding lightly, the grace of her progress suggests the power of occult forces which rule the fascinating aspects of the visible world.

Dependent on things as all men are, Jasper loved his vessel—the house of his dreams. He lent to her something of Freya's soul. Her deck was the foothold of their love. The possession of his brig appeased his passion in a soothing certitude of happiness already conquered.

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The full moon was some way up, perfect and serene, floating in air as calm and limpid as the glance of Freya's eyes. There was not a sound in the brig.

"Here she will stand, by my side, on evenings like this," he thought, with rapture.

And it was at that moment, in this peace, in this serenity, under the full, benign gaze of the moon propitious to lovers, on a sea without a wrinkle, under a sky without a cloud, as if all Nature had assumed its most clement mood in a spirit of mockery, that the gunboat *Neptun*, detaching herself from the dark coast under which she had been lying invisible, steamed out to intercept the trading brig *Bonito* standing out to sea.

Directly the gunboat had been made out emerging from her ambush, Schultz, of the fascinating voice, had given signs of strange agitation. All that day, ever since the Malay town up the river, he had shown a haggard face, going about his duties like a man with something weighing on his mind. Jasper had noticed it, but the mate, turning away, as though he had not liked being looked at, had muttered shamefacedly of a headache and a touch of fever. He must have had it very badly when, dodging behind his captain, he wondered aloud: "What can that fellow want with us?" . . . A naked man standing in a freezing blast and trying not to shiver could not have spoken with a more harshly uncertain intonation. But it might have been fever—a cold fit.

"He wants to make himself disagreeable, simply," said Jasper, with perfect good humor. "He has tried it on me before. However, we shall soon see."

And, indeed, before long the two vessels lay abreast within easy hail. The brig, with her fine lines and her white sails, looked vaporous and sylph-like in the moonlight. The gunboat, short, squat, with her stumpy dark spars naked like dead trees, raised against the luminous sky of that resplendent night, threw a heavy shadow on the lane of water between the two ships.

FREYA HAUNTED them both like an ubiquitous spirit, and as if she were the only woman in the world. Jasper remembered her recommendations to be guarded and cautious in all his acts and words while he was away from her. In this quite unforeseen encounter he felt on his ear the very breath of these hurried admonitions customary to the last moment of their partings, heard the half-jesting final whisper of the "Mind, kid, I'd never forgive you!" with a quick pressure on his arm, which he answered by a quiet, confident smile. Heemskirk was haunted in another fashion. There were no whispers in it; it was more like visions. He saw that girl hanging round the neck of a low vagabond—*that* vagabond, the vagabond who had just answered his hail. He saw her stealing barefooted across a veranda with great, clear, wide-open, eager eyes to look at a brig—*that* brig. If she had shrieked, scolded, called names! . . . But she had simply triumphed over him. That was all. Led on (he firmly believed it), fooled, deceived, outraged, struck, mocked at. . . . Beak and claws! The two men, so differently haunted by Freya of the Seven Isles, were not equally matched.

In the intense stillness, as of sleep, which had fallen upon the two vessels, in a world that itself seemed but a delicate dream, a boat pulled by Javanese sailors crossing the dark lane of water came alongside the brig. The white warrant officer in her, perhaps the gunner, climbed aboard. He was a short man, with a rotund stomach and a wheezy voice. His immovable fat face looked lifeless in the moonlight, and he walked with his thick arms hanging away from his body as though he had been stuffed. His cunning little eyes glittered like bits of mica. He conveyed to Jasper, in broken English, a request to come on board the *Neptun*.

Jasper had not expected anything so unusual. But after a short reflection he decided to show neither annoyance, nor even surprise. The river from which he had come had been politically disturbed for a couple of years, and he was aware that his visits there were looked upon with some suspicion. But he did not mind much the displeasure of the authorities, so terrifying to old Nelson. He prepared to leave the brig, and Schultz followed him to the rail as if to say something, but in the end stood by in silence. Jasper getting over the side, noticed his ghastly face. The eyes of the man who had found salvation in the brig from the effects of his peculiar psychology looked at him with a dumb, beseeching expression.

"What's the matter?" Jasper asked.

"I wonder how this will end?" said he of the beautiful voice, which had even fascinated the steady Freya herself. But where was its charming timber now? These words had sounded like a raven's croak.

"You are ill," said Jasper positively.

"I wish I were dead!" was the startling statement uttered by Schultz talking to himself in the extremity of some mysterious trouble. Jasper gave him a keen glance, but this was not the time to investigate the morbid outbreak of a feverish man. He did not look as though he were actually delirious, and that for the moment must suffice. Schultz made a dart forward.

"That fellow means harm!" he said desperately. "He means harm to you, Captain Allen. I feel it, and I——"

He choked with inexplicable emotion.

"All right, Schultz. I won't give him an opening." Jasper cut him short and swung himself into the boat.

On board the *Neptun* Heemskirk, standing straddle-legs in the flood of moonlight, his inky shadow falling right across the quarter-deck, made no sign at his approach, but secretly he felt something like the heave of the sea in his chest at the sight of that man. Jasper waited before him in silence.

Brought face to face in direct personal contact, they fell at once into the manner of their casual meetings in old Nelson's bungalow. They ignored each other's existence—Heemskirk moodily; Jasper, with a perfectly colorless quietness.

"What's going on in that river you've just come out of?" asked the lieutenant straight away.

"I know nothing of the troubles, if you mean that," Jasper answered. "I've landed there half a cargo of rice, for which I got nothing in exchange, and went away. There's no trade there now, but they would have been starving in a week if I hadn't turned up."

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"Meddling! English meddling! And suppose the rascals don't deserve anything better than to starve, eh?"

"There are women and children there, you know," observed Jasper, in his even tone.

"Oh, yes! When an Englishman talks of women and children, you may be sure there's something fishy about the business. Your doings will have to be investigated."

They spoke in turn, as though they had been disembodied spirits—mere voices in empty air; for they looked at each other as if there had been nothing there, or, at most, with as much recognition as one gives to an inanimate object, and no more. But now a silence fell. Heemskirk had thought, all at once: "She will tell him all about it. She will tell him while she hangs round his neck laughing." And the sudden desire to annihilate Jasper on the spot almost deprived him of his senses by its vehemence. He lost the power of speech, of vision. For a moment he absolutely couldn't see Jasper. But he heard him inquiring, as of the world at large:

"Am I, then, to conclude that the brig is detained?"

Heemskirk made a recovery in a flush of malignant satisfaction.

"She is. I am going to take her to Makassar in tow."

"The courts will have to decide on the legality of this," said Jasper, aware that the matter was becoming serious, but with assumed indifference.

"Oh, yes, the courts! Certainly. And as to you, I shall keep you on board here."

Jasper's dismay at being parted from his ship was betrayed by a stony immobility. It lasted but an instant. Then he turned away and hailed the brig. Mr. Schultz answered:

"Yes, sir."

"Get ready to receive a tow-rope from the gunboat! We are going to be taken to Makassar."

"Good God! What's that for, sir?" came an anxious cry faintly.

"Kindness, I suppose," Jasper, ironical, shouted with great deliberation. "We might have been—becalmed in here—for days. And hospitality. I am invited to stay—on board here."

The answer to this information was a loud ejaculation of distress. Jasper thought anxiously: "Why, the fellow's nerve's gone to pieces"; and with an awkward uneasiness of a new sort, looked intently at the brig. The thought that he was parted from her—for the first time since they came together—shook the apparently careless fortitude of his character to its very foundations, which were deep. All that time neither Heemskirk nor even his inky shadow had stirred in the least.

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¶ *It does not matter whether your favorite story has already appeared in the* GOLDEN BOOK *or not. We have been proud to find that an overwhelming number of the favorite stories chosen by contestants have appeared in our pages. But we are also particularly interested in those replies which have led us to, or reminded us of, stories which merit and have not yet found a place in the* GOLDEN BOOK.

¶ *The rules for the contest are simple ones: (1) Your story must not be longer than the average magazine short story. (2) Your 250-word statement of why you like a certain story, or what a particular story has meant to you, must carry your full name and address. (3) You need not send the story, but you must indicate the name of the book or the name and date of the magazine in which it appeared. (4) No manuscripts can be returned. (5) Entries for each month close on the first day of the preceding month.*

¶ *The Prize-Winning Essay for October appears on page 40 of this issue.*

"I am going to send a boat's crew and an officer on board your vessel," he announced to no one in particular. Jasper, tearing himself away from the absorbed contemplation of the brig, turned round, and, without passion, almost without expression in his voice, entered his protest against the whole of the proceedings. What he was thinking of was the delay. He counted the days. Makassar was actually on his way; and to be towed there really saved time. On the other hand, there would be some vexing formalities to go through. But the thing was too absurd. "The beetle's gone mad," he thought. "I'll be released at once. And if not, Mesman must enter into a bond for me." Mesman was a Dutch merchant with whom Jasper had had many dealings, a considerable person in Makassar.

"You protest? H'm!" Heemskirk muttered, and for a little longer remained motionless, his legs planted well apart, and his head lowered as though he were studying his own comical, deeply split shadow. Then he made a sign to the rotund gunner, who had kept at hand, motionless, like a vilely stuffed specimen of a fat man, with a lifeless face and glittering little eyes. The fellow approached, and stood at attention.

"You will board the brig with a boat's crew!"

"Ya, mynherr!"

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"You will have one of your men to steer her all the time," went on Heemskirk, giving his orders in English, apparently for Jasper's edification. "You hear?"

"Ya, mynherr."

"You will remain on deck and in charge all the time."

"Ya, mynherr."

Jasper felt as if, together with the command of the brig, his very heart were being taken out of his breast. Heemskirk asked, with a change of tone:

"What weapons have you on board?"

At one time all the ships trading in the China Seas had a license to carry a certain quantity of firearms for purposes of defense. Jasper answered:

"Eighteen rifles with their bayonets, which were on board when I bought her, four years ago. They have been declared."

"Where are they kept?"

"Fore-cabin. Mate has the key."

"You will take possession of them," said Heemskirk to the gunner.

"Ya, mynherr."

"What is this for? What do you mean to imply?" cried out Jasper; then bit his lip. "It's monstrous!" he muttered.

Heemskirk raised for a moment a heavy, as if suffering, glance.

"You may go," he said to his gunner. The fat man saluted, and departed.

During the next thirty hours the steady towing was interrupted once. At a signal from the brig, made by waving a flag on the forecastle, the gunboat was stopped. The badly stuffed specimen of a warrant-officer, getting into his boat, arrived on board the *Neptun* and hurried straight into his commander's cabin, his excitement at something he had to communicate being betrayed by the blinking of his small eyes. These two were closeted together for some time, while Jasper at the taffrail tried to make out if anything out of the common had occurred on board the brig. But nothing seemed to be amiss on board. However, he kept a look-out for the gunner; and, though he had avoided speaking to anybody since he had finished with Heemskirk, he stopped that man when he came out on deck again to ask how his mate was.

"He was feeling not very well when I left," he explained.

The fat warrant-officer, holding himself as though the effort of carrying his big stomach in front of him demanded a rigid carriage, understood with difficulty. Not a single one of his features showed the slightest animation, but his little eyes blinked rapidly at last.

"Oh, ya! The mate. Ya, ya! He is very well. But, mein Gott, he is one very funny man!"

Jasper could get no explanation of that remark because the Dutchman got into the boat hurriedly, and went back on board the brig. But he consoled himself with the thought that very soon all this unpleasant and rather absurd experience would be over. The roadstead of Makassar was in sight already. Heemskirk passed by him going on the bridge. For the first time the lieutenant looked at Jasper with marked intention; and the strange roll of his eyes was so funny—it had been long agreed by Jasper and Freya that the lieutenant was funny—so ecstatically gratified, as though he were rolling a tasty morsel on his tongue, that Jasper could not help a broad smile. And then he turned to his brig again.

To see her, his cherished possession, animated by something of his Freya's soul, the only foothold of two lives on the wide earth, the security of his passion, the companion of adventure, the power to snatch the calm, adorable Freya to his breast, and carry her off to the end of the world; to see this beautiful thing embodying worthily his pride and his love, to see her captive at the end of a tow-rope was not indeed a pleasant experience. It had something nightmarish in it, as, for instance, the dream of a wild sea-bird loaded with chains.

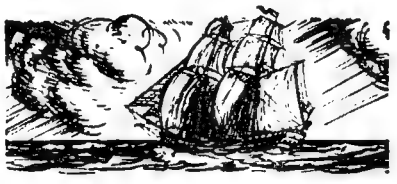
Yet what else could he want to look at? Her beauty would sometimes come to his heart with the force of a spell, so that he would forget where he was. And, besides, that sense of superiority which the certitude of being loved gives to a young man, that illusion of being set above the Fates by a tender look in a woman's eyes, helped him, the first shock over, to go through these experiences with an amused self-confidence. For what evil could touch the elect of Freya?

It was now afternoon, the sun being behind the two vessels as they headed for the harbor. "The beetle's little joke will soon be over," thought Jasper, without any great animosity. As a seaman well acquainted with that part of the world, a casual glance was enough to tell him what was being done. "Hallo," he thought, "he is going through Spermonde Passage. We shall be rounding Tamissa reef presently." And again he returned to the contemplation of his brig, that mainstay of his material and emotional existence which would be soon in his hands again. On a sea, calm as a millpond, a heavy smooth ripple undulated and streamed away from her bows, for the powerful *Neptun* was towing at great speed, as if for a wager. The Dutch gunner appeared on the forecastle of the *Bonito,* and with him a couple of men. They stood looking at the coast, and Jasper lost himself in a lover-like trance.

The deep-toned blast of the gunboat's steam-whistle made him shudder by its unexpectedness. Slowly he looked about. Swift as lightning he leaped from where he stood, bounding forward along the deck.

"You will be on Tamissa reef!" he yelled.

High up on the bridge Heemskirk looked back over his shoulder heavily; two seamen were spinning the wheel round, and the *Neptun* was already swinging rapidly away from the edge of the pale water over the danger. Ha! Just in time. Jasper turned about instantly to watch his brig; and, even before he realized that—in obedience, it appears, to Heemskirk's orders given beforehand to the gunner—the tow-rope had been let go at the blast of the whistle, before he had time to cry out or to move a limb he saw her cast adrift and shooting across the gunboat's stern with the impetus of her speed. He followed her fine, gliding form with eyes growing big



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with incredulity, wild with horror. The cries on board of her came to him only as a dreadful and confused murmur through the loud thumping of blood in his ears while she held on. She ran upright in a terrible display of her gift of speed, with an incomparable air of life and grace. She ran on till the smooth level of water in front of her bows seemed to sink down suddenly as if sucked away; and, with a strange, violent tremor of her mastheads she stopped, inclined her lofty spars a little, and lay still. She lay still on the reef, while the *Neptun,* fetching a wide circle, continued at full speed up Spermonde Passage, heading for the town. She lay still, perfectly still, with something ill-omened and unnatural in her attitude. In an instant the subtle melancholy of things touched by decay had fallen on her in the sunshine; she was but a speck in the brilliant emptiness of space, already lonely, already desolate.

"Hold him!" yelled a voice from the bridge.

Jasper had started to run to his brig with a headlong impulse, as a man dashes forward to pull away with his hands a living, breathing, loved creature from the brink of destruction. "Hold him! Stick to him!" vociferated the lieutenant at the top of the bridge-ladder, while Jasper struggled madly without a word, only his head emerging from the heaving crowd of the *Neptun's* seamen, who had flung themselves upon him obediently. "Hold—— I would not have that fellow drown himself for anything now!"

Jasper ceased struggling.

One by one they let go of him; they fell back gradually farther and farther, in attentive silence, leaving him standing unsupported in a widened, clear space, as if to give him plenty of room to fall after the struggle. He did not even sway perceptibly. Half an hour later, when the *Neptun* anchored in front of the town, he had not stirred yet, had moved neither head nor limb as much as a hair's breadth. Directly the rumble of the gunboat's cable had ceased Heemskirk came down heavily from the bridge.

"Call a sampan," he said, in a gloomy tone, as he passed the sentry at the gangway, and then moved on slowly towards the spot where Jasper, the object of many awed glances, stood looking at the deck, as if lost in a brown study. Heemskirk came up close, and stared at him thoughtfully, with his fingers over his lips. Here he was, the favored vagabond, the only man to whom that infernal girl was likely to tell the story. But he would not find it funny. The story how Lieutenant Heemskirk—— No, he would not laugh at it. He looked as though he would never laugh at anything in his life.

Suddenly Jasper looked up. His eyes, without any other expression but bewilderment, met those of Heemskirk, observant and somber.

"Gone on the reef!" he said, in a low, astounded tone. "On—the—reef!" he repeated still lower and as if attending inwardly to the birth of some awful and amazing sensation.

"On the very top of high-water, spring tides," Heemskirk struck in, with a vindictive, exulting violence which flashed and expired. He paused, as if weary, fixing upon Jasper his arrogant eyes, over which secret disenchantment, the unavoidable shadow

of all passion seemed to pass like a saddening cloud. "On the very top," he repeated, rousing himself in fierce reaction to snatch his laced cap off his head with a horizontal, derisive flourish towards the gangway. "And now you may go ashore to the courts, you damned Englishman!" he said.

The affair of the brig *Bonito* was bound to cause a sensation in Makassar, the prettiest, and perhaps the cleanest-looking of all the towns in the islands; which however knows few occasions for excitement. The "front," with its special population, was soon aware that something had happened. A steamer towing a sailing vessel had been observed far out to sea for some time, and when the steamer came in alone, leaving the other outside, attention was aroused. Why was that? Her masts only could be seen—with furled sails—remaining in the same place to the southward. And soon the rumor ran all along the crowded seashore street that there was a ship on Tamissa reef. That crowd interpreted the appearance correctly. Its cause was beyond their penetration, for who could associate a girl nine hundred miles away with the stranding of a ship on Tamissa reef, or look for the remote filiation of that event in the psychology of at least three people, even if one of them, Lieutenant Heemskirk, was at that very moment passing amongst them on his way to make his verbal report?

VI

No; the minds on the "front" were not competent for that sort of investigation, but many hands there—brown hands, yellow hands, white hands—were raised to shade the eyes gazing out to sea. The rumor spread quickly. Chinese shopkeepers came to their doors, more than one white merchant, even, rose from his desk to go to the window. After all, a ship on Tamissa was not an everyday occurrence. And presently the rumor took a more definite shape. An English trader—detained on suspicion at sea by the *Neptun*—Heemskirk was towing him in to test a case, and by some strange accident——

Later on the name came out. "The *Bonito*—what! Impossible! Yes—yes, the *Bonito.* Look! You can see from here; only two masts. It's a brig. Didn't think that man would ever let himself be caught. Heemskirk's pretty smart, too. They say she's fitted out in her cabin like a gentleman's yacht. That Allen is a sort of gentleman, too. An extravagant beggar."

A young man entered smartly Messrs. Mesman Brothers' office on the "front," bubbling with some further information.

"Oh, yes; that's the *Bonito* for certain! But you don't know the story I've heard just now. The fellow must have been feeding that river with firearms for the last year or two. Well, it seems he has grown so reckless from long impunity that he has actually dared to sell the very ship's rifles this time. It's a fact. The rifles are not on board. What impudence! Only, he didn't know that there was one of our warships on the coast. But those Englishmen are so impudent that

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perhaps he thought that nothing would be done to him for it. Our courts do let off these fellows too often, on some miserable excuse or other. But, at any rate, there's an end of the famous *Bonito*. I have just heard in the harbor office that she must have gone on at the very top of high-water; and she is in ballast, too. No human power, they think, can move her from where she is. I only hope it is so. It would be fine to have the notorious *Bonito* stuck up there as a warning to others."

Mr. J. Mesman, a colonial-born Dutchman, a kind, paternal old fellow, with a clean-shaven, quiet, handsome face, and a head of fine iron-gray hair curling a little on his collar, did not say a word in defense of Jasper and the *Bonito*. He rose from his arm-chair suddenly. His face was visibly troubled. It had so happened that once, from a business talk of ways and means, island trade, money matters, and so on, Jasper had been led to open himself to him on the subject of Freya; and the excellent man, who had known old Nelson years before and even remembered something of Freya, was much astonished and amused by the unfolding of the tale.

"Well, well, well! Nelson! Yes; of course. A very honest sort of man. And a little child with very fair hair. Oh, yes! I have a distinct recollection. And so she has grown into such a fine girl, so very determined, so very——" And he laughed almost boisterously. "Mind, when you have happily eloped with your future wife, Captain Allen, you must come along this way, and we shall welcome her here. A little fair-headed child! I remember. I remember."

It was that knowledge which had brought trouble to his face at the first news of the wreck. He took up his hat. "Where are you going, Mr. Mesman?"

"I am going to look for Allen. I think he must be ashore. Does anybody know?"

No one of those present knew. And Mr. Mesman went out on the "front" to make inquiries.

THE OTHER PART of the town, the part near the church and the fort, got its information in another way. The first thing disclosed to it was Jasper himself walking rapidly, as though pursued. And, as a matter of fact, a Chinaman, obviously a sampan man, was following him at the same headlong pace. Suddenly, while passing Orange House, Jasper swerved and went in, or, rather, rushed in, startling Gomez, the hotel clerk, very much. But a Chinaman beginning to make an unseemly noise at the door claimed the immediate attention of Gomez. His grievance was that the white man whom he had brought on shore from the gunboat had not paid him his boat-fare. He had pursued him so far, asking for it all the way. But the white man had taken no notice whatever of his just claim. Gomez satisfied the coolie with a few coppers, and then went to look for Jasper, whom he knew very well. He found him standing stiffly by a little round table. At the other end of the veranda a few men sitting there had stopped talking, and were looking at him in silence. Two billiard-players, with cues in their hands, had come to the door of the billiard-room and stared, too.

On Gomez coming up to him, Jasper raised one hand to point at his own throat. Gomez noted the somewhat soiled state of his white clothes, then took one look at his face, and fled away to order the drink for which Jasper seemed to be asking.

Where he wanted to go—for what purpose—where he, perhaps, only imagined himself to be going, when a sudden impulse or the sight of a familiar place had made him turn into Orange House—it is impossible to say. He was steadying himself lightly with the tips of his fingers on the little table. There were on that veranda two men whom he knew well personally, but his gaze roaming incessantly as though he were looking for a way of escape, passed and repassed over them without a sign of recognition. They, on their side, looking at him, doubted the evidence of their own eyes. It was not that his face was distorted. On the contrary, it was still, it was set. But its expression, somehow, was unrecognizable. Can that be him? they wondered with awe.

In his head there was a wild chaos of clear thoughts. Perfectly clear. It was this clearness which was so terrible in conjunction with the utter inability to lay hold of any single one of them all. He was saying to himself, or to them: "Steady, steady." A China boy appeared before him with a glass on a tray. He poured the drink down his throat, and rushed out. His disappearance removed the spell of wonder from the beholders. One of the men jumped up and moved quickly to that side of the veranda from which almost the whole of the roadstead could be seen. At the very moment when Jasper, issuing from the door of the Orange House, was passing under him in the street below, he cried to the others excitedly:

"That was Allen right enough! But where is his brig?"

Jasper heard these words with extraordinary loudness. The heavens rang with them, as if calling him to account; for those were the very words Freya would have to use. It was an annihilating question; it struck his consciousness like a thunderbolt and brought a sudden night upon the chaos of his thoughts even as he walked. He did not check his pace. He went on in the darkness for another three strides, and then fell.

The good Mesman had to push on as far as the hospital before he found him. The doctor there talked of a slight heatstroke. Nothing very much. Out in three days. . . . It must be admitted that the doctor was right. In three days, Jasper Allen came out of the hospital and became visible to the town—very visible indeed—and remained so for quite a long time; long enough to become almost one of the sights of the place; long enough to become disregarded at last; long enough for the tale of his haunting visibility to be remembered in the islands to this day.

The talk on the "front" and Jasper's appearance in the Orange House stand at the beginning of the famous *Bonito* case, and give a view of its two aspects —the practical and the psychological. The case for the courts and the case for compassion; that last terribly evident and yet obscure.

It has, you must understand, remained obscure even for that friend of mine who wrote me the letter mentioned in the very first lines of this narrative. He was

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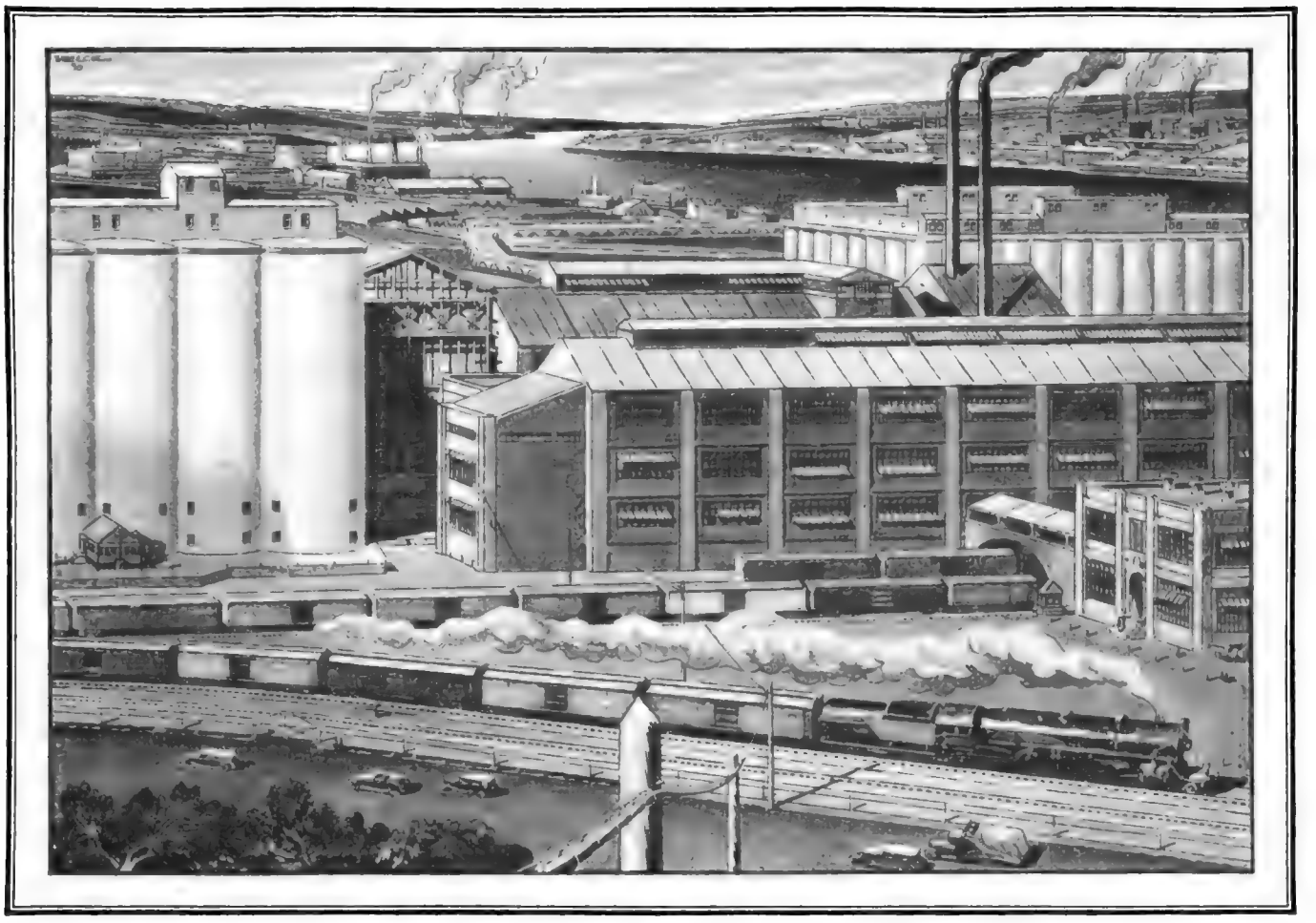

Giants out of the earth

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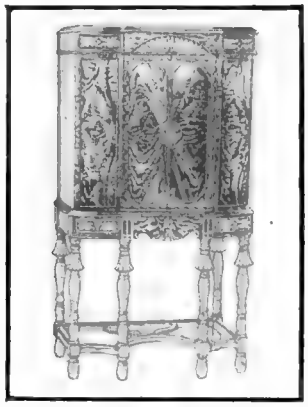

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one of those in Mr. Mesman's office, and accompanied that gentleman in his search for Jasper. His letter described to me the two aspects and some of the episodes of the case. Heemskirk's attitude was that of deep thankfulness for not having lost his own ship, and that was all. Haze over the land was his explanation of having got so close to Tamissa reef. He saved his ship, and for the rest he did not care. As to the fat gunner, he deposed simply that he thought at the time that he was acting for the best by letting go the tow-rope, but admitted that he was greatly confused by the suddenness of the emergency.

As a matter of fact, he had acted on very precise instructions from Heemskirk, to whom through several years' service together in the East he had become a sort of devoted henchman. What was most amazing in the detention of the *Bonito* was his story how, proceeding to take possession of the firearms as ordered, he discovered that there were no firearms on board. All he found in the fore-cabin was an empty rack for the proper number of eighteen rifles, but of the rifles themselves never a single one anywhere in the ship. The mate of the brig, who looked rather ill and behaved excitedly, as though he were perhaps a lunatic, wanted him to believe that Captain Allen knew nothing of this; that it was he, the mate, who had recently sold these rifles in the dead of night to a certain person up the river. In proof of this story he produced a bag of silver dollars and pressed it on his, the gunner's, acceptance. Then, suddenly flinging it down on the deck, he beat his own head with both his fists and started heaping shocking curses upon his own soul for an ungrateful wretch not fit to live.

All this the gunner reported at once to his commanding officer.

What Heemskirk intended by taking upon himself to detain the *Bonito* it is difficult to say, except that he meant to bring some trouble into the life of the man favored by Freya. He had been looking at Jasper with a desire to strike that man of kisses and embraces to the earth. The question was: How could he do it without giving himself away? But the report of the gunner created a serious case enough. Yet Allen had friends —and who could tell whether he wouldn't somehow succeed in wriggling out of it? The idea of simply towing the brig so much compromised on to the reef came to him while he was listening to the fat gunner in his cabin. There was but little risk of being disapproved now. And it should be made to appear an accident.

Going out on deck he had gloated upon his unconscious victim with such a sinister roll of his eyes, such a queerly pursed mouth, that Jasper could not help smiling. And the lieutenant had gone on the bridge, saying to himself:

"You wait! I shall spoil the taste of those sweet kisses for you. When you

(*Continued on page* 105)

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Provincial Furniture of France

A provincial walnut dresser, or buffet, from the south of France. Note the delicate, shallow carving, and the long hinges. The china is Swiss and French.
Courtesy of C. Vandevere Howard, Inc.

An American interpretation of a French farmhouse which retains the quaintness and charm of its native country.
Chester A. Patterson, Architect. Courtesy of Mattie Edwards Hewitt

A COMPLETE HISTORY of French furniture has never been written. For these histories generally include in only a very sketchy way the furniture made and used by the lower middle classes, the artisans and peasants. Yet this vast army of people in the provinces gave to their possessions an individual style, varying with geographical situation, climate and temperament. They never, strictly speaking, evolved the primary germ of a new style. But they had a wonderful and unerring gift for assimilating foreign ideas, and recasting them in the crucible of their own brain, giving them anew to the world, stamped with the grace and truth of proportion that are the distinguishing characteristics of French taste. Serenely and surely they have chosen from all periods that which appealed to their sense of fitness and beauty—and made it their own. The present passion for the pieces of furniture that for many generations the folk of Provence, Lorraine, Brittany or Normandy, as the case may be, have polished by use and hallowed by tradition, is leading us to revaluations and teaching us a lesson in which we stand badly in need—a lesson in honesty and professional conscience. For they are practical—their sturdy strength is proof against the lapse of years, and they never hide bad wood and workmanship under a cover of pompous ornamentation. They are impressing upon our hurried minds the truth of the assertion that "an antique that has survived the buffets of time through sheer worth confers upon its surroundings an impression of caste that is unmistakable. It is a presence in any atmosphere—compelling esteem." Slowly we are absorbing the idea that our creations should be built for posterity, and passed on as enduring assets.

The now established vogue for Americana is based on the fact that there lies dormant in all of us a reverence for what our ancestors handed down, and the opening of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum brought this instinct into the broad light of day, at the same time stimulating interest in the early and provincial art of other countries —especially of France. The traditional friendship between America and France has existed for a long time.

The living-room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley Dunn at Wilson Point, South Norwalk, Conn., is a typical Normandy interior. Note the detail of the fireplace, the exposed beams and broad floor-boards. The furniture is Swiss, with the exception of the panetière, or bread box in the corner, the shelf above it, and one small chair.
Courtesy of Frank J. Forster, Architect John Wallace Gillies, Photographer

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ART IN EVERYDAY LIVING

A Monthly Feature by

LEONORA R. BAXTER

A typical Brittany lit-clos (closed bed) of oak, showing characteristic ornamentation. The central panels slide back to admit the family, who sleep on shelves as in a cupboard.
Courtesy of Ann Elsey

In this living-room in an American French provincial house the walls are rough white plaster, and the ceiling and floors of old oak. The mantel is a duplicate of one found in an old Normandy chateau. In such a setting provincial furniture is at its best. The arrangement here shows modern treatment of mixed periods and types.
Courtesy of Helen Pascal, Decorator
Frank J. Forster, Architect

Following the Revolution there was a great wave of French influence, kept alive by the visit of Lafayette, and by the presence among us of numerous Frenchmen who were exiles from their war-crazed country. They entered into the lives of people of taste, and inevitably left their impress. St. Memin, for instance, journeyed through the states of the Atlantic seaboard, leaving behind him his famous crayon portraits of men and women of importance, and inculcating a love for everything French. French chefs came over and catered to our palates, French importations increased. Finally we formed the habit of accepting whatever arrived from France as desirable for our own use.

About the close of the XIX. Century people began to conceive the idea that living in the country, or suburbs, was the thing to do. This exodus away from cities increased enormously when the advent of the automobile made the movement economically possible for all classes. Seeking variety of style for these new homes we naturally turned to France, the country which possesses the most beautiful rural dwellings in the world, both large and small, grand and simple. The wealthy American built his chateau, and the man of modest means found adaptability and beauty in the farmhouses and cottages of Normandy and the other provinces. Such houses seemed to call for furniture in keeping with their traditions, so logically, just when we were looking for something new, the provincial furniture of France came to grace new settings, and fitted in perfectly—even mingling graciously with early American pieces. We turned with pleasure from the inevitable chintz to the quaint linens, toiles and quilted cushions—to the rough plaster walls, exposed beams, huge fireplaces and deeply recessed windows of rural homes of the French countryside.

Because of limited space we can not trace the complete evolution of French provincial furniture. We must chiefly concern ourselves with that which comes most to this country—the furniture of the XVIII. Century. But I can't resist a backward glance at the nomadic days when the furniture of a household was scant and all transportable—when the most powerful lord had only one set of domestic equipment (mostly chests), every stick of which he took with him on his frequent enforced flights. This condition existed much longer than might be imagined, for we read in the inventory of Catherine de Medici's furniture that when she wished to eat or sleep in the sumptuous town house Jean Bullant built for her in the rue du Four, "The necessary furniture was brought in, and carried back after her departure."

From the south of France comes this walnut refectory table of the Louis XIII. period. It is beautifully carved and has a folding top. Such tables are sometimes found in butcher shops, serving as chopping boards.

Courtesy of C. Vandevere Howard, Inc.

The style known as Louis XIII. persisted for a hundred years. It is quite distinctive, and not wholly national in character, as his mother was a Florentine. Bourgeois pieces of this type are fairly plentiful in remote places, as well as reasonable in price, due to the present-day greater demand for XVIII. Century examples. Louis XIV. was the first French-

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The entrance hall in this American French provincial house is copied from a small Normandy chateau. The walls are rough white plaster, and the oak floor is covered with hooked and oriental rugs.
Frank J. Forster, Architect
Courtesy of Helen Pascal, Decorator

This room in the home of Ann Elsey, Chateau la Jouvène, La Valentine, Marseille, illustrates a decorative scheme quite popular in Paris today, that of provincial directoire furniture with modern embellishments. The walls here are gray and the hangings blend from white through beige, light and dark brown to black. The graceful daybed is upholstered in antique green bourette de soie.

king to have each of his royal mansions completely furnished, and even at that, his frequent flittings between Versailles and Fontainebleau almost amounted to the horror we would call "moving." We never find peasant furniture before the end of the reign of Louis XIV, for the excellent reason that prior to that time the poor peasant had nothing but a rude bed and a chest made of planks.

It simplifies things to remember that the provincial furniture of France is divided into three classes—(1) peasant or rustic, (2) bourgeois or middle class, and (3) the much more sophisticated chateau type. Each has infinite charm and distinction.

Exclusive Brittany

In attempting to set forth some of the distinguishing characteristics of the various provinces, Brittany should come first, because her traditions of country art have resisted and persisted over the longest period of time. This is due to location as much as to temperament, for Brittany is far removed from the highways leading from Italy to France, hence never came in contact with the different period influences, as did the other provinces. Being situated at the extremity of France, between two seas, rendered her immune from the Italian Renaissance, and, long an independent duchy, she stubbornly opposed innovations.

The marked religious traits of the Bretons were inherited from generations of seafaring folk whose occupation necessitated a constant struggle against the elements—whose rugged and rock-bound coasts were mercilessly beaten by continuous gales—whose very lives depended upon what they could wrest from the sea. It was from here that the Newfoundland and Iceland fishing fleets put out in the spring, and during their absence Bretons prayed constantly for their welfare, in chapels, churches, and at wayside shrines. Benediction services were held the Sunday before the sailing, and once a year, when these men had come safely home, the famous and picturesque "Pardon for Fishermen" took place. No wonder then, that this strong religious element was reflected in their furniture, the motifs for which were adapted from the windows and altars of churches, and from the bell towers, which were prominent features of Breton villages. Oak was the wood in common use, and the favored decorative designs were geometric combinations, the Maltese cross, diamond points, rosettes, taken from rose windows of churches—and most frequently used of all was the turned spindle, made from the wood of the box tree. Some of these seem to have been borrowed from the epoch of Louis XIII., although until this day Brittany has held herself aloof from participation in French manners, habits or tastes, retaining a distinctly personal style—notably a certain heaviness of proportion, which is utterly opposed to the essence of French taste.

In this province the bourgeois did not exist until the XIX. Century. There were only peasants and the nobility, and they differed very little from each other in wealth or manner of living—hence simple peasant furniture was in general use. One large room constituted the farm or village dwelling, and in it the entire household, masters, servants, men and women, ate, slept, and lived. The cold climate and this enforced promiscuousness produced certain peculiarities that are best exemplified by the bed, (lit-clos) which was really a huge cupboard with sliding panels closing off bunks built one above the other. These were placed side by side along the wall, so close together that they gave the appearance of being part of the house construction. In front of each was a *coffre*, or chest, that served not only to hold clothes but as a step by which to climb, fully dressed, into the lofty bed. At one end of the room, opposite the window, was a long table flanked by benches, and near the fireplace were stationed square, heavy armoires—the first furniture made with doors. There was also a buffet, with shelves above for china, and the deep-banded table concealed the kneading

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trough and other necessary utensils. The beds were built to hold six or eight, and in the museum at Morbihan there is one that accommodates ten. Such beds were found in all of the cold provinces, although they are usually considered typical of Brittany because they persisted there until about a hundred years ago, longer than anywhere else.

Normandy—The Soul of France

Utterly unrelated is Brittany's closest and richer neighbor, Normandy, for nothing could be more French than this province. Many of us returning from Deauville have stopped at the Inn of William the Conqueror, and fallen under its magic spell. Countless travelers have threaded their way through the thatched villages and blossoming fields, never too weary or too hurried to bring away a vision of poignant and individual beauty that has endured for hundreds of years. Fewer, perhaps, have witnessed the blessing of the fields and orchards, a picturesque ceremony as characteristic of Normandy as the "Pardon for Fishermen" is of Brittany. It is observed before sunrise: down through the fragrant dewy fields, between the apple and cherry trees, moves the long procession, led by black-robed priests chanting prayers in Latin—asking God to bless the earth, the flowers, the crops, the grass, the murmuring streams — ending at the village church, with pæans of thanksgiving.

They are a people who possess what is known as *le grand tout*—a people of the most imposing cathedrals, the finest chateaux—and whether they manufacture pottery, copperware or furniture, one cannot ask anything better than the artistic conception of the Norman peasant, which transcends class and location. In a country where houses are built to last centuries, naturally, furniture is made with the same consideration. It was once the custom to fell the finest trees, split them into planks, and store them away for the use of the next generation—hence it is that we find this peasant furniture in a state of perfect preservation. Beginning way back in the VIII. Century, the various corporations that took refuge in the shadows of the big abbeys, found security and developed marvelously. The rich communities assured them constant and well paid work, demanding in return the highest order of workmanship. All the furniture, even the most rustic, was ornamented with wood carving, and the designs were rich but extremely simple. It is worth remarking that with the passing of years, the changing tides of fashion had little influence on these Norman *ébénistes*. Thus it happens that a Normandy piece of the late XVIII. Century may combine features from the styles of all the Louises, and from more remote periods, losing nothing in harmony by this cumulative treatment. Design and proportion were perfect—each piece was assembled with wooden pegs, and native oak was generally employed, which from long polishing and use took on the tone of mahogany. The doors, doorways and chests that date even from the earliest periods are the highest expression of cabinetry, and later on, during the XV. and XVI. Centuries, schools of sculpture were founded at Rouen, Caen and Bayeux—and it is to this period that we owe the quaint high-gabled houses whose every timber is a work of art. The Norman interior was invented for comfort by an economical, enterprising and home-loving people, and has the appreciable advantage of being durable as well as beautiful. The home of the humbler peasant consists of one large room, called *la maison*, and frequently flanked by woodsheds.

Glimpsing a Normandy bedroom in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley Dunn, at Wilson Point, South Norwalk, Conn.
Courtesy of Frank J. Forster, Architect
John Wallace Gillies, Photographer

Corner of a room in the home of Ann Elsey, Chateau la Jouvène, La Valentine, Marseille. The Louis XV. low buffet in poplar is a fine rustic piece. The Henry II. (1660) bookcase, is a rare example of the period. The Directoire bergères are upholstered in blue toile de Juoy.

This corner of a living-room shows French provincial furniture in a modern setting. The walnut armchair is Louis XIV., covered in an old flowered toile. The secretary is Empire, in walnut, with a black marble top.
Courtesy of Helen Pascal

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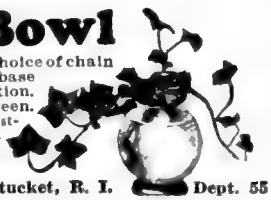

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Given even the ghost of financial ease, and the peasant's *la maison* becomes the living-room and kitchen only, with a separate bedchamber. The pieces of furniture most characteristic of Normandy are the famous armoires, cupboards, grandfather's clocks, tables, buffets, benches, chaise longues, and chairs of great variety, quaintly cushioned and always rush-bottomed, except in chateau types. The pieces considered essential

A graceful provincial Louis XV. poudreuse of walnut. These little dressing tables are much in demand.

Courtesy of C. Vandeveere Howard, Inc.

are the table, buffet, and the grandfather's clock, the latter much more ornate than timepieces in other provinces. The *vasselier,* or china holder, a tier of shelves lined with gay linen, that may hang on the wall or stand on a low buffet, is one of the most decorative of a whole series of things for the wall, much like those of Provence. The true Normandy table is either long and narrow, with a bench at each side, or square with leaves that draw out from underneath the top.

The *chef-d'oeuvre* of the cabinet makers of this province, the armoire, is one of the finest and most individual pieces of French provincial furniture. Its architecture differed with the region, but it is almost always elaborately carved and embellished with beautiful brass and copper locks and hinges. In the ornamentation, the love of nature inherent in every Norman peasant is reflected—the lilac, marguerite, eglantine and the rose, mingled with delicate leaves, run riot over the crossbars and around the panels, which are invariably left plain. It is said that in the vicinity of Fécamp the number of roses which bedeck an armoire establishes its value. Among the bourgeois, who are numerous and wealthy in Normandy, and among well-to-do peasants, the commode is often found. It is of the Louis XV. and XVI. styles and is fashioned with delicate carving and mouldings. In the sleeping room the bed is always in an alcove—four-posted and draped. As I remarked before, the na-

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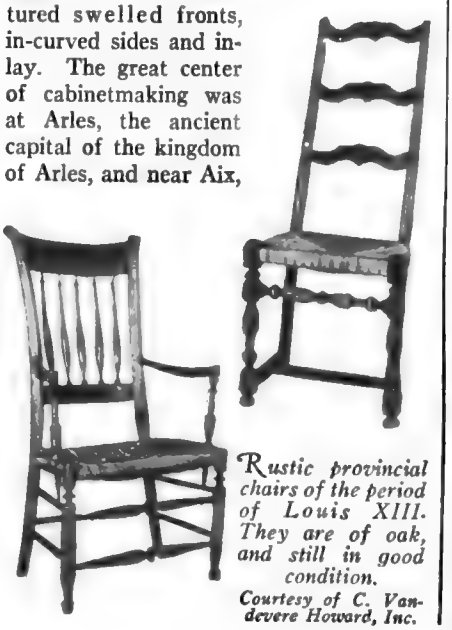
tive wood is oak, but exotic woods, such as mahogany and ebony, were often employed in the bourgeois furniture of the XVIII. Century, coming into Normandy via Cherbourg and Dieppe. Even then they were massively used, and never entered into the construction of the smaller and simpler peasant pieces.

The Charm of Provence

Provence, in the southeastern part of France, is one of the most distinctive of the French provinces, and the furniture is typical of its native soil, although, for some unknown reason, it shows a rather close relationship to that of Normandy. During the sixteenth century the style of the Italian Renaissance reigned supreme here, and this influence is still evident in the palaces at Marseille, Aix and Nice, also in the rural chateaux. The territorial area of Provence is extensive and diversified, hence the first characteristic of Provençal furniture is its wide variety of types and shapes—conforming, so to speak, to the country.

The second is a striking originality, due to the long independence of Provence as a separate duchy, which attitude is maintained even after entering the French kingdom. The third characteristic is robustness of construction, combined with rich and variegated ornamentation, which is, however, always subordinated to architectural outline. The carving is in shallow relief, more like engraving, and its wealth of detail is inspired by the native flora—bunches of grapes, sheaves of wheat, pine cones, olive branches. Further embellishment consisted of elaborate steel hinges and locks, which were often larger than the proportion of the piece called for. The more sophisticated furniture featured swelled fronts, in-curved sides and inlay. The great center of cabinetmaking was at Arles, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Arles, and near Aix,



Rustic provincial chairs of the period of Louis XIII. They are of oak, and still in good condition.

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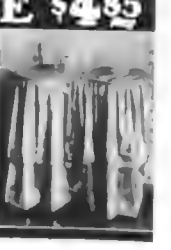

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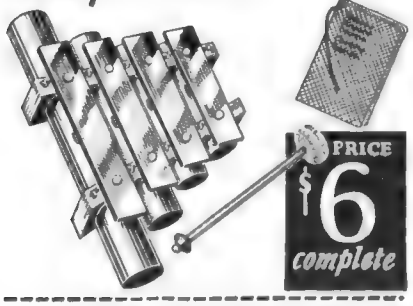

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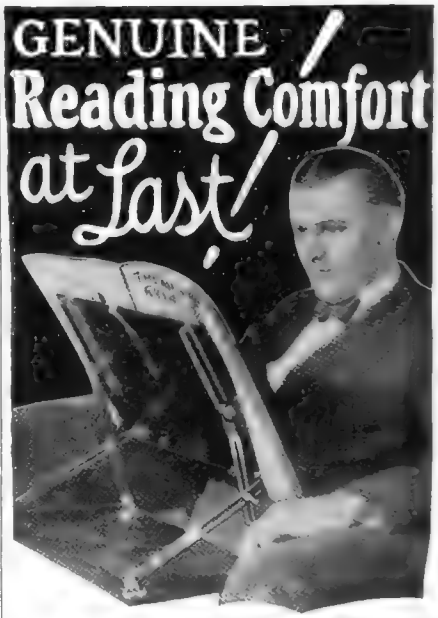
the capital. But ateliers were soon established at Avignon, Carpentras and elsewhere—all of them producing unique and original pieces so well adapted to the comforts and adornment of household existence that their value and desirability will never diminish. Provence was rich in native oak, cherry and chestnut, which were extensively used, but the cabinetmakers at Arles preferred walnut because of its receptivity to carving, and this wood they imported from Bas-Languedoc. The shipbuilders of that famous old seaport, Marseille, had great influence on local cabinetmaking, for they brought exotic woods from afar and carved them with intricate and opulent richness, setting an example that cabinetmakers followed—thus we find mirror frames of unusual beauty, often carved from one piece of wood. Provence, more than any other province, reveled in a wealth of small pieces for use on walls. There were hanging shelves of all shapes and sizes, to hold pewter, tumblers, plates, crockery, etc.,

Courtesy of Ann Elsey

A rare Provençal Bureau à Cylindre of the Louis XV. period. The incurving front apron contains three drawers mounted on curved supports with mouldings ending in voluted feet. The swelled rising cylindre shutter encloses small serpentine compartments and a draw-out, leather-lined, writing shelf.

and the salt boxes and knife holders were things of beauty. Mention must be made of the *pannetière*, or bread box, which is a little cage, fashioned of tiny spindles, with a delicately carved door, and topped with a lavishly ornamented cornice. Alphonse Daudet wrote of it; "That precious saucy little cage; 'tis all my country! With its bars wide enough apart for an arm to reach in, and a lock big enough for a safe."

In a rural Provençal home, the kitchen, or *la salle*, is the main room where everyone gathers. It is furnished as a living-room and unlike many other provinces, there is never a bed in it. On one side of the open fireplace is a built-in combination armoire and cupboard, and on the opposite side is a low buffet, or *buffet-crédence*, with a second and smaller cupboard on top of it. Another piece that is strictly Provençal is a diminutive narrow cupboard with a single door in the center, called the *garde-manger*—and in at least one corner of the room is a



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contonnière, or corner cupboard, with a swelled front. The sofa, or *canape,* long, deep-seated, its rush bottom cushioned in gay cotton material, is the seat most typical of Provence. In the bedroom of the bourgeois and peasant alike the bed and the armoire are the dominant pieces of furniture. Under Louis XV. the bed is called *lit à l'ange,* and no longer has posts, but a headboard of a single panel, exquisitely carved, and no footboard. It is always draped, and usually placed in an alcove, bedecked with brilliantly colored spreads.

Searching for furniture in Provence is a romantic occupation, and requires not only an intimate knowledge of the country, but unique methods and an understanding psychology to be able to induce the impoverished aristocrats to sell without hurt to their pride. The trail often leads to remote fastnesses long lost to the world, and picks up threads that go far back to the history and lore of another day. It seems that in France when an ancient name has run its course and death has drawn the curtain on past grandeurs, the family chateau is closed by the government, just as it is left, and kept intact for thirty years, at the end of which time whoever has a claim may sell its contents. In going from place to place a collector who is on friendly terms in the community may enlist the services of the town crier, who, in making his rounds, lets it be known with the aid of his drum, that a certain person is at the village Inn, and is there to buy—whereupon a few timid but haughty souls may creep forth to offer their inherited treasures. The day of "finds" is by no means over, but its twilight is approaching.

I have tried to review for the reader the provinces with which we Americans seem to be in closest touch, and I must pass by the others with just a word. In all the mountainous regions, and in the provinces that border the northern seas, furniture remains primitive and plain—in Burgundy and the Lyonnais it assumes the aspect of nobility—in Alsace one can trace the influence not only of Italy but of Switzerland, Austria and Germany—and upon the central provinces, lying near Paris, rests the impress of the highly sophisticated cabinet-makers of the city. The styles of Louis XV. and XVI. influenced the provinces more generally and for a longer time than any others. It was during the reigns of the Bourbons that French furniture knew its greatest development, in city and country alike, and when the dynasty succumbed in 1789, art sang its swan song.

MRS. BAXTER will write on "Furnishing the Small Living-Room" in the November GOLDEN BOOK.

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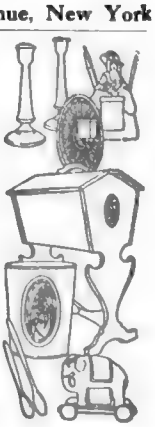

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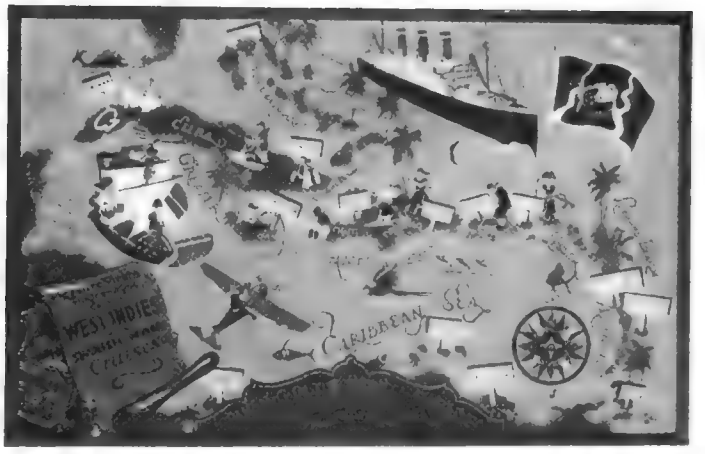
Be a Buccaneer!

By ROGER SHAW



Courtesy of Hamburg-American Line

PIRATE memories haunt the Caribbean region. Hereabouts stalk the ghosts of Henry Morgan, great Blackbeard, ill-fated Captain Kidd, and a thousand more. Before these worthies, there was a certain Christopher Columbus; and long after, the battleship *Maine*. The Caribbean fairly reeks with romance, and here is your chance to be a corsair. Let history repeat itself this winter!

For between mid-December and April Fools' Day, a series of cruises explores the haunts of the buccaneers. These trips are from two to four weeks' duration, costing but $200 to $300—or *up* if super-accommodations are desired, and the steamship lines and tourist agencies have arranged most attractive itineraries.

There is, for instance, Santo Domingo where Columbus landed. You can see the tree to which he tied his ocean liner in 1492. Some of the ancient churches are theaters, others are government buildings; some are churches. Cockfighting is the national sport. The little republic is "Spanish" black in population. Port-au-Prince, Haiti, at the other end of the island is "French" black. Here General Dumas, father of the great romancer, Alexandre, was born. Both Haiti and Santo Domingo are United States protectorates, in fact, if not in name.

Porto Rico is United States territory, and San Juan was the home of Ponce de Leon who searched for the fountain of youth so arduously. Here is a cathedral, a governor's palace, and San Cristobal, once one of the world's strongest fortresses. The Virgin Islands were Danish until 1917, when Uncle Samuel paid out for them a goodly sum of roubles. St. Thomas is the chief port. Bay rum and Panama hats are staple products.

Martinique is as French as Paris in language, architecture, and law. Here was born the Empress Josephine, wife of the Little Corporal. Fort de France is the capital. Barbados, near by, is just as British, and has been for three centuries. To this island, George Washington went in 1751 on his only foreign journey. Here are Chinese dwarf bananas. Windmills abound near Bridgetown, the center. Then there is the island of Trinidad, southernmost of the West Indies, discovered and named by Columbus in 1498 on his third voyage. Pitch Lake, covering one hundred and four acres, near the center of which the pitch actually bubbles in a liquid state, supplies asphalt for roads the world over. The island is jolly-well British, you know. But its capital is labeled Port-of-Spain none the less.

Curacao is just as *niederdeutsch* as Amsterdam, Vollendam, or Rotterdam. Willemstad is the chief town. There is an ostrich farm, and the natives speak an intriguing mixture of Spanish, Dutch, and Portuguese-cum-negroid. Kingston, Jamaica, ought to be Kingston, *Xaymaca;* for that was the island's Indian cognomen. Kingston has a population of 63,000, and is the largest city of the British West Indies. Columbus got there in 1494 and Sir Henry Morgan—knighted for his successful buccaneering—lies buried on the spot. Jamaica has two thousand miles of good roads and two hundred miles of railroads to make traveling easy and pleasant.

GREATEST IN SIZE is Cuba, with its two important cities of Santiago and Havana. Havana, founded by Velasquez in 1519, and called by him "the key of the New World," now has 300,000 people and a Sevilla-Biltmore Hotel; also great scenic beauties, a Casino, and Oriental Park for horse racing. The houses of the planter-aristocrats are very elaborate, usually in classic style with an inner courtyard or patio surrounded by marble or stucco columns. One important thoroughfare in this Spanish city is called *O'Reilly*. "Jai alai" is the national sport—a sort of super-handball related to the Basque *pelota*.

Santiago was the scene of a great Spanish-American naval battle in 1898, and near by is San Juan Hill with its Rough Rider memories. Spanish-Moorish architecture gives the city an oriental look, and here the musical Patti made her début at the age of fourteen. Old Morro Castle guards the entrance to the harbor, in good shape despite the shell fire of Admirals Dewey and Schley. A railway connects the city with Havana, 553 miles away.

Bermuda, far to the north, is less than 700 miles from New York City. White houses of coral are kept undisturbed, for trains and automobiles are barred from the island. Bicycles and buggy-riding are the thing. Hamilton, the capital, is said to have one of the finest climates in the world. The island was discovered by a Spanish gentleman, Mr. Bermudez, in 1515; and hence the pretty name.

Nassau is capital of the British Bahamas, where there is an abundance of country club sports; swimming, golf, fishing, boating, and kindred pastimes.

On certain of the cruises Cartagena, Colombia, and La Guayra, Venezuela—both situated on the South American mainland—are included. Cartagena was built as a stronghold against the old pirates, and has been sacked several times. There is an old Spanish Inquisition building with horrid memories, and many elaborate churches. La Guayra is the seaport for Caracas, the Venezuelan capital. Both cities were completely earthquaked in 1812, and both are closely associated with the South American struggles for independence under the Liberator—Simon Bolivar. There is plenty of mediæval history in this new world of ours, if you know where to look for it. And that means before 1600.

So be a buccaneer, sail the Caribbean, and range the Spanish Main! Your "pieces-of-eight" and "buried treasure" will consist of a very good time. Your investment of North American doubloons will not be excessive, and the travel agencies have proved themselves skilful sailing masters. Your course is already fully charted. Spread canvas!

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Freya of the Seven Isles

(*Continued from page* 94)

hear of Lieutenant Heemskirk in the future that name won't bring a smile on your lips, I swear. You are delivered into my hands."

And this possibility had come about without any planning, one could almost say naturally, as if events had mysteriously shaped themselves to fit the purposes of a dark passion. The most astute scheming could not have served Heemskirk better. It was given to him to taste a transcendental, an incredible perfection of vengeance; to strike a deadly blow into that hated person's heart, and to watch him afterwards walking about with the dagger in his breast.

For that is what the state of Jasper amounted to. He moved, acted, weary-eyed, keen-faced, lank and restless, with brusque movements and fierce gestures; he talked incessantly in a frenzied and fatigued voice, but within himself he knew that nothing would ever give him back the brig, just as nothing can heal a pierced heart. His soul, kept quiet in the stress of love by the unflinching Freya's influence, was like a still but overwound string. The shock had started it vibrating, and the string had snapped. He had waited for two years in a perfectly intoxicated confidence for a day that now would never come to a man disarmed for life by the loss of the brig, and, it seemed to him, made unfit for love to which he had no foothold to offer.

Day after day he would traverse the length of the town, follow the coast, and, reaching the point of land opposite that part of the reef on which his brig lay stranded, look steadily across the water at her beloved form, once the home of an exulting hope, and now, in her inclined, desolated immobility, towering above the lonely sea-horizon, a symbol of despair.

All this story, read in my friend's very chatty letter, dismayed me not a little. But it was really appalling to read his relation of how Schultz, the mate, went about everywhere affirming with desperate pertinacity that it was he alone who had sold the rifles. "I stole them," he protested. Of course, no one would believe him. My friend himself did not believe him, though he, of course, admired this self-sacrifice. But a good many people thought it was going too far to make oneself out a thief for the sake of a friend. I, who, in view of Schultz's psychology, knew how true that must be, admit that I was appalled. So this was how a perfidious destiny took advantage of a generous impulse!

"The man seemed to have gone crazy on this point," wrote my friend. "He went to Mesman with his story. He says that some rascally white man living amongst the natives up that river made him drunk with some gin one evening, and then jeered at him for never having any money. Then he, protesting to us that he was an honest man and must be

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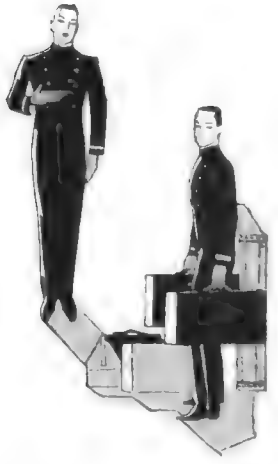

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believed, described himself as being a thief whenever he took a drop too much, and told us that he went on board and passed the rifles one by one without the slightest compunction to a canoe which came alongside that night, receiving ten dollars apiece for them.

"Next day he was ill with shame and grief, but had not the courage to confess his lapse to his benefactor. When the gunboat stopped the brig he felt ready to die with the apprehension of the consequences, and would have died happily if he could have been able to bring the rifles back by the sacrifice of his life. He said nothing to Jasper, hoping that the brig would be released presently. When it turned out otherwise and his captain was detained on board the gunboat, he was ready to commit suicide from despair; only he thought it his duty to live in order to let the truth be known. 'I am an honest man! I am an honest man!' he repeated, in a voice that brought tears to our eyes. 'You must believe me when I tell you that I am a thief—a vile, low, cunning, sneaking thief as soon as I've had a glass or two. Take me where I may tell the truth on oath.'

"When we had at last convinced him that his story could be of no use to Jasper—for what Dutch court, having once got hold of an English trader, would accept such an explanation; and, indeed, how, when, where could one hope to find proofs of such a tale?—he made as if to tear his hair in handfuls, but, calming down, said: 'Goodby, then, gentlemen,' and went out of the room so crushed that he seemed hardly able to put one foot before the other. That very night he committed suicide by cutting his throat in the house of a half-caste with whom he had been lodging since the wreck."

I shook my head over the manes of Schultz and went on with my friend's letter. It told me how the brig on the reef, looted by the natives from the coast villages, acquired gradually the lamentable aspect, the gray ghostliness of a wreck; while Jasper, fading daily into a mere shadow of a man, strode brusquely all along the "front" with horribly lively eyes and a faint, fixed smile on his lips, to spend the day on a lonely spit of sand looking eagerly at her, as though he had expected some shape on board to rise up and make some sort of sign to him over the decaying bulwarks. The Mesmans were taking care of him as far as it was possible. The *Bonito* case had been referred to Batavia, where no doubt it would fade away in a fog of official papers. . . . It was heartrending to read all this. That active and zealous officer, Lieutenant Heemskirk, his air of sullen, darkly pained self-importance not lightened by the approval of his action conveyed to him unofficially, had gone on to take up his station in the Moluccas. . . .

Then, at the end of the bulky, kindly meant epistle, dealing with the island news of half a year at least, my friend wrote: "A couple of months ago old Nelson turned up here, arriving by the mail-boat from Java. Came to see Mesman, it seems. A rather mysterious visit, and extraordinarily short, after coming all that way. He stayed just four days at the Orange House with apparently nothing in particular to do, and then caught the south-going steamer for the Straits. I remember people saying at one time that Allen was rather sweet on old Nelson's daughter, the girl that was brought up by Mrs. Harley and then went to live with him at the Seven Isles group. Surely you remember old Nelson——"

Remember old Nelson! Rather!

The letter went on to inform me further that old Nelson, at least, remembered me, since some time after his flying visit to Makassar he had written to the Mesmans asking for my address in London.

That old Nelson (or Nielsen), the note of whose personality was a profound, echoless irresponsiveness to everything around him, should wish to write, or find anything to write about to anybody, was in itself a cause for no small wonder. And to me, of all people! I waited with uneasy impatience for whatever disclosure could come from that naturally benighted intelligence, but my impatience had time to wear out before my eyes beheld old Nelson's trembling, painfully formed handwriting, senile and childish at the same time, on an envelop bearing a penny stamp and the postal mark of the Notting Hill office. I delayed opening it in order to pay the tribute of astonishment due to the event by flinging my hands above my head. So he had come home to England, to be definitely Nelson; or else was on his way home to Denmark, where he would revert forever to his original Nielsen! But old Nelson (or Neilsen) out of the tropics seemed unthinkable. And yet he was there, asking me to call.

His address was at a boarding-house in one of those Bayswater squares, once of leisure, which nowadays are reduced to earning their living. Somebody had recommended him there. I started to call on him on one of those January days in London, one of those wintry days composed of the four devilish elements, cold, wet, mud, and grime, combined with a particular stickiness of atmosphere that clings like an unclean garment to one's very soul. Yet on approaching his abode I saw, like a flicker far behind the soiled veil of the four elements, the wearisome and splendid glitter of a blue sea with the Seven Islets like minute specks swimming in my eye, the high red roof of the bungalow crowning the very smallest of them all. This visual reminiscence was profoundly disturbing. I knocked at the door with a faltering hand.

Old Nelson (or Nielsen) got up from the table at which he was sitting with a shabby pocketbook full of papers before him. He took off his spectacles before shaking hands. For a moment neither of us said a word; then, noticing me looking

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round somewhat expectantly, he murmured some words, of which I caught only "daughter" and "Hongkong," cast his eyes down and sighed.

His mustache, sticking all ways out, as of yore, was quite white now. His old cheeks were softly rounded, with some color in them; strangely enough, that something childlike always noticeable in the general contour of his physiognomy had become much more marked. Like his handwriting, he looked childish and senile. He showed his age most in his unintelligently furrowed, anxious forehead and in his round, innocent eyes, which appeared to me weak and blinking and watery; or was it that they were full of tears? . . .

To discover old Nelson fully informed upon any matter whatever was a new experience. And after the first awkwardness had worn off he talked freely, with, now and then, a question to start him going whenever he lapsed into silence, which he would do suddenly, clasping his hands on his waistcoat in an attitude which would recall to me the east veranda, where he used to sit talking quietly and puffing out his cheeks in what seemed now old, very old days. He talked in a reasonable, somewhat anxious tone.

"No, no. We did not know anything for weeks. Out of the way like that, we couldn't, of course. No mail service to the Seven Isles. But one day I ran over to Banka in my big sailing-boat to see whether there were any letters, and saw a Dutch paper. But it looked only like a bit of marine news: English brig *Bonito* gone ashore outside Makassar roads. That was all. I took the paper home with me and showed it to her. 'I will never forgive him!' she cries with her old spirit. 'My dear,' I said, 'you are a sensible girl. The best man may lose a ship. But what about your health?' I was beginning to be frightened at her looks. She would not let me talk even of going to Singapore before. But, really, such a sensible girl couldn't keep on objecting forever. 'Do what you like, papa,' she says. Rather a job, that. Had to catch a steamer at sea, but I got her over all right. There, doctors, of course. Fever. Anemia. Put her to bed. Two or three women very kind to her. Naturally in our papers the whole story came out before long. She reads it to the end, lying on the couch; then hands the newspaper back to me, whispers 'Heemskirk,' and goes off into a faint."

He blinked at me for quite a long time, his eyes running full of tears again.

"Next day," he began, without any emotion in his voice, "she felt stronger, and we had a long talk. She told me everything."

Here old Nelson, with his eyes cast down, gave me the whole story of the Heemskirk episode in Freya's words; then went on in his rather jerky utterance, and looking up innocently:

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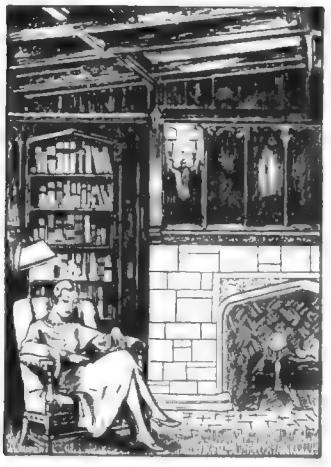

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"'My dear,' I said, 'you have behaved in the main like a sensible girl.' 'I have been horrid,' she cries, 'and he is breaking his heart over there.' Well, she was too sensible not to see she wasn't in a state to travel. But I went. She told me to go. She was being looked after very well. Anemia. Getting better they said."

He paused.

"You did see him?" I murmured.

"Oh, yes; I did see him," he started again, talking in that reasonable voice as though he were arguing a point. "I did see him. I came upon him. Eyes sunk an inch into his head; nothing but skin on the bones of his face, a skeleton in dirty white clothes. That's what he looked like. How Freya . . . But she never did—not really. He was sitting there, the only live thing for miles along that coast, on a drift-log washed up on the shore. They had clipped his hair in the hospital, and it had not grown again. He stared, holding his chin in his hand, and with nothing on the sea between him and the sky but that wreck. When I came up to him he just moved his head a little. 'Is that you, old man?' says he—like that.

"If you had seen him you would have understood at once how impossible it was for Freya to have ever loved that man. Well, well. I don't say. She might have—something. She was lonely, you know. But really to go away with him! Never! Madness. She was too sensible. . . . I began to reproach him gently. And by and by he turns on me. 'Write to you! What about? Come to her! What with? If I had been a man I would have carried her off, but she made a child, a happy child, of me. Tell her that the day the only thing I had belonging to me in the world perished on this reef I discovered that I had no power over her. . . . Has she come here with you?' he shouts, blazing at me suddenly with his hollow eyes. I shook my head. Come with me, indeed! Anemia! 'Aha! You see? Go away, then, old man, and leave me alone here with that ghost,' he says, jerking his head at the wreck of his brig.

"Mad! It was getting dusk. I did not care to stop any longer all by myself with that man in that lonely place. I was not going to tell him of Freya's illness. Anemia! What was the good? Mad! And what sort of husband would he have made, anyhow, for a sensible girl like Freya? Why, even my little property I could not have left them. The Dutch authorities would never have allowed an Englishman to settle there. It was not sold then. My man Mahmat, you know, was looking after it for me. Later on I let it go for a tenth of its value to a Dutch half-caste. But never mind. It was nothing to me then. Yes; I went away from him. I caught the return mail-boat. I told everything to Freya. 'He's mad,' I said; 'and, my dear, the only thing he loved was his brig.'

Investment Suggestions

Below you will see summaries of booklets issued by reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers and other financial institutions. Strict rules of eligibility are made concerning companies advertising in this magazine. In writing to them please mention the Golden Book.

The following list of booklets may be of interest to you. Choose by number the ones you wish to see, fill out the coupon below and we will be glad to have them sent to you without charge, or you can write the Bankers themselves. Please enclose ten cents if the material of more than one company is desired.

19. A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS, a booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

4. COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK: An illustrated detailed statement of the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of much interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

12. CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT, a booklet describing the activities of Cities Service Company and subsidiaries with special reference to the common stock history and future possibilities. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York.

6. HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS, a pamphlet outlining some sound investment principles, offered by George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

7. INVESTORS' GUIDE, a detailed statement of sound investments, is offered by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

9. SECURITY BONDS, a name applied to 6% real estate bonds which are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Maryland Casualty Company, a $40,000,000 corporation, are described in an illustrated booklet. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

10. "The Port of New York Authority"—illustrated folder giving the names and accomplishments of the Port of New York Authority has been prepared by the National City, 55 Wall Street, New York.

16. STOCK AND BOND REGISTER. A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior Street, N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

14. "INVESTMENTS THAT ENDURE" is the slogan of the Utility Securities Company, 230 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., and is applied to the various securities which are offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars will be mailed upon request.

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"'Perhaps,' she says to herself, looking straight away—her eyes were nearly as hollow as his—'perhaps it is true. Yes! I would never allow him any power over me.'"

Old Nelson paused. I sat fascinated, and feeling a little cold in that room with a blazing fire.

"So you see," he continued, "she never really cared for him. Much too sensible. I took her away to Hongkong. Change of climate, they said. Oh, these doctors! My God! Winter time! There came ten days of cold mists and wind and rain. Pneumonia. But look here! We talked a lot together. Days and evenings. Who else had she? . . . She talked a lot to me, my own girl. Sometimes she would laugh a little. Look at me and laugh a little——"

I shuddered. He looked up vaguely, with a childish, puzzled moodiness.

"She would say: 'I did not really mean to be a bad daughter to you, papa.' And I would say: 'Of course, my dear. You could not have meant it.' She would lie quiet and then say: 'I wonder?' And sometimes, 'I've been really a coward,' she would tell me. You know, sick people they say things. And so she would say too: 'I've been conceited, headstrong, capricious. I sought my own gratification. I was selfish or afraid.' . . . But sick people, you know, they say anything. And once, after lying silent almost all day, she said: 'Yes; perhaps, when the day came I would not have gone. Perhaps! I don't know,' she cried. 'Draw the curtain, papa. Shut the sea out. It reproaches me with my folly.'" He gasped and paused.

"So you see," he went on in a murmur. "Very ill, very ill indeed. Pneumonia. Very sudden." He pointed his finger at the carpet, while the thought of the poor girl, vanquished in her struggle with three men's absurdities, and coming at last to doubt her own self, held me in a very anguish of pity.

"You see yourself," he began again in a downcast manner. "She could not have really . . . She mentioned you several times. Good friend. Sensible man. So I wanted to tell you myself—let you know the truth. A fellow like that! How could it be? She was lonely. And perhaps for a while. . . . Mere nothing. There could never have been a question of love for my Freya—such a sensible girl——"

"Man!" I cried, rising upon him wrathfully, "don't you see that she died of it?"

He got up too. "No! no!" he stammered, as if angry. "The doctors! Pneumonia. Low state. The inflammation of the . . . They told me. Pneu——"

He did not finish the word. It ended in a sob. He flung his arms out in a gesture of despair, giving up his ghastly pretence with a low, heartrending cry:

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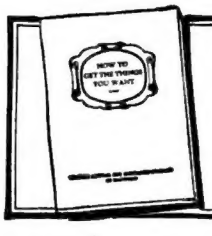

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